

The Author presents this
Book to D^r Wilkinson.
As a memorial of his
High Esteem for him.

February 4th 1764.

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FEMALE CONDUCT:

BEING AN

E S S A Y

ON THE

ART of PLEASING.

To be practised by the FAIR SEX,

BEFORE, and AFTER MARRIAGE.

A POEM, in TWO BOOKS.

Humbly dedicated, to her Royal Highness

The PRINCESS of WALES.

Inscribed to PLAUTILLA.

The SECOND EDITION, with Large ADDITIONS.

By THOMAS MARRIOTT, Esq;

*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo,
Favete linguis, carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus, modulatorque nuptis.*

HOR. Ode I. Lib. III.

*Hic est, quod quæris,
Hic, quod requiris.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, Temple-Bar.

MDCCLX.

732
33

FEMALE CONDUCT:

BEING AN

ESSAY

ON THE

ART OF PLEASING.

As he practised by the Fair Sex,

Before, and After Marriage.

A POEM, in TWO BOOKS.

Humily dedicated, to our Moral Highness

The PRINCESS OF WALES.

Inscribed



The Second Part, Large Additions.

By THOMAS MARRIOTT, Esq.

Old profusion of verses

From the original, numbers now printed

London, Printed by J. Smith, in Strand

Virginia, near the Theatre Royal

Hor. Ode I. Lib. III.

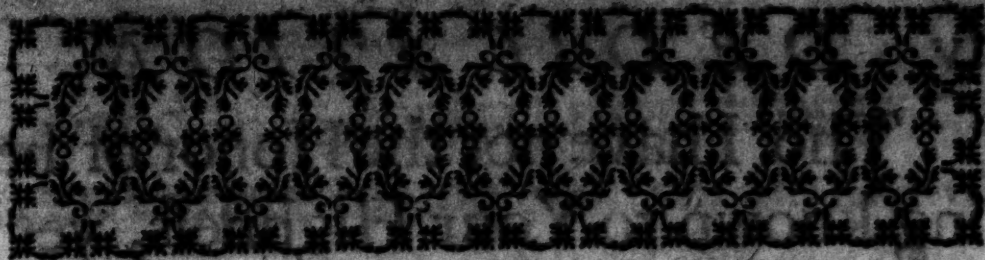
His of good nature

His of good nature

L O W D O N :

Printed for W. Owen, at Bower's Head, Temple-Bar.

MDCCLXX.



TO
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE
PRINCESS OF WALES.

Madam,



Humbly beg Leave to dedicate this Poem, to Your Royal Highness; which claims a Kind of Right to Your Patronage, and Protection, as You are the brightest Example to all the moral, and religious Rules of Female Conduct, contained, in this Work.

iv DEDICATION.

Tho' I have not the Honor of being known to Your Highness, yet I have the Pleasure of knowing Your distinguished Character, which I have often heard, from the unanimous Voice of the People, the Voice of divine Truth; that loudly proclaims Your Royal Highness, as far preeminent above Your Sex, in Virtue, and Merit, as you are in Rank, and Station.

Permit me, most excellent Princess, in the Triumph of your Merit, to add, and contribute a large Share of my Voice, if I can say any Thing worth being heard, amidst the numerous Acclamations, and Applauses of the People. I humbly hope, the Subject of this Poem will recommend it, to your Royal Approbation, and Favor, which will give great Luster, and Sanction to it,

DEDICATION. v

it, and also confer great Honor on
the Author of it; who is proud of
this Opportunity of subscribing him-
self,

Your Royal Highness's,

Most Obedient,

Most Humble Servant,

THOMAS MARRIOTT.

DEDICATED

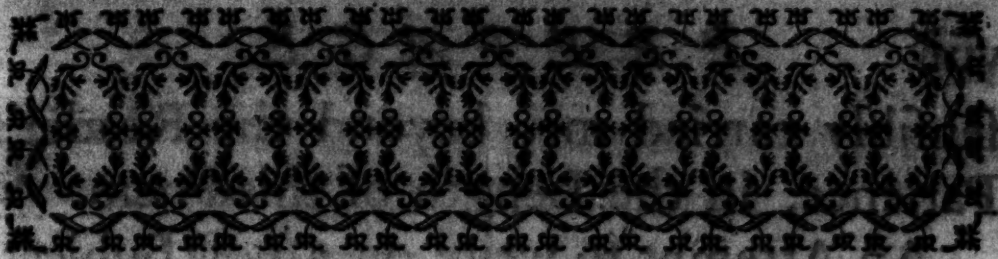
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Yours Royal Highness's

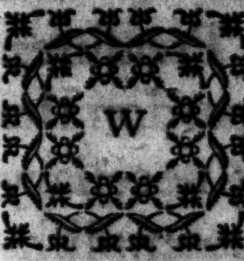
Most Obedient

Most Faithful Servant

Thomas Mordaunt



PREFACE.



WHEN I first began to write on the Subject of the following Poem, which I undertook, at the Request of a very ingenious young Lady ; I imagined, the Work might be comprized, in the Compass of a small Paper of Verses.

But on more mature Consideration, I found, it contained such a copious Variety of Matter, as would necessarily swell to a Poem.

For this Reason, like those, who first intend to build a little, I have been led unawares into a great Extension of my poetical Plan, far beyond the Bounds of the original Design.

The farther I proceeded, in the Consideration of my Subject Matter, new Prospects, and still more enlarged, continually rose to my View ; which, I fear, have insensibly

sensibly carried me, beyond the Reader's Patience, in the Length of this Poem.

An Attempt to write on a new Subject, somewhat resembles the Opening of a new Mine, which often induces the Adventurer, to penetrate deeper, and deeper, into the hidden Veins of it, while he still discovers Variety of unexpected Treasures.

I hope, my fair Readers will pardon the Prolixity of this Work, as being necessary to its finished State, and the Accomplishment of the Purposes, for which it was undertaken.

Tho' I have been often persuaded by many judicious Persons, yet it was a long Time, before I could persuade myself, to launch this Poem into the Public, having a secret Fear of the Annoyance, and ill Treatment, it will very probably receive from those malignant Critics, who live, in a Kind of piratical War, and avowed Enmity, with advent'rous Poets.

Every new Poem is a new Bait to the Critics, who, at its first Appearance in Public, attack, and surround it in Shoals; especially the small Critic Fry, who, frequently

P R E F A C E. ix

quently nibbling it, endeavour to pull it to Pieces, by gradual Diminutions.

The Author expects, that such will be the Fate of the following Poem. Therefore he prefixes this Preface, that he may obviate some of their Criticisms, and by anticipating them, deprive these minor Critics of the Pleasure of first finding Fault, which is the greatest Pleasure they enjoy in Reading.

He questions not, but some will object, that he has said too much, and others, too little; the first will blame him for needless Repetitions, the latter for not saying what was needful; those will say, he is too much a Poet, and these will say, he is no Poet at all. In like Manner, as Mr. *Pope's* Adversaries disparaged his Parentage, some saying, his Father was a Hatter, some a Husbandman, and some a Merchant; whilst others asserted, that he had no Father at all.

The Author begs no other Favor of these Critics, than that they would consider, that this Poem is of the didactic, or instructive Kind, and particularly consists in giving moral, and religious Precepts,
and

and in prescribing practical Rules of Conduct, and Behaviour, to Female Readers.

Therefore to inculcate these, and make deeper Impression in their Minds, the Nature of such a Poem will allow every Art of Persuasion, and Argument, either by Repetition, Amplification, Tale, Fable, Example, or Allegory, and every pleasing Manner of conveying its Precepts, and enforcing its Doctrine.

This particular Species of Poetry, as it relates to the moral World, is of a mixt Nature; it may ascend to sublime Heights, or descend to minute Things, as the Variety of the Subject Matter requires; it may, like the Lark, dwell humbly on the Ground, or take ambitious Flights, and elevate its Song to the Skies.

Some very exact Critics may cavil at my not having observed a more strict Method, in the Connection of the Precepts, and Rules, prescribed in this Poem.

But my fair Readers will indulge a Poet, in a Neglect of this Kind, which can scarce be deemed a Fault in Poetry.

Negligence of Dress has been esteemed

a Grace, that more becomes the *Muses*, than precise Exactness.

The Want of better Connection in the Precepts must be imputed to the many interrupted Intervals of Time, in which this Poem has been written, and to the Author's Want of sufficient Leisure, to reduce it to a more exact Form: Yet he has not been too impatient of the tedious Toil of the polishing File, which *Horace* elegantly terms, *Limæ labor, et mora*.

There are some very cogent Reasons, why the Publication of this Poem should be no longer deferred, and it must be allowed, that a Work of this Kind could never be more seasonable, and serviceable to the Public, than at this present Juncture.

No Critic, but one, totally ignorant of the original Office of the *Muse*, or one, who is so unhappy, as to have no Taste of Poetry, will object to my having performed this Work in Verse.

Religious Hymns, and the Praise of Virtue, were the earliest Themes of Poetry; moral Precepts were conveyed in Verse,

Verse, that they may give Delight, together with Instruction, to the Reader.

There are few Poems of the preceptive Kind, that contain moral, and religious Duties; the most antient are those commonly attributed to *Theognis*, and *Pythagoras*.

These two *Grecian* Masters dictate their Lessons, to their Disciples, with a graceful Authority, and majestic Simplicity.

Horace, in his preceptive Pieces, practises many insinuating Arts, to win Attention and Benevolence; he often illustrates his moral Precepts, and Rules of Conduct, with Examples, Tales, Fables, and all other poetical Embellishments. He observes little, or no Method, in their Connections with each other, but pours them forth in a confused Magnificence, and seems rather to regard the Usefulness, than the exact Arrangement, and Disposition of them. This Want of Method is most remarkable in his Art of Poetry, and tho' poetical Rules, require a stricter Connection of Parts, than moral Precepts; yet, in that most excellent Piece of Criticism,

cism, he observes no other Order, than what seems to flow from Chance; notwithstanding this, some accurate Critics have been of Opinion, that the Disorder, we find there, is not without its Graces, like the Stars that shine in bright Confusion, not ranged in Circles, nor in Squares, nor any other regular Form, yet excelling the most exact Works of Art.

Horace sometimes redoubles his Admonitions, to make them more pathetic, sometimes assumes Authority, sometimes divests himself of it, and offers to be the Scholar, that he may, with better Grace, act the Preceptor.

I beg Leave to subjoin a few Instances of these masterly Strokes so peculiar to that polite Poet.

—— *Monitus, multumque monendus.*

Protenus ut moneam, si quid monitoris eges tu.

—— *Doce, vel junior audi.*

*Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque, jubebo
Doctum imitatore.* ——

Quamvis, Scæva, satis per te tibi consulis, et scis.

*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit.* ——

Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento.

—— *Nunc adhibe puro*

Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer.

Virgil,

Virgil, in his *Georgics*, (which is a Poem of the same Nature, as this, tho' different in Subject) artfully interwove, in that elaborate Work, many long Digressions, and Descriptions, and all other poetical Ornaments, that are ever so remotely related to his principal Subject; he also assumes a magisterial Authority, in the Promulgation of his Precepts, frequently using Words of Power, such as *Jubeo*, and *Edico*. Neither is he very exact in the Disposition, and Connection of his Rules, in Agriculture.

Ovid has observed the same Conduct, in his Books of the Art of Love, where he unfortunately debased his Poem, by prostituting his Pen to lascivious Wantonness, and Immorality.

It is to be hoped, that the salutary Precepts, and Precautions of this Poem, may prove an Antidote to the Poison of *Ovid*, and all modern Productions of the like pernicious Nature.

Instructive Poems, of the moral Kind, are the least pleasant, and entertaining, tho' the most useful, interesting, and important.

Where

P R E F A C E.

xv

Where the Instruction is incapable of Ornament, the Disciple must be satisfied with the bare Usefulness of the Instruction.

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

The moral Theme is of a dry Nature, as being abstracted from the more pleasing Images of the Imagination. Therefore, as it lies under this Disadvantage, it requires the frequent Aid of Digressions, Transitions, and of every different Manner of expressing the same Thing, and all other supplemental Imbellishments of Poetry, that tend in a distant Way to enliven, and diversify its Precepts, and Cautions.

I have been more circumstantial in my precedent Remarks, on these Poets; because it is very probable, that the nibbling Critics will blame some Digressions in this Poem, as being too frequent, too prolix, or too distantly related to my principal Subject. But if they will consult *Virgil's Georgics*, which is allowed by all true Critics to be the most finished Poem, that ever was written; they will find there, that,

that, in this Particular, I am greatly justified by his Authority.

'Tis in the Culture of the Mind, as in that of the Earth; Precepts may be sown too thick together; so as to smother, and obstruct the Growth, and Product of each other, by encumbering the Soil, where they are sown; and by that Means frustrate the Labor of him, who sows them.

Such poetical Graces, as I have mentioned before, interspersed in a moral Poem, add a pleasing Variety to its profitable Instructions; like the vernal Flowers, that variegate, and adorn the fruitful Meadow. Such sprinkled Ornaments season, and give a poyntant Relish to religious Sentiments, and render them, as agreeable, as they are salutary to the human Mind.

As this Poem is published for the Use, and Amusement, of the Female Sex only; the Author is totally regardless of what the Critics will say; if the Fair approve it, he will bid Defiance to the Latter, in the following gallant Lines of Mr. *Prior*.

*Let 'em censure, what care I?
The Herd of Critics I defy;*

Let

*Let the Wretches know, I write,
Regardless of their Grace, or Spite;
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
Govern the Numbers of my Song;
All that they approve, is sweet,
And all is Sense, that they repeat.*

Nothing requires more Delicacy of Address, than to give Advice; because very few like to take it, therefore it must be given, like Physic, infused, and disguised, in some pleasing Vehicle, that may render it palatable, and reconcile the Patient's natural Aversion to it; for Advice to the Soul, (tho' given without a Fee) is generally more disagreeable, and more despised, than any other Kind of Advice. For which Reason, this Kind of Advice must be given, in such a Manner, as if it were not given; Mr. Pope has described that Manner, in two very elegant Lines, in his *Essay on Criticism*.

*Men must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And Things, ne'er known, propos'd, as Things forgot.*

In this Respect, I am very happy in instructing the Females, who are not only cast in a softer Mold; but are by Nature of a more docile, and tractable Turn, more

apt to receive, and retain Impressions, than the other Sex; who have not only a more stubborn Genius, but an inflexible Self-sufficiency, and Pride, that hardens, and disposes them, to contemn all Advice, but their own.

My chief Comfort, in publishing this Piece, is, that the soft Disposition, and natural Candor of my fair Readers will incline them to forgive this Attempt to divert, and instruct them; however it may fail in the Execution of its Purpose.

Very few have touched this Subject in Prose, and None in Verse, that I remember, excepting some few small Sketches; but None, before me, have drawn the Piece, at full Length. I am not a little pleased, that such an agreeable Theme should be so long reserved for Me. This is the only Spot of Ground in *Parnassus*, I could find unoccupied, and not claimed by other Poets: Which is more to be wondered at, as it is so capable of Improvement, and may be productive of never-fading Laurels, if rightly cultivated.

I may be justly proud, if my Pen can, in the least, contribute to the additional
Imbellish-

Imbellishment of those fair Creatures, on whom indulgent Nature has so profusely poured such various Graces. No Poet ever chose a more amiable Subject than mine; or that can give the Writer more Delight; the Truth of the last Assertion will manifestly appear to the Reader, in perusing the following Verses. *Ovid* could not take more Pleasure in his Art of seducing, and insnaring the Fair Sex, than I enjoy in cautioning, and preserving them, from every insidious Delusion, that may betray their Innocence, or sully their Virtue. *Virgil* could not be more enamoured with his rural *Muse*, when he instructed the harmless Peasant; whose peaceful Life he so much admired, as to seem to envy his Happiness; nor could he be more fond of his most favorite Theme, the Bees in his last *Georgic*; where he has so elevated, and ennobled that little Animal, as to render its Genius, and Actions, almost as great, and important, as those of human Race.

Nothing remains for me to wish, but that I were able to do as much Justice to my Subject, as he has done to his; what

I want in Genius, I hope, may be supplied to me, by the Inspiration, I may receive from my superior Theme.

I am very sensible, that an Interspersion of satirical Characters, would have rendered this Poem more acceptable to the public Taste ; but those Readers, who expect any Entertainment of this Kind, will be disappointed ; for here is not one Drop of Gall, nor the least Glance of Satire, unless the Praise of Virtue may be called a Satire on Vice, and the Delineation of a few distinguished Personages be interpreted a Reproach to those, who are not possessed of the like exemplary Qualities, or unless a Reprehension of a late noble Lord's Remarks on sacred History should be deemed an Invective ; which, I hope, will not be deemed such, even by those, who are so unhappy, as to espouse his Sentiments.

I recommended to my fair Disciples, the Reading of History in general, and more particularly, a diligent Search of the Holy Scriptures, as a principal Rule in Female Conduct, long before the Publication of this noble Lord's Remarks on sacred

cred History. Afterwards reading them, I found, that he impeached the Veracity of *Moses*, and represented his History, as a holy Romance; therefore I thought myself obliged to vindicate, what I had written, by animadverting on those Passages, in his posthumous Works, which tend to weaken the Credit, and Authenticity of these ancient sacred Records, and consequently subvert the Foundations of the Christian Religion; that I might undeceive my fair Readers, and discover to them the Misrepresentations, and Fallacies of his sophistical Pen.

I own myself but a Pigmee, compared to the gigantic Genius of this *Philistin* Champion; yet humbly hope, by the Assistance of that Faith, which he aims, through all his Writings, to depreciate, I have been able to find a vulnerable Part in this vaunting Hero, as little *David* did in *Goliath*, and that I have wounded him, in the same Place. Since this mighty Genius is reputed the *Goliath*, of the *British* Sceptics; perhaps, the Defeat of their Champion, may be the Means of reconciling some of them, to the Belief of the

Gospel-dispensation, which has its Foundation, in the Truth of the sacred Records, contained in the *Old Testament*.

Shining Examples of Virtue better recommend, and teach the Practice of it, than Precept upon Precept, and the frequent Repetition, of the most pathetic Admonitions, and Exhortations; for which Reason, I have endeavoured to exhibit, to my fair Readers, some of the brightest, and most amiable Female Characters, which this Age, or perhaps any Age, has ever produced, as Patterns of Imitation; if Justice is not done to the Fair Ones, whose Portraits are drawn, in the following Piece; the Defect is in the Description, not in the Persons described.

This Nation would abound with many Examples of female Excellence, if our Women were educated, in a more proper Manner; the chief Aim of their modern Education is to adorn the Body, not the Understanding, to polish their Behavior, and teach them to hold up the Head, but not furnish it with Sense, or improve the Heart with virtuous Principles. They generally receive the first, and last finishing

ing Strokes of their Education from their Dancing-master; from hence it is, we see so many Pictures of still Life, with insipid Mien, and uninformed Features. This superficial Education renders them an easy Prey, and Property, to Fops, and Beaus; their Understandings being so exactly tuned to each other, that they unavoidably play the Fool in Concert.

From School, they are immediately initiated in public Assemblies, where the Mothers, fixed in deep Attention to Cards, turn their Daughters adrift, and leave them to their own Discretion; by that Means being deprived of the Protection of that Convoy, which should direct, and steer them safe, thro' the perilous Seas of Life; many of them are seized, as lawful Prizes, and carried off by advent'rous Pirates; some are split on hidden Rocks of Vice, and others are lost in the Shallows of Folly, and there remain sad Monuments of female Wreck, and Ruin.

— *Veneris monumenta nefandæ.*

From this irrational Method of Education, the female Sex imbibe such an early Pas-

sion for public Assemblies, and Cards; and are so enamoured with them, that they conceive a strong Aversion to domestic Life; insomuch that the Vision, presented to *Adam* by the Angel *Gabriel*, of the Antidiluvian female Assemblies, seems a Type of our modern Drums, Routs, Hurricanes, and Masquerades, in *London*; the near Resemblance, they bear to each other, will appear in the following Quotation, from the 11th Book of *Milton's Paradise Lost*.

*For that fair female Troop, thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses, so blith, so smooth, so gay;
Yet empty of all Good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic Honor, and chief Praise;
Made only, and compleated to the Taste
Of lustful Appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the Tongue, and roll the Eye.*

Such were the female Assemblies, that preceded the drowning of this World, and such very probably will be found, at the Conflagration of it; these modern Assemblies have lately introduced much Gaming, Vice, and Luxury, into our great Metropolis, and thereby much contributed

tributed to the present Corruption of our Morals, and Principles.

The shameful Neglect, or improper Turn, of female Education, may be reckoned the chief Source, from whence many Evils are derived to this Nation. If this Poem should prove serviceable to the Fair Sex, it may also be of Use to the Community of our State in general.

* For *Horace*, in the sixth Ode of his third Book, which contains a most excellent Lesson of Morality, principally ascribes the Decay of the *Roman* Spirit, and all the Calamities of the Civil Wars, to the Debauchery, and Corruption of Manners, among the Females. The *Romans* during the Continuance of their Commonwealth, possessed no Virtue, in a more eminent Degree, than that of Chastity, and conjugal Fidelity. *Catullus* tells us, in one of his Epigrams, that the

* *Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos,*

Hoc fonte derivata clades,

In patriam, populumque fluxit.

Consule Pompejo primum, duo, Cinna, solebant

Mæchi, illi, ah! facto consule nunc iterum;

Manferunt duo: sed creverunt millia in unum

Singulum, fœcundum semen Adulterio.

the Crime of Adultery was scarce known, or heard of, in the two Consulships of *Pompey*; at which Time there were but two Adulterers of any Note to be found at *Rome*; but that afterwards those Two produced a Thousand. The two Persons, at whom *Catullus* then aimed, are supposed to be *Cæsar*, and *Mamurra*, who being Men of high Mode, among the Ladies, soon rendered that Vice fashionable, by the Prevalence of their Example. In a very little Process of Time, that Crime, being of a prolific Nature, multiplied itself to such an infinite Degree, that *Augustus* thought it necessary to publish the *Julian Law*, in order to stop the Growth of Adultery, and promote the Interest, and Welfare of the married State.

In the Declension of that Empire, the *Roman Ladies* of the first Distinction still grew more dissolute in their Manners to that Degree of Debauchery; which kindled, in *Juvenal*, such Indignation, and satiric Rage, as gave Birth to his virulent sixth Satire. Female Vice contributed much to the total Deletion of that mighty State;

P R E F A C E. xxvii

State; which, in its Exaltation, their Writers vainly boasted would be everlasting.

Some Precepts in this Poem, being calculated to promote Peace, and Harmony, in the conjugal State; whatever tends to cement nuptial Union must consequently contribute to the Prevention, and Extinction of Adultery, which is a Crime, not only destructive of the Quiet, and Happiness, of some Individuals, but of human Society in general.

If therefore this System of *Female Conduct* should prove subservient to the End, it proposes, and aims at; the Reader will excuse the Length of this Preface, and of the following Poem; and the Author will never repent his having bestowed so much Time, and Labor, in the finishing of this Piece; if it should produce the least Reformation of female Manners, but will think his Time well employed, his Pains well bestowed, and his Labor amply rewarded.

Women have it very much in their Power, by their exemplary Behavior, to render

render Virtue fashionable, and discountenance Vice, among the Men.

Therefore the reforming those may prove conducive to the Reformation of these; from hence, we may hope, that Virtue, Faith, and Modesty will revisit these Realms again. As nothing more flatters the Vanity of Men, than to be in Favor, and Vogue, among the Fair Sex; every Man, who esteems their Smiles, and good Opinion, will endeavour, and study to render himself agreeable to them, by conforming to their Manners, and adopting their Sentiments.

If Ladies of the first Merit, and Fashion, would frown upon those licentious Libertines, to whom an ingenious Writer has lately given the Name of *Centaurs*; such a female Disapprobation would destroy the whole Race of those horrid, deformed Monsters, who, by a wanton Depravation of their Reason, have quite extinguished the Light of human Nature; to whom *Virgil's* Description of that Man-monster, *Polypheme*, is very applicable.

*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen
ademtum.*

These

P R E F A C E.

xxix

These modern Monsters, having extinguished the natural Light of Reason, are blind to the gracious Light of the Gospel. A few disapproving Frowns, from the Fair Sex, would soon exorcise, and recal them to their proper Shape of Manhood, perhaps with more Efficacy, than the Ridicule, and severe Strokes of that Writer's divine Pen.



ADVER-

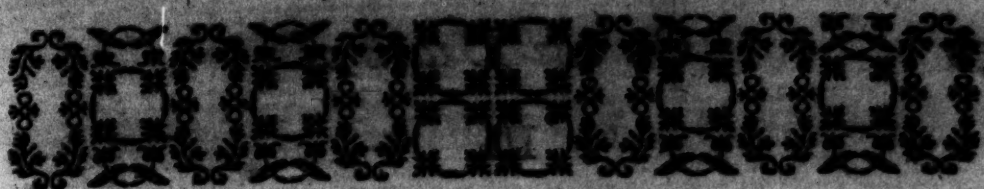
ADVERTISEMENT.

 *HE late Duke of Marlborough, not long before his Death, had done the Author the Honor of desiring to have his Poem on Female Conduct, as soon as it was published.*

For which Reason, the Author modernized an Ode from Horace, and addressed it to his Grace, with an Intention of sending Both of them to him, as a New-Year's-Gift, on the Beginning of the ensuing Year.

The Duke dying, while this Poem was printing; the Author has prefixed the following Ode on his Death, as a Monument of his venerable Regard, for the Memory, and exemplary Character, of that excellent Personage.

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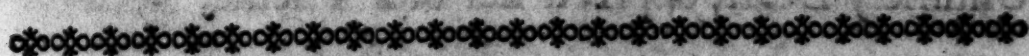


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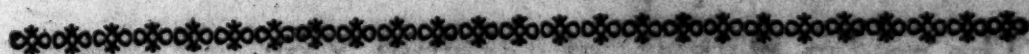
On the DEATH of the

DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.



*His saltèm accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.* —————

VIRG. ÆN. VI.



I.

✱✱✱ O earthly Things escape Death's cruel Pow'rs,
✱✱✱ N ✱✱✱ But She, the best, and fairest, first devours;
How soon are short-liv'd Flow'rs decay'd, and dead!
While Weeds surviving lift their worthless Head.

II.

How suddenly, Death snatch'd my Friend away!
In Prime of Manhood, Life's meridian Ray;
While, with the Love of his dear Country fir'd,
To his great Sire's Atchievements, he aspir'd.

III. In

III.

In vain, my *Muse*, her Token of Regard,
 A New-Year's-Gift, for *Marlb'ro*, had prepar'd;
 She scarce had tun'd, to him, *Horatian* Lays,
 When lo! she lost the Subject of her Praise.

IV.

Untimely Death depriv'd her of a Theme,
 By Deeds heroic, ripening into Fame;
 Thus Hurricanes, with Blast malignant, tear
 The golden Harvest, of a fruitful Year.

V.

Alas! how big with Woe is human Fate!
 Alas! how frail our transitory State!
 My *Muse*, to him, no New-Year's-Gift can send,
 She now gives Tears, to her departed Friend.

VI.

He lives not to behold another Year,
 Torn from his Kindred, Friends, and Country dear;
 Instead of Wreaths, to crown the Victor's Head,
 She now brings Cypress, for her *Malbro* dead.

VII. But

VII.

But she will never let his Virtues die,
She'll lift his Piety, above the Sky;
'Tis Hers, to make his Patriot Merit known,
In Verse more durable, than *Parian* Stone.

VIII.

Weeping she now attends him, to the Grave,
His Fame, Life's better Part, from Death to save;
His Deeds, (if Pow'r immortal she may boast)
In dark Oblivion, never shall be lost.

IX.

Trophies, and all the Pomp of Heraldry,
Cast in his Grave, shall, with him, buried lie;
But, from devouring Death, she'll snatch his Fame,
And in her pious Song, imbalm his Name.

X.

She, on his public Actions, loves to dwell,
Let other Bards his private Virtues tell;
His Fondness to his Offspring, and his Mate,
Whose Grief can scarce survive his mournful Fate.

XI.

My *Muse* shall tell, how he, *Britannia's* State,
 Defended, quitting *Blenheim's* sweet Retreat;
 How arm'd with *George's* Thunder, and his Pow'r,
 He pour'd fierce Vengeance, on the *Gallie* Shore.

XII.

How he made trembling *Maloe's* Forces fly,
 And sent her Navy blazing to the Sky;
 Yet where the Victor pass'd, with vengful Sway,
 * No Marks of Rage inhuman stain'd his Way.

XIII.

Whilst he resistless flew, thro' *Gallia's* Land,
 As when a Whirlwind drives the scatter'd Sand;
 Or when o'erflowing Streams their Banks disdain,
 And pour a Deluge rapid, o'er the Plain:

XIV.

Then, to sublimer Labors, he aspir'd,
 Like *Hercules*, with Love of Virtue fir'd;

Still

* This Line alludes to the barbarous Cruelties committed by the *Cossacs*, and *Russians*, against the *Prussians*.

Still bent, the Pow'r of *Gallia*, to oppose,
In *German* Realms, he fought his *Gallic* Foes.

XV.

There, thro' dank Marshes, he his *Britons* led,
Marching to succour his Allies, with Speed;
Ah! what avail'd his military Care?
His toilsome Marches, and his Plans of War?

XVI.

* Alas! there, Death eclips'd his beamy Day,
There, snatch'd *Britannia's* darling Hope away;
He soon had reach'd, (had Death not stop'd his Flight)
The Pinnacle of Glory's arduous Height.

XVII.

O Fate severe! is then brave *Marlbro* dead?
Is then, from Earth, his heav'nly Spirit fled?
What Tears will fall, from ev'ry virtuous Eye!
For Loss of him, how oft will *Albion* sigh!

XVIII.

Who could, like him, to Battle *Britons* lead?
The Love of *Albion*, and of *France* the Dread;

b 2

Who

* The Duke died at *Munster* in *Germany*.

Who could, to Conquest, urge th' imbattled Host?
Like him, who, Conquest o'er himself, could boast.

XIX.

Who had subdu'd each turbulent Desire,
The Rage of Pride, and mad Ambition's Fire;
Superior to the craving Thirst of Gain,
Patient of Hardship, Toil, Fatigue, and Pain.

XX.

Who undismay'd, the Wounds of Death, receiv'd;
Who died a Saint heroic, as he liv'd;
The least prepar'd for Death fear most to die,
The well-prepar'd, his Darts and Sting, defie.

XXI.

Refin'd in *Marlbro*, human Nature shone,
With purest Rays, like the unclouded Sun;
Than him, there never liv'd, nor ever can,
A more ingenuous, candid, honest Man.

XXII.

With Vice unblemish'd, by no Passion torn,
As free from Guile, as when he first was born;

Gentle

Gentle with Courage, courtly, yet sincere,
A bounteous Spirit, that no Bounds could bear.

XXIII.

Great in himself, with Honors not elate,
Disdaining all the Vanity of State ;
The gilded Toys of Fortune, he despis'd,
Virtue's ennobling Grace, he only pris'd,

XXIV.

He, to his Titles, added Luster bright,
To him, his Titles ow'd a borrow'd Light ;
His Heart's translucid Virtues far surpass'd
The Star external, that his Bosom grac'd.

XXV.

Great Soul of *Marlbro!* thou hast wing'd thy Flight,
To some bright Region of eternal Light ;
Where pious Spirits, in Communion blest,
Partake, with Angels, a celestial Feast.

XXVI.

* If thou regard'st the Earth, accept this Lay,
The last kind Office, which thy Bard can pay ;

This

* This Stanza alludes to the *Motto*, prefixed to this *Ode*.

This unavailing Gift, deign to receive,
The only Present, which he now can give.

XXVII.

Come, all ye *Virtues*, all ye *Graces*, come,
Come, ev'ry *Muse*, weep round the Patriot's Tomb!
There, let *Britannia's* Loss be read, with Sighs,
There, like the First, a Second *Marlbro* lies.

XXVIII.

As the two *Scipios*, skill'd in War's Alarms,
Alternate quell'd the *Carthaginian* Arms;
So, to her Patriot *Marlbros*, *Albion* owes
Repeated Triumphs, o'er her *Gallie* Foes.

XXIX.

But lo! another *Marlbro* still succeeds,
Heir to his Predecessor's patriot Deeds;
May *Albion's* Loss be soon, by him, supply'd!
May their Examples Him to Glory guide!

XXX.

He, to his Country's Sorrow, Comfort brings,
From him deriv'd, her Consolation springs;

* " When,

* “ When, in the *Marlbro*-Tree, one Branch is dead,
“ Another Golden rises in its Stead.”

* These two marked Lines allude to the Tree mentioned in *Virgil*’s VIth *Æneid*, that bore a golden Bough; which being torn off, another golden Bough, immediately springing forth, supplied its Place.

——— *Primo avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.*



ERRATA.

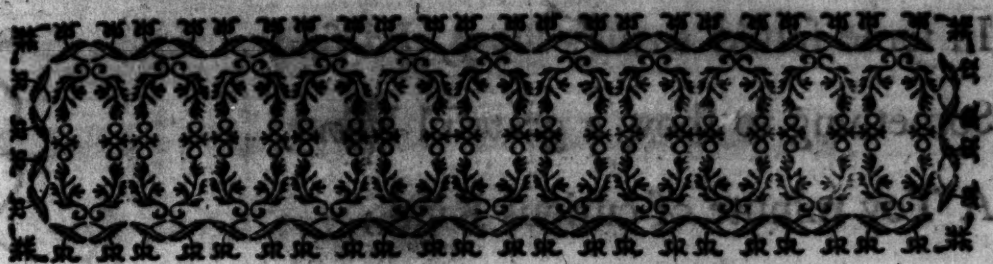
PAGE 41, in the Note, Line 8, for *utrum*, read *atrum*.

Page 124, Line ult. for *prevended*, read *prevented*.

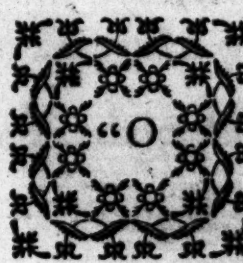
Page 170, Line 16, for *again*, read *gain*.



The



*The Eighth ODE of the Fourth Book of
HORACE, modernized, and intended to
be sent to his Grace, the Duke of Marl-
borough, at the Beginning of the New
Year, with a Present of the Author's
Poem, on FEMALE CONDUCT.*

 N the new Birth† of Nature's Year,
“Renew'd in our revolving Sphere;”
Indulgent to each faithful Friend,
I would, to each, a Present send;
A Token of my great Regard,
Tho', to their Merit, small Reward.
For New-Year's-Gifts are understood,
As Pledges of our Love renew'd.

B

In

† At the Festival of the *Roman Saturnalia*, which were celebrated about the Time of our *Christmas* Holy-days; there was an annual Custom, in *Rome*, of presenting New-Year's-Gifts. About that Period of the Year, *Horace* is supposed to have sent the following Ode, as a New-Year's-Gift, to his Friend *Censorinus*, a *Roman* of high Distinction, and Character.

2 *The eighth ODE, of the fourth Book,*

In some fam'd Artist's Shop, I'd find
Something to show a grateful Mind,
A Toy minute of curious Kind ;
† Or costly Work of ampler Size,
A Box of Gold,* the Patriot's Prize ;
I'd give, to some, a Present rare
Of antient Coin, or *China-Ware* ;
Of Pictures, or fam'd Statues, taught
To breathe with Life, expressing Thought ;
By *Greek*, or *Roman* Masters, made,
Who Wonders, in their Arts, display'd.

To You, my much-respected Friend !
I would, the best of Presents, send ;

You,

“ Annus quando novus nascitur, illius

“ Natalisque Dies orbe revolvitur ;

Donarem pateras, grataque commodus,

Censorine, meis æra sodalibus ;

Donarem tripodas, * præmia fortium

Graiorum : neque tu pessima munerum

Ferres,

† These two Lines allude to the Golden Boxes lately presented, to the Two illustrious Commoners.

You, with a generous Spirit blest,
 From all your Friends, deserve the best;
 But Poets can't rich Gifts afford,
 They seldom are, with Affluence, stor'd;
 Nor does your Fortune, nor your Mind
 Want Rarities of curious Kind.
 Your Soul, to nobler Objects bent,
 On Deeds heroic, is intent;
 You quit Retreats of soft Repose,
 To guard your Country, from its Foes;
 To dare them, to the martial Field,
 Oft taught, to your dread Name, to yield;
 May *Marlbro'* still strike *France* with Fear!
 Still sound tremendous, in her Ear!

B 2

In

Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
 Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas;
 Hic Saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
 Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum,
 Sed non hæc mihi vis; non tibi talium
 Res est, aut animus deliciarum agens.

Gaudes

4 *The eighth ODE, of the fourth Book,*

In Poetry, you take Delight,
Accept the Verses, which I write;
Take the poetic Gift, I give,
By which you may, thro' Ages, live;
This Gift, a Poet can bestow,
And tell its precious Value too.
No public Monuments of Fame,
Rear'd to immortalize a Name,
(Where your great Sire's Atchievement shines,
Engraven deep, in Marble Lines,)
Express so bright that Hero's Praise,
As *Addison*, or *Prior's* Lays.
While they his Victories rehearse,
His Battles thunder still, in Verse;
Ev'n now, the Clangor of his Arms,
In Sounds terrific, spreads Alarms;

Bright
Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri;
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ, spiritus, et vita redit bonis,

Post

Bright Armour, with its beamy Rays,
The Horseman, and the Horse, dismays;
We see the Clouds of Smoke, and Fire,
While Gauls precipitate retire;
Their Leaders, and their Host, o'erthrown,
We hear the Warrior's dying Groan.

His Foes, thus Prussia's Monarch quell'd,
Another Marlbro', in the Field;
Heav'n's vengeful Thunderbolt of War,
Whose conquering Arms spread Terror far.
Without the Aid of one Ally,
Four Realms combin'd, he dar'd defy;
Undaunted, tho' by Friends forsaken,
Tho' gall'd by numerous Foes, unshaken;
Unmov'd by Fortune's Frowns, or Smiles,
Patient, as Hercules, of Toils;

He

Post mortem, ducibus, non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorsum Hannibalis minæ,
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africa
Lucratus rediit, clariùs indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides; neque

6 *The eighth ODE, of the fourth Book,*

He still, the Papal Hydra slew,
As still, against his Force, it grew;
Of Faith reform'd the guardian Prop,
In *Europe*, Freedom's only Hope;
Whilst He, so brave, his Cause defends,
* His wond'ring Foes become his Friends;
If Clouds awhile eclipse his Rays,
He soon emerges, in a Blaze;
His Deeds, by bright Example, show,
What Chiefs magnanimous can do;
To Him indebted, *Britain* owes
The Conquest, of her *Gallic* Foes.

O, may some future Bard display
His Battles, in heroic Lay!
My lyric Muse's humble Flight
Dares not aspire, to such a Height.
† If *Mars* should let this fav'rite Son
Repose, beneath his Laurels won; He

* These Lines allude to the voluntary Submission of many Troops, who laid down their Arms, and afterwards enlisted themselves, in the *Prussian* Service.

† *Horace* says, in an Ode addressed to the Muses, that *Cæsar* often entertained himself with Poetry, in his Winter-quarters.

Vos

He best, his own Exploits, could sing,
 For he, *Apollo's* Harp, can string;
 Like *David*, he can quell his Foes,
 And Hymns sublime, as his, compose.
 He, with extensive Genius wise,
 Can, to the highest Science, rise;
 Or stoop to low mechanic Art,
 In each alike, shines his Desert.
 Kind Nature strove to make him great,
 In him, her various Talents meet;
 In him, the Lawyer, and Divine,
 The Poet, and Historian join;
 His Soul extends to ev'ry thing,
 He's Soldier, Statesman, Patriot, King.

Should his proud persecuting Foes

* Refuse him Peace, and still oppose;

By this, they'll make him greater still,

Exalting him, against his Will; In

*Vos Cæsarem altum, militiâ simul
 Fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
 Finire quærentem labores,
 Pierio recreatis antro.*

* This Line refers, to the generous Offer of Peace, which he lately made to the Queen of Hungary.

8 *The eighth ODE, of the fourth Book,*

In him, new Virtues they'll reveal,
 Like Fire, by Conflict, forc'd from Steel;
 New Worth will still discover'd shine
 In him, as in the labour'd Mine;
 Fresh Laurels will adorn his Brow,
 And from new Toils, new Honors flow;
 When Heav'n, to Virtue, Succour lends,
 Her martial Toil, in Triumphs, ends;
 † Force, without Wisdom, ne'er prevails,
 Force, blest with Wisdom, never fails;
 Unrighteous Arms, Heav'n will o'erthrow,
 To impious Violence, a Foe;
 Heav'n, still a Friend to *Prussia's* King,
 Will still, to him, new Succour bring,
 Nor open, nor shall treach'rous Force
 Retard this Victor's rapid Course;

* Kind

† These four following Lines allude to a Stanza, in the 4th Ode, of the 3d Book of *Horace*.

*Vis, consili expers, mole ruit sua,
 Vim temperatam Di quoque probent
 In majus, idem odere vires
 Omne nefas animo moventes.*

* Kind Providence his Life protects,
 What-e'er he aims at, he effects;
 Unhurt he treads, by watchful Care,
 Amid the pointed Thorns of War;
 † His Death-capt Bands, in dire Array,
 Safe, thro' his Foes, will make his Way,
 And o'er the Globe extend his Sway.

If neither Verse, nor Prose, proclaim
 Your generous Thirst of patriot Fame;
 Your Merit, lost in Silence soon,
 To future Age, will be unknown;
 You will deserve Reward in vain,
 Your Deeds no Recompence will gain.
 This Verse shall tell, with ardent Zeal,
 How you promote your Country's Weal;

B 4

How

* These Lines are modernized from the last Stanza, of the 4th Ode, of the 4th Book of *Horace*.

*Nil Prussæ non efficient manus,
 Quas et benigna numine Jupiter
 Defendit, et curæ sagaces
 Expediunt per acuta belli.*

† Alludes to the Hussars' Caps, in which a Death's Head is represented.

10 *The eighth ODE, of the fourth-Book,*

How sordid Lucre, you despise,

And only Fame unblemish'd prize;

How still in you surviving, shine

The Virtues, of your noble Line;

How the Exploits of your great Sire

Your Soul, with Emulation, fire.

Silence would merit Overthrow,

To virtuous Deeds, an envious Foe;

The Muse great Actions, from the Grave,

A Friend to Merit, strives to save;

Milton's bright Genius first reveal'd,

What lay, in Silence, long conceal'd;

We learn, by his adventurous Strains,

How Angels fought, in heav'nly Plains;

How great MESSIAH Victor threw

Headlong, from Heav'n, the rebel Crew;

How,

neque,

Si chartæ fileant quod bene feceris,

Mercedem tuleris, quid foret Iliæ,

Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas

Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?

Ereptum

How, thro' the Realms of antient Night,
Satan to *Eden*, wing'd his Flight ;
 How our first Parents disobey'd
 The great Command, by him betray'd.
Eliza lives, in *Spencer's* Lays,
 Embellish'd with poetic Rays ;
 There still alive, her Beauty shines,
 Still blooms, in his descriptive Lines ;
 His mystic Song, in tuneful Breath,
 Sav'd her bright Deeds, from gloomy Death.

The Muse lifts Heroes to the Sky,
 She will not let the Worthy die ;
 Exalted to the heav'nly Sphere,
 She gives, to them, blest Mansions there.
 Thus *Hercules*, immortal Guest,
 With *Jove*, partakes celestial Feast ;

Large

Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
 Virtus, et favor, et lingua potentium
 Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
 Dignum laude virum, Musa vetat mori ;

Cœlo

12 *The eighth ODE, of the fourth Book,*

Large recompence, to Virtue, giv'n,
For short Toils here, long rest in Heav'n.
Thus the *Twin-brothers*, made a Star,
Enlighten Mariners afar ;
They snatch them, from th' o'erwhelming Deep,
When Billows rise, like Mountains steep.
She first made *Bacchus*, God of Wine,
And deck'd him, with the verdant Vine ;
She, joining Tygers to his Car,
To Heav'n convey'd him, thro' the Air ;
Hence deify'd, his Altars smok'd,
Hence Votaries his Aid invok'd.

“ The Muse can Mortals consecrate,

“ And raise them, to immortal State ;

“ Thou

Coelo Musa beat, sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules ;
Clarum Tyndaridæ fidus ab infimis
Quaffas eripiunt æquoribus rates.
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino,
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

† Orco,

- “ Thou too shalt be her fav’rite Theme,
 “ She shall, in Verse, imbalm thy Name,
 “ By Merit ripe, for endless Fame.

- † “ Orco, Musa, pios eripiens nigro,
 “ Arces, carminibus, tollit ad igneas;
 “ Nomen grande tuum fiet amabilis
 “ Vatum materies, Musa tuis dabit
 “ Mercedem meritis, Te faciet Sacrum,
 “ Sublimem, astra super, Te vehet, ardua.

† We always find a well-laid Design, and a happy Execution of it, in every Ode of *Horace*, that has been transmitted to us, uninjured by Time, or the Mistakes of Transcribers.

The Modernizer of this Ode thinks, it begins, and ends in a very abrupt, if not spiritless Manner, which is quite contrary to the Genius of that great Master. Therefore he apprehends, that at the Exordium, and the Conclusion of it, some Verses have been lost, or so effaced in the Manuscript, as not to be legible by the Copyists, and consequently omitted by them. For which Reason, he hopes, the Reader will pardon his Endeavour to supply this Loss, by prefixing two Lines to the Beginning, and by subjoining a few, to the End of it, in *Latin*, and *English* Verse; which are laced in the Margin.

These supplemental Lines may contribute to render the Exordium, and Conclusion of this Ode, less abrupt, if not more inspired.

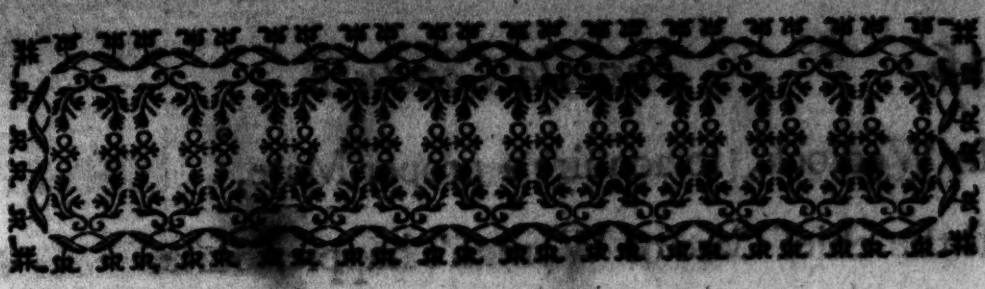
FEMALE

Thou too shalt be part of the same
She shall, my wife, imitate thy name
By more than one child's name

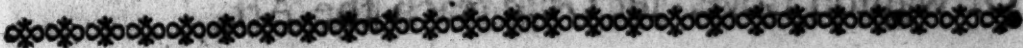
Orion Mute, poor creature
After, certain, to be
"Nomen quod non est
"Vatum nomen, in a case
"Macedon nomen, in a case
"Sublimem, in a case, in a case

We always had a well-known
of it, in every Ode of Horace, that has been translated as
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The Modernizer of the Ode thinks, and ends in a
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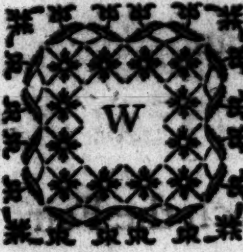
FEMALE



FEMALE CONDUCT.



TO PLAUTILLA.



W HAT Theme can more deserve a Poet's
Care,
Than to give Rules of Conduct, to the
Fair?

Such Rules, as may to them new Charms impart,
And Nature's Gifts adorn, with pleasing Art.
This moral Exercise, you gave my Muse,
To you, fair Nymph, she can't her Lays refuse;
By you incited, she attempts the Task,
Obedient flows, from her, the Verse, you ask.

Man, doom'd by Birth, to Labor, Care, and Strife,
With various Ills, must struggle, thro' his Life;

In

In Wedlock, to acquire a proper Mate,
Is the chief Care of Woman's happier State.

PLAUTILLA, learn the Art, our Sex to please,
By Genius prompted, you will learn with Ease.

Of wanton Love, let *Ovid* teach the Art,

To gain a Husband, I the Skill impart.

I too teach Wives, to please the Mate, they gain,
Not low the Science, nor the Office mean.

† Be gone, far hence, ye Males ! I teach the Fair,
And mystic Truths, to them alone, declare ;

Ye Females, silent hear, I sing a Strain,

Ne'er sung by Poet, to the female Train ;

I, the chaste Muse's Priest, will join your Hands,

And tie your Hearts, in *Hymen's* happy Bands.

What-e'er unmarried Maid a Wife would be,

Must first be train'd, and disciplin'd by me,

And take Degrees in my Academy ;

The

† An Allusion to the first *Latin* Motto, in the Title-Page of
this Poem.

The Wife, that would her Husband's Love retain,
Must listen docile to my Muse's Strain.

* Here the long-promis'd Verse, at length, appears,
Ye Nymphs propitious! give attentive Ears.
In vain, kind Nature form'd the Females fair,
If, to my Rules, they will not lend an Ear;
Beauty, without the Graces' winning Art,
May charm the Eye, not captivate the Heart;
'Tis like a Bait, alluring in the Flood,
Without a Hook, to catch the wat'ry Brood;
Sense is the Hook, and Beauty is the Bait,
While this entices, that can captivate.
Sense, without Beauty, often can insnare,
But Beauty, without Sense, betrays the Fair;
The Virgin each Admirer charms in vain,
If destitute of Pow'r, the Heart to gain.

Imperial Man derives his Claim, from Heav'n,
Of wide Dominion, o'er each Creature, giv'n;

C

The

* These two Lines are allusive to the second *Latin Motto*.

The Woman was doom'd subject to her Mate,
 † E'er-since *Eve* first, the Fruit forbidden, eat;
 Hence ev'ry Wife her Husband must obey,
 She, by Compliance, can her Ruler sway;
 Strong, without Strength, she triumphs o'er the Heart,
 What Nature gives not, she acquires by Art;
 Preeminence, herself debasing, gains,
 By yielding conquers, and by serving reigns;
 Her soft Endearments, her fierce Master tame,
 * As Greece, with Arts, Rome's conquering Arms
 o'ercame;

Man to subdue, Heav'n gave the Woman charms,
 Were she well disciplin'd to use her Arms;
 To know the Force of her Artillery,
 The Pow'r of Smiles, and Light'ning of the Eye;
 The Voice persuasive, tun'd to Accents sweet,
 That can, the Victor's Victory, defeat;

By

† Genesis, Chap. iii. 16. *Thy Desire shall be to him, and he shall rule over thee.*

* *Grecia capta ferum Victorem cepit.* HOR. *de Arte Poetica.*

By these, fair *Cleopatra* could subdue
 Ambitious *Antony*, and *Cæsar* too;
 † *Judith*, by these, insnar'd her Country's Foe,
 And Thousands sav'd, with one heroic Blow;
 By these unmann'd, and made a Woman's Fool,
Sampson became the Sport of Ridicule.

O Pow'r resistless of enchanting Eyes!
 That rob the Strong of Strength, of Sense the Wise,
 Give Sense to Idiots, Softness to the Fierce,
 Refinement to the Rude, to Prosemen Verse,
 Courage to Cowards, Terror to the Brave,
 Chains to a Monarch, Freedom to a Slave;
 Make the Loquacious dumb, the Silent speak,
 And to Sobriety convert a Rake;
 Make Misers gen'rous, Youth in Age renew,
 And without Arms, the willing World subdue.

Such is the Pow'r of Beauty, yet beware,
 Fair Nymph, lest Beauty should itself insnare;

C 2

Be

† Alludes to her cutting off the Head of *Holofernes*, the General of the *Assyrian* Army.

Be cautious, whilst in Innocence you play,
 Lest some perfidious Swain your Heart betray;
 * So while *Europa* sportful pass'd her Hours,
 And cull'd, in painted Meads, the fairest Flow'rs;
 Her Lover, in delusive Shape array'd,
 O'er the wide Seas, th' inveigl'd Nymph convey'd;
 To weave a Garland, innocent she meant,
 To give it to the Nymphs, with pure Intent;
 When snatch'd away, the Virgin, with Surprise,
 Saw nought, but watry Waste, and starry Skies.

Not Innocence alone can Maids defend,
 Wisdom must her auxiliar Forces lend.
 Beauty must watch its Foes with cautious Fear,
 For all its Foes, like trusty Friends, appear;
 To what Temptations, are the Fair expos'd?
 With what illusive Snares, are they inclos'd?

Like

* *Sic et Europa nixum doloso
 Credidit tauro latus. ———
 Nupèr, in pratis, studiosa florum, et
 Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ,
 Nocte sublustri, nihil, astra præter,
 Vidit, et undas.*

Like Towns besieg'd, they can't their Danger know,
 From hidden Mines, proceeds the fatal Blow;
 So slipp'ry are the Paths, young Virgins tread,
 Some Hand, experienc'd, should their Foot-steps lead;
 If you, fair Virgin, would commence a Bride,
 Be led by me, I will your Conduct guide.
 † You, like the nubile Off-spring of the Vine,
 To a fit Prop, my tender Art shall join;
 Prun'd by my Skill, you shall your Help-mate grace,
 Adhering to him, with a fond Embrace.

First guard your Character, by strict Reserve;
 Yet ne'er, to Self-conceit, inclining swerve;
 Tho' grave, not rigid, free with Innocence,
 Awful, not haughty, coy without Offence;
 Reserve, so temper'd, Censure will restrain,
 And check the Arrogance of Coxcombs vain;

C 3

Im-

† *Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
 Altas maritat populos.
 Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores.*

HOR. Odes.

Impertinence, by this, may be controll'd,
This awes the rude Intrusion, of the Bold;
Secures your Virtue, from Allurement's Bait,
And recommends you, to the nuptial State.

Reserv'd Behavior is a female Grace,
Like Blushes, it adorns a modest Face;
Yet such Reserve requires a Conduct nice,
Lest it be call'd, Pride mask'd in close Disguise;
For Pride, in grave Reserve, is often veil'd,
Yet, no where, long it can be well conceal'd;
Ah! let that Doubt suspicious disappear,
Lost in the Sunshine of your pleasing Air;
Let the meek Graces, of a Soul serene,
In ev'ry Feature of your Face, be seen;
Let softest Smiles, with Dignity, conspire
To win the Heart, and kindle awful Fire.

Revere this first great Precept of my Theme,
And shun, in your Behavior, each Extreme;

Safe,

Safe, in the golden Mean, with Caution steer,
Fair Nymph, nor be too gay, nor too austere;
Distant, as far from Prude, as from Coquet,
Form your Deportment, between both compleat;
Nor with a formal, nor fantastic Mien,
Not cloudy, nor insipidly serene;
Still aim at something, that's betwixt them all,
That Something gain'd, we must Perfection call;
It is my Muse's Theme, the Art to please,
A Mixture of Sense, Innocence, and Ease.

By soft Attractions of Behavior sweet,
You'll quickly catch a Lover, in your Net;
To make a Cage, then let it be your Care,
That may secure the Lover, you insnare;
This Cage, by Skill in Flattery is wrought,
And with Art's subtlest Texture, must be fraught.
Fair Nymph, Fops think themselves as fair, as you,
More wise, more witty, and more constant too,
Take Care to pay them, what they think their Due.

Tho' much they flatter, pleas'd they will receive
 From you more Flattery, than they can give;
 Behold, how they admire themselves, and swear,
 Still looking in the Glass, — that you are fair.
 To each reply, with panegyric Fit,
 As they still praise your Beauty, praise their Wit;
 Man, flatt'ring Man, not always can prevail,
 But Woman, flatt'ring Man, can never fail;
 In Love, tho' not so constant, and so true,
 In Love, we are as credulous, as you.

My Precepts practise, with assiduous Care,
 You may the Wifest catch, in Flatt'ry's Snare,
 None can resist the Flatt'ry of the Fair;
 As each believes, he merits Female Love,
 Small Proof you need, your Passion true to prove;
 Each, conscious of his Worth, believes it true,
 And graciously accepts it, as his Due.
 Fair Nymph, if you would learn our Sex to please,
 To flatter, you must learn in various Ways,
 Great Wonders Flatt'ry works, by slow Degrees.

Insinuating

Insinuating Streams, that gently play,
 Win, thro' the solid Ground, their liquid Way;
 The Steed, tho' long impatient of the Bit,
 By lenient Arts, will to the Rein submit;
 By frequent Use of soothing Blandishment,
 Down to the Yoke, see stubborn Oxen bent!
 Tho' the first Efforts, you exert in vain,
 Still persevere, and try your Strength again;
 * Tho' *Solomon* avow'd another Flame,
 When-e'er he call'd, officious *Abra* came;
 Watchful she stood, and practis'd ev'ry Art,
 At length, she won the vanquish'd Monarch's Heart.
 To wealthy Maids, I give not this Advice,
 For they are doom'd to be smooth Flattery's Prize;
 Or sold to Grandeur, or a Prey betray'd
 To Coxcombs, who in Fortune-hunting trade;
 They need not flatter, they'll so flatter'd be,
 Rich Maids! approach not my Academy.
 My Precepts, to those Damsels, I impart,
 Who, wanting Wealth, want my instructive Art;

Let

* See Mr. Prior's *Solomon*.

Let these Disciples learn, in Wisdom's School,
Defects of Fortune, to supply by Rule.
If you are wise, the wisest you may get,
No Want can hinder you, but Want of Wit;
Ev'n *Solomon* was caught in *Abra's* Net,
By her endearing Vigilance beset;
Each may be won by Art, if Charms can't Speed,
Where *Venus* fails, *Minerva* can succeed.
To Flatt'ry, Fools, and Wise, alike will yield,
In all its various Wiles, if you are skill'd;
If the weak Stomach dreads a naked Pill,
Then gild, and cloth it with delusive skill;
To what-so'er Opinion, he's inclin'd,
Conform your Judgment, to his changing Mind;
Love, what he loves, what he dislikes, disdain,
With him, still sympathize, in Joy, or Pain;
Mark well, for what, he most esteems himself,
For Books, or Dress, for Beauty, or for Pelf;
Still to his Self-esteem, adapt your Praise,
She'll conquer, who, with Skill, this Batt'ry plays.

A thousand Shapes, like *Proteus*, Flatt'ry wears,
Yet, in each Shape, victorious it appears;
It is most welcome, where it least is known,
And Charms, in ev'ry Shape, except its own.
Such Flattery is venial, in a Maid,
We love the Traitor, if to Bliss betray'd;
Men flatter Maids, and laugh, if they believe,
'Tis lawful such Deceivers to deceive;
'Tis Charity our Vanity to feed,
If to be blest, we such a Comfort need;
That makes him happy, who can blame the Cheat?
Each human Joy is well-disguis'd Deceit.

You may be innocent, yet wise in Love,
Wise, as the Serpent, harmless, as the Dove;
Can she be criminal, who still intends
To please, subservient to connubial Ends?
Sages, who moral Precepts finest Spin,
Such Flattery, in Maids, can deem no Sin,

By

By Nature weak, the Woman stronger grows
 By this smooth Art; and can our Strength oppose;
 Whether the Art to please, or Flatt'ry call'd,
 By this, each human Heart may be inthrall'd;
 Hence, the unlearn'd, our Learning can outdo,
 Thro' Wedlock's Maze, this is her guiding Clue.

By this, still flexible to nuptial Sway,
 The Virgin learns, a Husband to obey;
 Blest Flattery! by which our Hearts are won,
 When Maids obsequious, Contradiction shun;
 Kind Pow'r! that dost alike each Vot'ry bless,
 By thy Indulgence, all Things we possess,
 The present Blessing, and the future Bliss;
 Great Source of Pleasure, and to Pain an Ease,
 By thee, we can ourselves, and others please.

When, by these soothing Arts, your Lover's Mind
 To Love, or tender Friendship, seems inclin'd;

Your

Your She-companion can Assistance lend,
 If Woman would, to Woman, be a Friend;
 But let her be a Wife, or fix'd in Love,
 Instead of Friend, lest she a Rival prove;
 Let her approach him, in a softer Hour,
 And the Recesses of his Heart explore;
 Let her, your secret Thoughts, to him reveal,
 Hide all your Faults, and hidden Merit tell;
 By praising, she will double ev'ry Charm,
 And kindling Flame, his Soul with Passion warm;
 † So *Dido*, skill'd in forming Love-designs,
Anna, to lend her friendly Aid, enjoins;
 Bids her, a soft Occasion, watchful take,
 And, in her Favor, to *Eneas* speak,

Few Women love to hear another prais'd,
 Yet to give others Praise, are sometimes pleas'd;

The

† *Sola viri molles aditus, et tempora nôras,*
I, soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum.

The Knot connubial, if well-tied, demands
The kind Assistance, of experienc'd Hands;
Without the mutual Help, of Friends combin'd,
How few, in *Hymen's* Bands, are happy join'd!
See friendless Beauty, destitute of Aid,
Or fade unwedded, or to Sin betray'd;
Beauty befriended makes rich Heirs its Prize,
And shares the Labors of the Great, and Wise;
Wedded to Wealth, and State, with Ease it gains,
What, to attain, costs so much Care, and Pains.

Be not unthankful, this kind Office done,
The friendly Obligation, grateful own;
Ah! let not Pride deny the Debt, you owe,
Nor count to Beauty, what to Friendship's due;
This Debt extending to your future Race,
The pious Merit, let not Time efface.
Ruth, to your Conduct, gives Example fit;
It shines recorded, in the sacred Writ;

She,

She, taught, by *Naomi*, the Art to please,
 Endear'd herself, to *Boaz* by Degrees;
 To win his Love, each Artifice she tried,
 Humbly aspiring, to become his Bride;
 Her sweet Simplicity of Manners mild,
 And unaffected Charms his Soul beguil'd;
 † When ripen'd Harvest blest his fertile Land,
 She glean'd, obsequious still to his Command;
 He bad the Reapers oft indulge her Toil,
 And suffer golden Sheaves to be her Spoil;
 While she, to please him, more observant strove,
 He gave her still fresh Tokens of his Love;
 Each Morn, of his Indulgence, Witness rose,
 New Gifts she carried Home, at Ev'ning's Close;
 He prais'd her Virtue, she his Bounty prais'd,
 And mutual Praises, mutual Passion rais'd;

When

† Modern Ladies must not look upon *Ruth*, and *Boaz*, as Persons of no Rank, and Distinction, because they here find them at Work in the Harvest-field; rural Life was then the fashionable Life, before the Refinements of Art had introduced Luxury, and corrupted the innocent Simplicity of those early Ages.

When all his Barns were fill'd with copious Store,
 And Corn, from Chaff refin'd, adorn'd the Floor;
 When Mirth, and Wine, had seal'd his slumb'ring eye,
 Then she deign'd humbly at his Feet to lie;
 Him still pursuing, thro' Love's artful Maze,
 She stole his Heart, by many pleasing Ways.
 Won by her Smiles, and conquer'd by her Eyes,
 He yielded to her, and became her Prize;
 His Soul impassion'd, no Repose could find,
 'Till, to endearing *Ruth*, in Wedlock join'd;
 * Thence lineal sprung that heav'nly Progeny,
 The Promise of primæval Prophecy.

Fair *Ruth*, exalted to a happy State,
 Shar'd Peace, and Plenty, with her wealthy Mate;
 She turn'd to Joy her Mother's mournful Cares,
 And Comfort gave to her declining Years;

What

* See the last Chapter of *Ruth*, in the *Old Testament*, where the Genealogy of the *Messiah* is derived from *Pharez*, to *Boaz*, and from *Boaz*, to *David*.

What her Youth ow'd, she now repaid her Age,
For she ow'd much, to her Instruction sage.

Fair Pupil, here exemplify'd you view,
What Beauty, with Humility, can do;
Mark, how the Precepts of a Friend discreet
Fair *Ruth* promoted, in the wedded State.
But now I must recal the devious Muse,
That, for your Conduct, ev'ry Rule pursues:
Like *Ruth* instructed, listen to a Friend,
Still persevering, till you gain your End;
If nor your Smiles, nor Friend's assistant Art,
Can sooth your Lover, to disclose his Heart;
If too secure Success his Passion lull,
Whene'er his languid Flame begins to cool;
Indulge a Rival, it may useful prove,
Oft Emulation is a Spur to Love;
Together striving, see, each rival Steed
Adds rapid Spirit, to each other's Speed.

D

Yet,

Yet, in the Practice of this Rule, be wise,
 With Caution circumspect, lest Mischief rise;
 By your distress'd Behavior, let him see,
 That you reluctant use this Remedy;
 Love, with such Art recall'd, will soon return,
 And quicken'd with rekindling Ardor burn.
 Some Lovers scorn a Conquest, gain'd with Ease,
 Rivals, when vanquish'd, Love's Ambition please,
 Like Trophies, they the Lover's Triumph grace.

In Choice of female Friends, distinguish nice,
 Lest you partake the Scandal of their Vice;
 Their Infamy, tho' guiltless, you may share,
 Their Virtue doubted, yours can ne'er be clear;
 If *Dian* oft with *Venus* should be seen,
 Each God would say, "*What can chaste Dian mean?*
 She could not long that Attribute retain,
 If often seen, in *Venus*' wanton Train.
 Tho' your own Conduct shine, with Prudence fraught,
 * Yet you may blush, for your Companion's Fault.

Let

* *Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.*

HOR. Ep. 18.

Let Virtue, of your Friendship, be the Base,
That both may thence derive alternate Praise,
Reflecting, on each other, mutual Rays.

Be not too intimate with those, you love,
Till Time, and Trials, their Affection prove;
The sudden Friendship, of fond female Friends,
Too often, in a sudden Quarrel, ends;
Then these fond Friends, proclaiming vengeful War,
Each other's Reputation furious tear;
In various History, of Millions dead,
Alas! of how few Friends sincere, we read!
If e'er two Females could true Friendship boast,
Their Fame unknown is in Oblivion lost;
Yet many a Female, in the nuptial State,
Has shone renown'd, for Friendship to her Mate,
Such zealous Love the faithful Wife inspires,
Who leaps spontaneous, in his fun'ral Fires;
So link'd, to him, by Sympathy of Fate,
She, like a Turtle, can't survive her Mate;

Still sympathetic feels his Woes, and Joys,
 Smiles, when he smiles, and when he grieves, ^{she} ^{sighs,}
 And when he dies, she voluntary dies.

† Fam'd *Portia*, worthy of her Mate, and Sire,
 Express'd such Friendship, when she swallow'd Fire;
 Soon as she heard of her dear *Brutus*' Death,
 Her Consort breathless, she disdain'd to breath;
 Each Instrument of Death, to her deny'd,
 " Shall *Portia* be debarr'd from Death? she cry'd,
 Then drank live Embers, and intrepid dy'd.

Scorn not Companions of your own Degree,
 Vain to associate with Nobility;
 By Equals hated, by Superiors scorn'd,
 While, with their Fame, you think yourself adorn'd;

† *Portia* was Wife to *Brutus*; and Daughter to *Cato*. When she received the News of her Husband's Overthrow, and Death, in the Distraction of her Grief, she immediately swallowed live Coals, which killed her. Her Friends, and Servants having taken, from her, every thing else, that might serve, as Instruments of Death. This Account of her Death is related by *Plutarch*, *Valerius Maximus*, *Dio*, *Appian*, and *Martial*, the last of whom writ an Epigram on that Subject.

* So when the Crow, with furtive Plumage, shone,
 The Birds all came, demanding each their own;
 Of each gay Feather, when he was bereft,
 They laugh'd to see him stript, and naked left.
 How weak is the Support of her Esteem,
 Who leans incumbent on another's Fame!
 To live in Pain, is not so dire an ill,
 As Life dependent on another's Will;
 But voluntary Slaves no Pity gain,
 These, vainly servile, boast their gilded Chain;
 Basking in Sunshine of tyrannic Sway,
 These Insects are the Product of its Ray.
 Superior Greatness, seen by Wisdom's Eyes,
 Can only, from superior Merit, rise;
 Can Titles high ennoble worthless Things?
 Can Dulness shine, adorn'd with Stars, and Strings?
 Can *Ladyship*, or can *Your Grace* convey,
 To Females, Virtue's more illustrious Ray?

D 3

What

• *Ne, si fortè suas repetitum venerit olim
 Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum,
 Furtivis nudata coloribus.*

HOR. Ep. 3.

What Dress does Modesty most frequent wear?
 In Robes of Ermine, does she oft appear?
 In Silk-apparel, is she oftner drest?
 Or the Simplicity of home-spun Vest?

Ne'er, to a married Man, Attention give,
 Nor, his Addresses, with a Smile, receive;
 Left to connubial Rites, you quit your Claim,
 Whilst ev'ry Wife indignant taints your Fame:
 Is she the Object of a chaste Desire,
 Who strives to kindle an adult'rous Fire?
 O Love accurs'd! that makes the Husband hate,
 And tempts him to destroy his lawful Mate!
 Curs'd she! who would such impious Love excite,
 Who steals a Heart, that is another's right;
 That Nymph in Poison dips those lawful Darts,
 Which Nature lent to conquer honest Hearts;
 Can Vanity of Conquest recompence
 The Loss of Honor, Fame, and Innocence!

How

How vain her Boast, a Conquest who attains,
 By which, she nothing, but Dishonor, gains !
 What conscious Guilt, the married Man, annoys,
 Who, to adult'rous Sin, a Maid decoys !
 Who, like th' insidious Fiend in *Paradise*,
 Beguiles her Innocence, with specious Lies ;
 He robs her of Repute, a Treasure dear,
 And ev'ry Comfort, that her Life can cheer ;
 He blasts her Beauty, that kind Gift of Heav'n,
 To virtuous Maids, for their Promotion, giv'n.
 He rifles all the Sweetness of the Rose,
 Then, as a Weed, away the Flow'r he throws,
 † Like that base Villain, *Otway's* Scenes disclose.
 Depriv'd of social Bliss, she pensive sighs,
 Mark, how, from her, each modest Female flies !
 Excluded, from Communion of the Good,
 Degraded, as it were, by tainted Blood ;
 Her Life imbitter'd with Reproach, and Shame,
 Not ev'n Repentance can redeem her Fame ;

D 4

Beauty,

† Alludes to *Otway's Orphan*.

Beauty, once sullied with dishonest Stain,
 Its native Luster never can regain,

Ye Britons, shun her Spoiler, never trust
 The Man, who gratifies adult'rous Lust;
 That such a Man has Wit, we may allow,
 But he wants Intellect, and Virtue too;
 Self-love, and Vanity his Passions sway,
 Nice Laws of Honor, he will not obey;
 For Fame, he feels not, — stop, O Muse, thy Course,
 Let some Example dead, this Rule, inforce,

Say, Muse, what tragic Scenes such Love attend,
 Say, in what dire Catastrophe, they end;
 Vain *Anthony*, by wanton Passion led,
 † Forsook his faithful Consort's injur'd Bed;
 Inflam'd by her, *Octavius* urg'd the War,
 Vindictive he pursu'd th' adult'rous Pair;
 Till both, to Death, flew vanquish'd, for Relief,
 Both sought it, as the Remedy of Grief,

He,

† *Octavia*, Sister to *Augustus Caesar*, was Wife to *Mark Antony*.

He, to his Lust, an ignominious Slave,
 Begg'd Death from him, to whom he Freedom gave;
 † She prick'd the Asps, that they, inrag'd by Pains,
 Might dart their fiercest Venom, in her Veins;
 Thy Beauty, *Cleopatra*, prov'd thy Bane,
 If not so beauteous, thou hadst happier been,
 O, what a Curse is Beauty to the Fair,
 When, to their Virtue, it becomes a Snare!
 What Fair-One does not, by her Charms betray'd,
 Oft wish, she had been born a homely Maid?
 She, with Regret, must view her beauteous Face,
 That prov'd the fatal Cause of her Disgrace;
 So, thro' the Woods, retarded in his Speed,
 The Stag laments the Honors of his Head.

Beware, ye Nymphs, whom Natures Gifts adorn,
 Lest, to a Curse, her Blessing you should turn.

Beauty,

† This Anecdote, relating to *Cleopatra*, is mentioned by *Plutarch*, who says, that she exasperated the Asps, by pricking them, with a golden Bodkin, that their Poison might, by such a Provocation, convey to her a speedy, and certain Death. This gives new Light to the following Stanza, in one of *Horace's Odes*, where he speaks of *Cleopatra*.

et asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut utrum
Corpore combiberet venenum. †

Beauty, subservient to fair Virtue's Use,
 Will, to wise Virgins, golden Fruit produce;
 That Gift of Nature, disciplin'd with Art,
 Can num'rous Blessings, to a Maid, impart.
 There aim your Smiles, your Culture there employ,
 Where you, a future Harvest may enjoy.

Fair *Esther's* Art, and Beauty, gain'd a Crown,
 And made her Partner of the *Persian* Throne;
 Excelling ev'ry Maid, in pleasing Art,
 † She won the *Eastern* King's enamour'd Heart,
 Preferr'd by him, to ev'ry rival Fair,
 Unrivall'd, she possess'd his royal Ear.
 Averting, from the *Jews*, impending Woes,
 She turn'd the threat'ning Tempest, on her Foes,
 Her Pow'r o'er him, so artful she employ'd,
 He sav'd her People, and his own destroy'd.
 Blest is the Land, that can an *Esther* show,
 If blest with such a Friend, it fears no Foe;

Meekness

† King *Abasuerus*.

Meekness fair *Esther* rais'd to regal State;
 Pride threw fair *Vashti*, from th' imperial Seat;
 Swoln with Conceit, and of her Beauty vain,
 Her royal Mate, she treated with Disdain;
 Her stubborn Pride lost, what her Beauty won,
 What this exalted, was by that o'erthrown;
 So when a Tree, with vernal Blossoms, blooms,
 A Blast malignant, oft its Fruit consumes;
 Hence learn, how proud Behavior will degrade;
 And how Humility exalt a Maid.

* From supercilious Pride, your Aspect clear,
 Ah! let no Cloud, in that fair Brow, appear;
 In mild Deportments, study to excell,
 Let sweet Good-nature, in your Features dwell;
 That all, who gaze on you, your Friends may be,
 To you so partial, they no Faults can see;
 Fame of your Merit hence will reach the Ear,
 While, to the Eye, enchanting you appear.

Confirmate

Deme supercilio nubem.——

HOR. Ep. 18. Lib. 1.

Consummate Beauty, with great Merit join'd,
Becomes the Idol of each worthy Mind ;
Not Charms alone made the *Fam'd Sisters* great,
Both wedded, to high Titles, Wealth, and State,
But bland Complacence, and obsequious Art,
That could, with filken Bands, enthrall the Heart;
But strict Adherence, to fair Virtue's Laws,
And rigid Perseverance, in her Cause ;
But joint Benevolence, of Friends sincere,
And their own Worth, that could those Friends in dear,
Nature, in vain, had these so lovely form'd,
Had not their Conduct their Admirers charm'd ;
Beauty may Rapture, to the Eye, impart,
The Heart is won by Virtue, and Defect ;
They Lustre add, to each illustrious Name,
Not more exalted, than their Merits claim ;
Virtue, their Portion, gives, to Honor, Grace,
And Health, chief Blessing to a future Race.
Nor Wealth, nor Titles make connubial Joy,
Virtue alone that Blessing can supply,

When

When blameless Manners sanctify Repute,
In vain, shall Malice all her Arrows shoot;
Be not censorious, and you'll Censure shun,
As from Infection, from Tale-bearers run;
Who loves not Slander, will not Slander hear,
What grieves the Heart, can never please the Ear.
Scandal, extinguish'd in Oblivion, dies,
If none will hear, and propagate her Lies;
How pleas'd she wounds the best, and greatest *Name!*
As Fiends delight, the highest to blaspheme;
How swift she flies! when falsely she arraigns
The Great, and Good, how quick she Credit gains!
While she, from injur'd Virtue, forces Tears,
How her infernal Lies please envious Ears!
Who pleas'd, disperse them, and who first invent,
Guilty alike, deserve like Punishment.

None but the Faultless should the Faulty blame,
Who then will dare arraign another's Fame?

Ah!

Ah! strike not, conscious you deserve a Blow,
 The Guiltless only, the first Stone, may throw;
 By your own Frailties humbled, others spare,
 To them indulgent, to yourself severe;
 † Have you no Faults, whilst others you defame?
 Perhaps far greater, than the Faults, you blame.
 Christian Benevolence, and Candor sweet,
 Disarm fierce Obloquy, and Love create;
 By gentle Manners, you may Malice sooth,
 And soften Envy, by Behavior smooth.

When Woman, born to charm, will strive to please,
 Hear ev'ry Voice, united in her Praise!
 Come, Muse! let latest Age her Merit know,
 Each female Virtue, in AUGUSTA, show;
 If Verse can raise AUGUSTA, to the Sky,
 Exert thy Force, thy Energy imploy.

† *Nullane habes vitia? imò alia, haud fortassè minora.*

HOR. Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

* While shouting Crowds her Fame triumphant
 raise,
 My zealous Voice shall join their loud Huzzas;
 If my Voice added can exalt her Praise;
 I'll sing a Princess, Albion's lovely Grace,
 The brightest Glory of the female Race.
 Tho' high her Station, lowly is her Mind,
 Humility with Pow'r, and Grandeur join'd;
 Homage, tho' due, she blushes to receive,
 More pleas'd, to others she would Homage give;
 Exalted more, by Merit, than by Birth,
 Like Heav'n Superior, yet not scorning Earth;
 Heav'n is her Image, and an Emblem true
 Of her Humility, and Splendor too;
 Diffusing, ev'ry-where, a chearful Ray,
 Serenely bright, majestically gay.

Who-e'er

* These five Lines allude to a Stanza in the 3d Ode of the 4th Book of *Horace*, which the Author has rendered applicable by a small Alteration.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)

Vocis accedet bona pars: canamque,

© decus charum, populi Britannii,

Optima princeps!

Who-e'er would merit universal Praise,
 Must, from AUGUSTA, learn the Art to please;
 By this, she cheer'd her Consort's blissful Days,
 With ev'ry Comfort of domestic Ease;
 * Her *Consort* lost, sad Loss! by this soft Art,
 Mourning she gain'd our *Monarch's* melting Heart,
 He pitying lessen'd, while he shar'd her Grief,
 She gave, to his Affliction, some Relief;
 By this indearing Art, she can supply
 The Loss of Father, to her Progeny;
 By this, she can, (O may it happen late!)
 The future Loss of *Britain's* SIRE abate.

To bless our Isle, another GEORGE she'll rear,
 Another, like his SIRE, to *Britons* dear;
 Rever'd, like him, for Piety, and Truth,
 To ev'ry Virtue, she will form his Youth;
 With Patriot Zeal, his dawning Spirit fire,
 And point the Heights, to which he must aspire;

† So

* These Verses were written, not long after the Decease, of
 the late Prince of *Wales*.

† So *Venus* guiding led her *Trojan* Son,
 Thro' the bright Paths of Virtue, and Renown,
 And taught him, to deserve the *Latian* Throne.
 O may the pious Youth her Rules obey,
 Observant follow, where she shows the Way,
 And her soft Cares, with filial Love, repay!
 O, may he, em'lous of maternal Art,
 Win the Affection of each *British* Heart!
 May ev'ry *Briton* equal Ardor feel,
 And in his Praise unite, with equal Zeal!
 May he, instructed by her Genius sage,
 Learn to quell Faction, and disarm its Rage!
 * As from his Mother, *Orpheus* learn'd to tame
 Fierce Tempests, and to stop the rapid Stream;
 Taught by her soothing Art, he drew along
 The Forest list'ning to his vocal Song.

E

* What

† *Matre deâ monstrante viam.*

VIRG. Æn. 1.

* *Arte maternâ rapidos morantem
 Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
 Blandum et auritis fidibus canoris
 Ducere quercus.*

HOR. Ode 12. Lib. 1.

* What pleasing Hope, will HE to *Britain* give,
 Form'd by her Precepts, Great, and Good, to live!
 Behold, already he, in early Worth,
 Our Hopes surpasses, and adorns his Birth;
 If he, in Prime of Youth, such Blossoms bears,
 What will the Product be of ripen'd Years?
 If such the Splendor of his Morning Ray,
 How will he shine in his Meridian Day?
 His future Deeds, my Muse presaging Views,
 And, in her Visions, his bright Fame pursues;
 She hears exulting *Britain's* loud Applause,
 Whilst HE, to *Europe*, gives impartial Laws.

Ye Females! emulate AUGUSTA's Fame,
 That ev'ry Tongue your Merit may proclaim;
 Conform your Spirit, to that Pattern bright,
 And by Humility, gain Virtue's Height;
 By Nature form'd, and taught by Art to please,
 Prais'd by her Deeds, she needs no Poet's Praise;
 Charm'd

* *Nec puer Angliacâ quisquam de gente Britannos
 In tantum spe tollet avos, nec terra Britanna
 Ullo se tantum quondam jactabit alumna.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 6.

Charm'd with her Piety, we may believe,
Mankind had never fell, had she been *Eve*.

Ye Mothers! train your Daughter's infant Mind,
To practise, when Adult, what's here injoin'd;
With early Care, Seeds of Compliance sow,
As you first shape the Twig, the Tree will grow;
Good Education elevates our Souls,
Corrects the Passions, Appetites controls;
Refines our Nature, and improves our Sense,
Each Excellence, and Virtue spring from thence;
So, to the shapeless Block, the Sculptor's Art,
By gradual Strokes, can Form, and Grace, impart;
To give it Life, his busy Fingers strive,
Nor ends his Labor, till it breathes alive;
Bright Education forms the moral Man,
And executes the wise Creator's Plan;
On Education's Steps, the Learned rise,
As if on *Jacob's* Ladder, to the Skies;

Hence Men, to Demi-gods, exalted grow;
Bacon, and Newton, to these Steps, we owe.

The Mother's Precepts, by repeated Care,
Infuse each Virtue, in the infant Fair;
Reform her Spirit, with adopted Grace,
And Sin expunge, that blotted human Race;
Nature eclips'd, to its first Light, restore,
And from Impurity, refine the Oar.
Without much Culture, the unlabor'd Earth
Will not spontaneous give, to Corn, a Birth;
Nor, in the human Soul, will Virtue grow,
Unless, in Discipline, its Seeds we sow.

If not, with Art, supported from our Birth,
Prone we should grovel, like the Brutes, on Earth;
Not help'd by Nature, still to Earth inclin'd,
No Limb untaught, its proper Use, would find;
The Tongue to speak, would oft, in vain, essay,
It could, no Voice articulate, convey;

More

More helpless, than Brute Creatures, we should lie,
 And soon as born, if not assisted, die;
 To rearing Aids, and Leading-strings, we owe,
 That, without Prop, erected we can go;
 Art prompting whispers, to rude Nature's Ear,
 Each Grace of Motion, Attitude, and Air;
 Art polishes our Manners by Degrees,
 And gives, to Nature, Dignity, and Ease.
 Good Education to the Soul supplies
 Like Graces, and exalts its Faculties;
 Strengthens the Judgment, to distinguish nice
 The Truth, from Falshood, and from Virtue, Vice;
 Clears it from Error's Cloud, till Wisdom's Ray
 Brightens its Darkness, into dawning Day.

For my Academy, the Girl's unfit,
 Who ne'er was taught, in Childhood, to submit;
 Begin, in tender Years, the Babe to form,
 *Quick stamp th' Impression, while the Wax is warm;

E 3

In

• ——— *Argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ.* HOR. Ep. 2. Lib. 2.

In docile Youth, the Seeds of Virtue sow,
E'er Weeds of Vice predominant can grow;
When ductile Nature is to bend inclin'd,
Then is the Time, to rectify the Mind.
If, to the Child, the Mother's not severe,
The Child will, in the Woman grown, appear;
I've seen, what now I grieve to tell in Verse,
I've seen fond Mothers rul'd, by Daughters fierce;
Young Maids, their Parents who observant please,
My Rules will practise, with the greater Ease;
Such Habits of Compliance, when improv'd
By my soft Arts, will make them more lov'd.
Mild Manners give new Beauty to the Fair,
And, to the Lover, ev'ry Charm in dear;
The Object must be gentle, as a Dove,
That, in our Hearts, can tender Passion move;
Not *Venus* only must her Gifts impart,
Minerva too must lend her helping Art;
The Gifts of *Venus*, oft the *Furies* blast,
Delighting to deface the Work, she grac'd;

The spiteful Mischief, which the *Furies* do
 To female Charms, let female Anger show ;
 See, how fierce Rage, the wrathful Maid deforms,
 Her Heav'n of Beauty hid, in rising Storms ;
 To transform'd ne'er suffer'd more Disgrace,
 When, in a Cow, she lost her human Face ;
 † Nor she, whom *Juno* turn'd into a Bear,
 And, in meer Spite, destroy'd her Shape, and Air.

For *Cloe*, once what Love-pangs I indur'd !
 I saw her in a Passion, and was cur'd ;
 Frantic she foam'd, inrag'd, to that Degree,
 * She look'd more fierce, than dire *Tisiphone* ;
 Snakes hiss'd, intangled in her ruffled Hair,
 Whilst, in her fiery Eyes, keen Light'nings glare ;
 Red Spots, with Horror, in her Cheeks arose,
 As when the angry Tygress, furious grows.

E 4 “A

† *Calisto*, a beautiful Nymph, whom *Juno* transformed to a Bear, for criminal Commerce with her Husband, *Jupiter*.

* *Tisiphone* was esteemed the fiercest of the three *Sister-furies*, as being the Avenger of Murder.

" A Tongue so clam'rous, to myself I said,
 " Will blast the Comforts of the nuptial Bed,
 " I dare not, such a furious Damsel, wed,
 Hence frightened, cautious Swains, unmarried die,
 Dreading the Gordian Knot, none can untie ;
 The *Mantuan* Bard, in Wedlock, ne'er was join'd,
 * Whose Verse so paints the Rage of female Mind,
Horace, with stormy Nymphs, had too much Strife,
 To risk his Quiet, in a married Life,

Listen, ye Maidens, with attentive Ears,
 To give her best Advice, the Muse prepares ;
 In Characters of Gold, the following Rule
 Inscrib'd, shall grace my philosophic School.
 † Govern your Temper, curb it with a Rein,
 If too unruly, bind it with a Chain ;
 Let subject Passion, Reason still obey,
 Or that will rule you, with imperious Sway.

Learn

* ——— *Notúmque furens quid Femina possit.* VIRG. *Æn.* 5.

† ——— *Animum rege, qui nisi paret,
Imperat ; hunc frenis, hunc tu compeſce catená.*

HOR. *Ep.* 2. *Lib.* 1.

Learn first, a Conquest, o'er yourselves, to gain,
That, o'er our Sex, you may victorious reign.
Strive to extirpate Pride, that Hell-sprung Root,
Whence Anger, Malice, Strife, and Madness, shoot;
If, in your Mind, that pois'nous Weed should grow,
In vain, the Seeds of Discipline, I sow;
Where that Weed grows, so barren is the Soil,
It is not worth my Culture, and my Toil;
Pride will not learn, in vain to Pride I preach
The Art to please, Who can the Haughty teach?
Pride makes old Maids, and damns them to remain
Still Virgins, while it swells them with Disdain;
With ugly Frowns, the fairest Brow it clouds,
And, in a sullen Gloom, bright Features shrouds;
Curs'd Pride! still in the Heart ingend'ring Evil,
That can transform an Angel, to a Devil;
That can divorce the Husband, and the Wife,
Inflaming both with Wrath, and mutual Strife.
Pride bids vain Nymphs, my Lessons scorn, and me,
I drive the Proud, from my Academy;

Let

Let these repair to *Bedlam*, for a Cure,
Where they must, rigid Discipline, indure.

Since Pride, that barren Mountain, is too high,
To till the lowly Vallies, I will try;
Come all ye Virgins, humble, mild, and meek,
Draw near to me, I your Advancement seek;
Hear me, fair Pupil, nor despise the Bard,
Whose Muse, for your Instruction, labors hard.
Pay to yourself the just Regard, you owe,
That others may, to you, due Rev'rence show;
On your own Worth, a proper Value set,
By this, th' Esteem of others you will get;
Just Self-esteem defies Temptation's Pow'r,
A safer Guard, than *Danae's* brazen Tow'r.
In ev'ry Gesture, all you speak, or do,
No Vanity, or Affectation show,
These Foes to Beauty, Nature's Works, o'erthrow;
Again I warn you, lest Conceit be seen,
Or in your Sentiments, or Words, or Mien;

To ogle, languish, or to lisp, forbear,
Let Innocence alone inspire your Air;
In all its Efforts, Vanity restrain,
The Stupid are far wiser, than the Vain;
Ne'er, to the Character of Wit pretend,
This often loses, seldom gains a Friend;
Some, the Repute of Wit, so fondly prize,
They aim, more to be witty thought, than wise;
This tinsel Fame, by some, is so esteem'd,
They dare be impious, to be witty deem'd;
Where the vain Aims, of such false Wit, appear,
We never find true Understanding there.

Her witty Child, let the fond Mother boast,
You show most Wit, when you conceal it most;
A Female, who, to Wit, makes vain Pretence,
Is ever witty, at her own Expence;
She's wisest, who her Wit most frugal spares,
Oeconomy in Wit, her Sense, declares;

What

What Husband feels not, thro' the wedded State,
 More Comfort in a wife, than witty Mate?
 A pert Vivacity, Wit's Counterfeit,
 Is oft mistaken, for true genuine Wit;
 As Dulness oft, the Garb of Wisdom, wears,
 In outward Form, each grave alike appears;
 So the false Jewel, with its mimic Rays,
 Bears faint Resemblance of the Diamond's Blaze,

Wife if you are, affect not to be wise,
 Still veil each Excellence, in modest Guise;
 True female Merit strives, to be conceal'd,
 And only by its Blushes is reveal'd;
 The Charms, that never fail our Sex to please,
 Are Truth, Simplicity, and native Ease,
 None want a Husband, if adorn'd with these.
 How few, alas, among the Nymphs, we find,
 Who cultivate these Graces of the Mind!

Some

Some modern Ladies only learn to dress,
Despising Arts, that teach them, how to please;
To Dress, add Science, and learn both, ye Fair,
Dress Soul, and Body, with an equal Care;
Study, what this becomes, as well as that,
If you, for Life, would gain, and please a Mate;
What Dress may, to your Person, add a Grace,
Or take away, for this consult your Glass;
As Fashions rise, or fall, this Caution take,
Assume them not the first, nor last forsake;
By Dress, we deem the Wearer wise, or Fool,
Red Heels, a wise Man's Head, will ridicule;
In dressing, aim not to be singular,
Your Sense, in your Apparel, will appear;
Ah! let no bold Peculiar in your Mien,
Nor Affectation in your Dress be seen;
* From smart-cock'd Hat, let no vain Streamers fly,
Hung like a Sign, t' invite the Public Eye;

With

* This Fashion was first introduced by a Female, of uncommon Genius, and Beauty; who invented it, with a Design of making herself known, to the gallant World, having distinguish-
ed

With Dress indecent, Prostitutes allure,
 To charm with Modesty, depriv'd of Pow'r;
 Leave wanton Lures to those, who want their Aid,
 These were intended to denote their Trade;
 Show not an Inclination, in your Soul
 To copy those, whom Virtue can't control;
 Modest Concealments please a Lover's Eye,
 The Charms you hide, his Fancy will supply.
 'Tis in your dressing, as in writing well,
 Bards with like Art, in Judgment who excel,
 Part of their Thought, from Readers, still conceal;
 While *Virgil* Charms, with this concealing Art,
 His Reader pleas'd supplies the hidden Part.

Beauty's a Blessing, and worth female Care,
 How to preserve it, I teach not the Fair;
 I only warn you, — ne'er your Teeth neglect,
 White Teeth will make Amends, for each Defect.

ed herself by a twofold Cock of her Hat, before, and behind;
 adorned with a Superfluity of pendant Ribbands: Her Dress has
 been since copied by Ladies of the first Distinction.

Of Washes, Paste, or Paint, vain is the Pow'r,
To heighten Beauty, or its Loss restore;
Content with native Charms, each needless Aid
Of Art-contemn, O much admonish'd Maid!
Ah! vainly think not, your fantastic Skill,
The wondrous Work of Nature, can excell.

Thus far, my Muse, driv'n with propitious Gales,
Here stops her Bark, and slackens all her Sails.
The Arts of Beauty, she dares not reveal,
Nor the hid Toilet's Mysteries unvail;
A decent Poet will not, there intrude,
Lest he be deem'd indelicate, and rude.

To dress the Soul, be that my Muse's Part!
There all her Skill, and Force, she must exert;
'Tis her hard Task, the Passions to appease,
And by mild Precepts, lull them into Peace;
'Tis hers, by pleasing Arts, and Rules refin'd,
To add soft Graces, to the female Mind:

Again

Again impell'd, with Fancy's brisker Gales,
She now pursues her Course, with swelling Sails;
She strives to deck, with intellectual Grace,
Your Soul, and make it lovely, as your Face;
That Spark divine, with Virtue, she refines,
'Till bright, as Heav'n thick-pav'd with Stars, it
shines.

Hateful Ill-nature, she eradicates,
And plants Benevolence, that Love creates;
Instead of Pride, that Beauty still impairs,
Instead of furious Wrath, and fretful Airs,
She, in your Soul, ingrafts those Graces mild,
That, to its Nurse, indear the smiling Child.
She prunes redundant Growth of vain Conceit,
That Foe to Nature, Beauty, and to Wit;
That shoots, to such superfluous Degree,
As checks the Product of a fruitful Tree.

Ye Maids! by Chance, or Nature, form'd less Fair,
Of gaining Husbands, ne'er the more despair;

Tho'

Tho' rude Convulsions should distort your Face,
And tho' your Body were a formless Mass;
Yet form'd by me, you shall a Consort gain,
Who will prefer you, to the beauteous Train.
The far out-shining Beauties of your Mind,
To your Deformity, will make him blind,
For you, these Lessons chiefly are design'd.
If few, or if no Charms adorn your Face,
Still with more Charms, your polish'd Genius grace;
Add ev'ry Virtue, each Perfection rare,
That can, your Sex imbellish, and indear;
Adopt Accomplishments, one after one,
Whate'er, in female System, ever shone;
Nature's Defects you may supply by Art,
Beauty alone can seldom win the Heart.

Tho' not your Face, you may your Voice im-
prove
With singing, Sirens could inchant to love,
Tho' Monsters, they could human Passion move.

Breath tuneful gently fans Love's kindling Fires,
 And thro' the raptur'd Ear, the Heart inspires;
 Song gives sweet Comfort, to the wedded State,
 Song still indears you, to your list'ning Mate.
 To Singing, add the Force of Music too,
 Music, and Song can ev'ry Heart subdue;
 Music, heroic Ardor, can excite,
 The Drum, and Trumpet animate the Fight;
 The Melody of Sounds can Wrath assuage,
David's sweet Harp disarm'd *Saul's* frantic Rage.
 † *O Smith!* thy Pen ingenious has display'd,
 Wonders of Harmony, by Sounds convey'd;
 Harmonic Pow'rs, thro' Nature's Frame conceal'd,
 To thee, and *Orpheus* only, were reveal'd;
Orpheus, with Music, could the Brutes enthrall,
 Ev'n Things inanimate obey'd his Call;
 He,

† This alludes to a Treatise, called *Harmonics*, lately published by the Reverend Dr. *Smith*, the worthy Master of *Trinity College*, in *Cambridge*, who, by his natural Candor, restored Peace, and Unanimity to that Society, which in the Mastership of his Predecessor, Dr. *Bentley*, had suffered by litigious Controversy.

He, to a Calm, could lull a stormy Blast,
 And stop swift Rivers, in their rapid Haste.
 Thy Skill, alike harmonious, could compose
 Dire Jarrs, and reconcile discordant Foes;
 By this, thou didst sour Enmity expel,
 And make sweet Concord, in thy College, dwell;
 Thrice happy College! blest with such a Head,
 Thro' the smooth Paths of Peace, to Science led;
 * Whose Precepts could brave *Cumberland* inflame,
 With early Love of Virtue, and of Fame.

Return, O wand'ring Muse! thy Theme pursue,
 Now, thy instructive Lessons, quick renew;
 Fair Nymph, to grace the Body, and the Mind,
 Ingraft Accomplishments, of various Kind.
 The Pencil, I nor blame, nor recommend,
 The Pen, discreetly us'd, will be your Friend;
 By writing friendly Letters, you'll be taught
 To think, Epistles exercise the Thought;

F 2

Female

* Dr. Smith was a Preceptor to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland.

Female Epistles, writ with artless Ease,
 Beyond the labour'd Strokes of Science please;
 The Head, on Study bent, can ne'er impart
 Those Thoughts, which flow spontaneous from the
 Heart;

Judgment, involv'd in Learning's cloudy Night,
 Eclipses vivid Fancy's beamy Light.

By Nature prompted, Females write a Letter,
 Than *Pope*, or *Swift*, or *Bolingbroke*, far better;
 In this soft Intercourse of friendly Lines,
 A female Genius, with full Lustre, shines;
 * Who-e'er has, *Anna's* melting Letters, read,
 Will pity her, and hate the Tyrant dead;
 There Strokes pathetic vindicate her Fame,
 Her they acquit, and fix on him the Blame;
 Her Innocence appears so manifest,
 His cruel Accusation we detest;

Had

* *Ann Bolein's* Letters written to *Henry the VIIIth*, when she was imprisoned in the Tower, remain still extant in the *Cotton Library*.

Had he not then another Charmer lov'd,
Her artless Eloquence his Heart had mov'd;
Deaf to her Plea, he would not *Anna* hear,
New Love had barr'd his Heart, and stop'd his Ear;
Anna, alas! tho' innocent, must bleed,
That one, more lov'd, might share his genial Bed;
In youthful Bloom of Beauty, she must die,
That he, the Lust of Passion, might enjoy.
Fair Nymph, your Genius still confine to Prose,
Ah! ne'er attempt, like *Sappho*, to compose;
In Rhiming, ne'er let Virgins use the Quill,
The Virgin Muses are unmarried still.

What Nature gave not, Dancing gives a Grace,
Learn then, in graceful Movement, to surpass;
The Grace of Dancing beautifies the Fair,
And adds, to Beauty, Dignity of Air;
While Virgins, in the Dance, harmonious move,
In my enamour'd Heart, they kindle Love;

* In *Herod's* Promise to the dancing Fair,
 The wond'rous Pow'r of Dancing will appear;
 When, in rash Hour, the raptur'd King decreed
 To her Request, the Baptist's bleeding Head;
 But when you Dance, taught by my gentle Art,
 You'll wish to gain no bleeding Head, — but Heart;
 Let not wild Joy, in Dancing, fire your Brain,
 In ev'ry Gesture, Dignity retain;
 Lest, like the Bacchinals, your frantic Breast
 Should, with indecent Tumult, be possess'd.

While you embellish your external Frame,
 Ah! ne'er neglect that Ray of heav'nly Flame;
 Your Soul adorn, with ev'ry Grace divine,
 Your Intellect, with Arts polite, refine.

A while, to gaze in yonder Glass, forbear,
 Your outward Form deserves not all your Care,
 Ah! let your Spirit some Indulgence share;

Fair

* *Herodias,*

Fair Nymph! oft inward turn your mental Eye,
Your Soul reflecting can herself descry:
By Self-examination, she will find
Each Blemish, in the Features of the Mind;
By such a Search, she will Self-knowledge gain,
And learn her ruling Passion to restrain;
She will herself, in Reason's Mirror, see,
And pleas'd, assert her Immortality.

If you, Self-knowledge, should neglect to gain,
All other Knowledge, you'll acquire in vain;
A Grecian, fam'd for Science, recommends
Self-knowledge, as the First, to all his Friends.
That each wild Appetite may be subdu'd,
Oft with yourself converse, in Solitude;
The more acquainted with your Self, you grow,
The more you will, your Faults, and Errors, know;
In vain your Friend, in vain I give Advice,
Unless you frequently yourself chastise;

That you your Faults may know, and Errors mend,
Be to yourself, a Tutor, and a Friend.
Sometimes in Solitude, consult the Dead,
And in the Page correct, their Wisdom read,
Scenes solitary give to Contemplation Aid,
There Study, what you read, nor read too fast,
You'll soon forget, what-e'er you read in Haste;
Your Memory, and Understanding too
Will still acquire new Strength, by reading slow.
The Traveller, who o'er the Country flies,
Few rural Beauties, with Discernment, spies;
Objects, that pass so swift, confound the Mind,
And no distinct Impression leave behind,
Some Readers read too much, as Gluttons eat,
These Flatulence produce, and those Conceit;
If you, by reading much, would Knowledge gain,
Think, while you read, or you will read in vain;
You'll be no wiser, than a Parrot taught
To speak, if you still read, without a Thought.

* " Search well those Leaves, where sage Philosophy
 " Instructs you, how to live, and how to die;
 " How to sail smoothly, thro' the Sea of Life,
 " Steer'd by calm Reason, free from Passion's Strife;
 " Instructed there, you'll fond Desires restrain,
 " Which, if indulg'd, will Pleasure turn to Pain;
 " The Joys serene of Wisdom, taught to prize,
 " † You'll, Drums, and Routs, and Hurricanes,
 " despise;
 " While there you learn, your Passions to controul,
 " You learn what can give Quiet to the Soul;
 " What can, thro' Life, sooth ev'ry human Care,
 " And what can Mortals to themselves indear;
 " Whether

* The Lines laced in the Margin are modernized from the 18th Epistle of Horace's First Book; writ to Lollius.

*Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,
 Quâ ratione queas traducere lenitè ævum;
 Ne te semper inops agitet, vexetque cupido,
 Ne pavor, et rerum mediocritèr utilium spes;
 Virtutem doctrina paret, naturam donet,
 Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum,
 Quid purè tranquillet, bonos, an dulce lucellum,
 An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.*

† These are the modern Names of large Card-assemblies, which have different Denominations, according to the Numbers invited,

" Whether each Virtue is the Gift of Heav'n,
 " Acquir'd by Learning, or by Nature giv'n;
 " Whether a public Life, in Grandeur spent,
 " Or Life, in Privacy, gives most Content;
 " Whether Ease purer flows, from that, or this,
 " Or whether Wealth affords the sweetest Bliss."

If you, these moral Truths, would comprehend,
 To moral Writers, your Attention lend;
 By reading them, you'll Wisdom's Honey gain,
 And with her golden Stores, enrich your Brain.

Read *Addison*, his polish'd Strokes of Art,
 Virtue, and Knowledge, to the Mind impart;
 He gives instructive Lessons to the Fair,
 The softer Sex is his peculiar Care;
 He makes Philosophy forsake her Cell,
 And in the social World, politely dwell;
 With Elegance, and Delicacy, fraught,
 His Page refines, what *Rome*, and *Athens* taught.

* His

His moral Papers, for the Pulpit writ,
 Shine interspers'd among his Works of Wit;
 In such dire Colors, he delineates Vice,
 And rallies Folly, with a Touch so nice;
 The impious, while they read him, pious grow,
 And Fools are taught by him, themselves to know.
 With Taste exalted, he improves the Mind,
 His Sentiments are, like his Stile, refin'd.
 His Papers want no Mark, whate'er he writes,
 Shines like the Moon, among the lesser Lights;
 By Master-strokes, his Works distinguish'd are,
 Like Pictures known by some fam'd Painter's Air.
 If you would add, to Beauty, Virtue's Grace,
 Look oftner in his Works, than in the Glass.

Read

* This alludes to an Anecdote, relating to the Spectator; in which Work, the *Saturday* Moral Papers were written by Mr. Addison, and originally intended for Sermons; he having a Design of taking holy Orders.

† All the Papers, in the Spectator, are marked differently, at the End of them, by which, the Reader may know the different Writers of that ingenious Work; those written by Mr. Addison are marked with all the several Letters, that compose the Word, *Clio*.

† ————— *Micat inter omnes
 Fulium sidus, velut inter ignes
 Luna minores.*

Read *Bacon*, labour there, in Wisdom's Mine,
There various Treasures of deep Science shine;
His Pen extent, and Force of Genius, shows,
In copious Streams, there Learning overflows;
Rais'd on the Wings of Science, to the Stars,
He, to Angelic, human Knowledge rears,
The narrow Bounds of Matter, oft forsakes,
And in th' ideal World, Excursions makes.
Sailing, the philosophic Ocean round,
New Worlds of Knowledge, this *Columbus* found,
To him, their first Discovery we owe,
Tho' better known, and cultivated now.
His moral Works the *Pagan* far outshine,
His shine illum'd with Gospel-light divine.
In reading him, all Books, in One, you read,
See there a Feast of various Science spread.

Read *Locke*, whose penetrating Searches show
The Source, from whence our first Ideas flow;
Whence,

Whence, with collected Stores, like Waters join'd;
They form the Depths of intellectual Mind;
Truth he pursues, thro' each Recess, and Maze,
Till she is caught, he will not quit the Chace;
Bewilder'd in my Thoughts, I never knew
How to think right, till guided by his Clue.

* He, the Existence of a God, makes known
By Proofs as clear, as those, that prove our own;
Each Attribute divine appears, as bright
By his Deductions, as the Sun by Light.

† To Faith, and Reason, an impartial Friend,
He marks the Bounds, where they begin, and end;
Whilst he, to both, distinct Dominions gives,
Th' instructed Reader reasons, and believes.

View Nature's Works, in *Derham*, and in *Ray*,
The great Creator's Wonders, they display;

They,

* Alludes to a Chapter, in Mr. *Locke's* Human Understanding, on the Existence of a Deity.

† Alludes to a Chapter, called the distinct Provinces of Faith, and Reason.

They, ev'ry-where, his sacred Footsteps trace,
 Thro' the Immenfity of boundless Space.
 Oft meditate on *Hervey's* Page divine,
 A pious Spirit breaths, in ev'ry Line;
 Whilst, among Tombs, contemplative he roves,
 Tombs feem more pleafing, than the verdant Groves,
 Churchyards appear, to the Believer's Eye,
 Of future Life, a planted Nursery;
 Where human Bodies fhall immortal rife,
 And be transplanted, to eternal Skies.

As Profe, and Verfe, alternate give Delight,
 * By Day, read *Sberlock*, and read *Young*, by Night;
 There taught to fmooth the ragged Paths of Life,
 You'll fhun the Storms of Anger, Pride, and Strife;
 There you will learn each Paffion to fubdue,
 There Heav'n difclos'd will open to your View,
 † To thefe, good *Fenelon*, I join thy Name,
 A Maid's Inffruftion is thy fav'rite Theme;

With
 * The Bifhop of *London's* excellent Difcourfes lately published.
 † Monf. *Fenelon*, Archbishop of *Cambray*, wrote a fmall
 Treatife, intituled, Inffruftions for the Education of a Daughter.

With Virtue's Leading-strings, thy Precepts rear
 The female Babe, and guide her Steps with Care:
 * Read *Halifax*, and his Advice pursue,
 Read me, for I prescribe some Precepts new;
 His Daughter's Welfare could not dearer be
 To him, than that of ev'ry Nymph to me;
 Changes of Times, and Fashions, still demand
 New Lessons to instruct the Female Band;
 Tho' following, where these great Preceptors lead,
 Yet, in a diff'rent Path, I devious tread.
 Verses may one Advantage claim of Prose,
 Tho' both excel, we best remember those;
 Precepts in Verse, to measure still confin'd,
 Can make more deep Impression, in the Mind;
 Morals, transmitted in harmonious Lay,
 Profit, with Pleasure, to the Mind, convey;
 Hymns to the Gods, and Praise of godlike Men
 Were the first Themes of the poetic Pen;

Then

* Lord *Halifax* published a Book, which he stiled, Advice to his Daughter.

Then to the Fair, the Bard address'd his Lays,
 Inspir'd with Love, and warm with Beauty's Rays.

I sung the Praise of Beauty, in my Youth,
 Friend to the Fair, I now sing friendly Truth;
 If e'er by Flatt'ry, I beguil'd the Fair,
 These Lays will make amends, by Truth sincere;
 Ye Nymphs! my friendly Lessons learn by Heart,
 Which, moral, and religious Rules, impart;
 By which, from Falshood, you may Truth discover,
 And, to a Husband, sooth your fav'rite Lover.

Refine your Spirit, with assiduous Care,
 From ev'ry vicious Weed, your Virtue clear;
 Virtue, and Vice, grow in the human Mind,
 * Like Corn, and Weeds, together closely join'd;
 Extirpate Self-conceit, the worst of Weeds,
 That checks the Growth of intellectual Seeds;

Each

* ————— *Interque nitentia culta,
 Infelix lolium, et steriles dominantur avenæ.*

VIRG. *Geor. Lib. I.*

Each rebel Passion, to Subjection, bring,
That Virtue's Crop may cultivated spring.
Let frugal Care, no Avarice produce,
Adore not Gold, yet know its proper Use,
From Love of Fame, let not Ambition rise,
Nor creep a Reptile, nor assail the Skies.
From Superstition, keep Religion clear,
From Pride presumptuous, or desponding Fear;
Let not enthusiast Gloom your Soul o'erspread,
Nor be, by Pleasure, to Profaneness led;
Let not Love's Passion be to Lust debas'd,
Nor Valor, by Temerity, disgrac'd.
Still in the golden Mean, with Caution steer,
In Manners not licentious, nor austere.

That you may not, enthusiastic stray,
The Marks of true Religion, I'll display.
Religion is Morality refin'd,
And high exalted, in a Christian Mind;
'Tis Nature's Light, illum'd by Gospel Light,
It is fall'n Nature, rais'd to heav'nly Height.

It dwells not, in a four unsocial Face,
Nor in gay Features, void of decent Grace;
Chearful it dwells, where no dark Clouds are seen,
In the clear Region of a Soul serene;
In a bright Heav'n of Conscience undisturb'd,
Not check'd by Guilt, nor by Reflection curb'd,
The Tongue it seldom, always warms the Heart,
Right Reason constitutes its vital Part;
From growing Faith, it still new Strength receives,
Faith cherishes, and pious Comfort gives;
Reason, and Faith, in friendly Union join'd,
Form the sincere Religion of the Mind;
Good Actions, its Sincerity declare,
Like Trees distinguish'd by the Fruit, they bear,
No stormy Passions its calm Peace annoy,
By Faith, it can turn Sorrow into Joy;
Its Disposition is so mild, and even,
On Earth, it tastes the promis'd Bliss of Heav'n,
Averse to Praise, it shuns the public Eye,
Heav'n only sees its hidden Piety;

Not ostentatious, pleas'd to be conceal'd,
Like Modesty, by Blushes 'tis reveal'd.
It Persecution hates, with Zeal not blind,
To ev'ry different Persuasion kind;
In soft Compassion to another's Woes,
And Acts of Charity, it overflows;
And striving to conceal, itself it shows.
It chides censorious Tongues, checks growing Lies,
On Virtue smiles, and frowns on wanton Vice;
Patient of human Ills, it ne'er repines,
But to the Will of Heav'n, itself resigns;
'Tis humble, modest, gentle, and benign,
Virtues, like Stars, attendant round it, shine.
Here, each bright Feature of Religion true,
As in a semblant Portrait, you may view.
By these Distinctions, we Religion know,
From Counterfeit, these true Religion show;
By these, yourself examine, and you'll find,
If true Religion actuates your Mind.

Vice often, by the Aid of Self-deceit,
 Deludes the Mind, with Virtue counterfeit;
 It cheats th' Unwary, like adult'rate Coin,
 That, with false Color seems, like Gold, to shine.
 * Alas! how few attain sufficient Skill,
 How to distinguish real Good, from Ill!
 Many betray'd to Ill, by specious Good,
 Poison mistake, for salutary Food;
 Beware of Self-deceit, that wily cheat,
 Which blinds bright Intellect with vain Conceit;
 Conceit sees Nothing in its real Light,
 All Things alike delude its cheated Sight.
 If not with Prejudice, and Passion blind,
 In Reason's Glass, you will your Error find.
 Search the Recesses of the human Soul,
 Mark there, what secret Springs her Acts control;

What

* ————— *Pauci dignoscere possunt
 Versa bene, atque illis multum diversa.*

JUVENAL.

What near Resemblance, Vice to Virtue bears;
 How deep Ambition, mask'd in patriot Cares,
 Of public Spirit, the Appearance wears.
 How Cruelty, of Justice, takes the Name,
 How Cowardice, in Caution, veils her Shame;
 How Pride, deem'd Modesty in female Face,
 There passes current, for a female Grace;
 How fly Hypocrisy oft seems sincere
 Religion, and usurps her pious Air;
 How Avarice, her Thefts in Bounty, hides,
 While, with her Friends, her Rapine she divides,
 Vice mimics Virtue's Dress, to steal her Fame,
 As some sage *Rogue* adopts a borrow'd Name,
 Or, in a Title, strives to smother Shame,

In Heav'n, pure golden Virtue shines confest,
 * And of *Ithuriel's* Spear, can bear the Test;
 On Earth, 'tis mix'd with some terrene Allay,
 Which dims the Lustre, of its heav'nly Ray;

G 3

Man's

* See *Milton*, Book 4.

Man's Virtue soon, imperfect, will appear,
Tried by the Touch, of that Angelic Spear.
Their Birth, to Vices, many Virtues owe,
As noble Fruits, on Crabs, ingrafted grow.
Vain Pride produces charitable Deeds,
And Courage oft, from Cowardice, proceeds,
The Coward fights, lest he should be disgrac'd,
To gain Applause, Pride gives the Poor a Feast,
Pride keeps Men honest, and the Women chaste.
Oft furious Passion, in Compassion, ends,
And humbly sooths the Person, it offends.
By searching human Nature, you will know,
How seldom Virtues, from pure Motives, flow.
When *Adam* fell, it was th' Almighty Will,
That Good should be deduc'd, from human Ill;
When the base Serpent Poison did infuse,
Th' Almighty turn'd it, to a wholesome Use.

Beware, lest Vice, with Virtue, you should blend,
Remark the Bounds, where they begin, and end;

Be just, e'er gen'rous, and pay ev'ry Debt,
Nor Bounty, in Oeconomy, forget ;
Let Charity, its proper Objects, chuse,
Lest that fair Virtue should its Merit lose.
Mercy may too much soften human Mind,
If, to Compassion, 'tis too much inclin'd ;
If pitying Mercy great Offences, spare,
It must, the Guilt of great Offenders, share ;
By sparing Villains, it aids Virtue's Foes,
Vice, by Impunity, more vicious grows.
Add Wisdom's Skill, to Dove-like Innocence,
Still act defensive, but give no Offence ;
Think, e'er you act, weigh well in Reason's Scale
Each Action, and let Passion ne'er prevail ;
Let Conscience, Nature's Monitor, control
Your Conduct, she is Guardian to your Soul ;
She bids you, faithful to her Moral trust,
Be wise, yet honest, merciful, yet just ;
She prompting dictates what you ought to do,
Listen, attentive to her Dictates true.

The Ear, that will not listen to her Voice,
 Deprives the Heart of all its solid Joys ;
 While, thro' each Scene of Life, she prompts you
 right,

In acting wrong your Part, can you delight ?
 To hear her Whispers, if your Ear refuse,
 You'll not regard the Precepts of my Muse,

Virtue, the middle Path, with Caution treads,
 Close follow, where that Guide unerring leads ;
 Ah ! stray not devious, into Error led
 By the strong Bias of a stubborn Head.

* Between Extreams, the golden Mean shines bright,
 Fix'd are the certain Bounds of Wrong, and Right ;
 † Extreams transform ev'n Virtue, into Vice,
 The Just become unjust, and mad, the Wise ;

* *Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

HOR.

† *Insani sapiens, nomen ferat æquus iniqui,
 Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.*

HOR.

Be not righteous over-much.
 Neither make thyself over-wise.

Ecclesiastes, Chap. vii.

If Justice those, or Wisdom these pursue,
Beyond what's right, and what to each is due;
Beyond the Bounds of Virtue, frenzy reigns,
And binds mad Saints, in superstitious Chains.
Tho' blest with Grace, and renovated Birth,
Think not, you can commence a Saint on Earth,
A sinless State of Saintship can't begin,
While you retain Propensity to Sin;
Tho' perfect Sanctities Heav'n's Throne surround,
On Earth, incarnate Saints are never found.

Nor let deep Sense of Sin your Soul betray
To black Despair, by dark'ning Mercy's Ray;
That Beam of Mercy, that eternal Light,
Which came from Heav'n, and shone on Earth so
bright;
Which came, lost Grace, and Favor, to restore,
Which bade th' adultrous Woman sin no more;
To heavy-laden Sinners gave Relief,
And suff'ring on the Cross, forgave the Thief.

That

That you, in Christian Faith, may never err,
 Between Extreams, your Faith with Caution steer;
 In vaunting Gifts of Grace, be not too vain,
 Nor yet despond, Forgiveness to attain.

From each Extream, religious Frenzy flows,
 The modern Methodist, hence, frantic grows;
 Say Muse! whence this fanatic Creature sprung,
 Now let his Origin imploy thy Song.
 A female Quaker, and a *Roman* Priest,
 In Wedlock join'd, begot a Methodist;
 Hence, he inherits all his Mother's Spirit,
 And hence, presumptuous boasts his Father's Merit;
 From hence, he triumphs, of Salvation sure,
 Beyond each Christian, sanctified, and pure;
 * Pure, as the *Malvern* Stream, which limpid shines,
 By Earth unfullied, and unting'd by Mines.

When young, he oft would riot, rant, and fret,
 She humour'd him, in ev'ry frantic Fit;

“ Thou

* Alludes to Dr. *Wall's* Account of the *Malvern* Waters.

" Thou art so like me, my dear Son ! she cry'd,
 " I cannot blame thy Frensy, nor thy Pride ;
 " * When big with thee, I dream'd, that Wild-
 " fire came
 " Forth from my Womb, and spread Abroad its
 " Flame ;"

Thus, by her Fondness, she his Passions fed,
 And still indulg'd him, till she turn'd his Head.
 His wiser Father taught him to repent,
 Absolv'd, and dubb'd him soon a pious Saint ;
 Then bade him leave his Mother, in the Lurch,
 And raise a new Dissention, in our Church.

When he, in Fast, and Pray'r, had spent some
 Years,

† And Grace had enter'd his *Heart, Pulse, and Ears*;
 Soon as he felt himself renew'd in Birth,
 In open Fields, to Thousands he held forth ;

The

* Alludes to *Hecuba's* Dream, before the Birth of her Son.

PARIS.

† Alludes to the enthusiastic Expressions of methodistical Preachers.

The Fair led Captive, made old Women cry,
And from young Virgins forc'd a melting Sigh.
He soon made silly Men an easy Prey,
By preaching their weak Senses quite away;
The more he could intoxicate the Brain,
With greater Ease, he could their Treasure drain;
So Fish, made drunk with some alluring Bait,
With Ease, are caught, in that inebriate State.
Now to the Pulpit, boldly he aspir'd,
And there, he thunder'd, with wild Notions fir'd,
Despis'd all Learning, as a useless Thing,
And bade his Brethren only pray, and sing.
He taught, that, if a Sinner will repent,
The greatest Sinner makes the greatest Saint;
Damnation, from his Mouth, like Lightning, flew,
Blessings he gave, to the deluded Few;
Some he made frantic, with desponding Dread,
And some, with Grace enthusiastic, fed.

He tortur'd ev'ry Text, to his Intent,
And forc'd it to express the Thing, he meant;
Mysterious preach'd, the Vulgar to amaze,
But shun'd each Text, that moral Truth displays;
At Length, he clamour'd, with so loud a Voice,
Naught, but a Bishoprick, could stop his Noise.
Now so superb, and subtle, he is grown,
He'll not his Father, nor his Mother own;
He now disclaims the Name of Methodist,
And will be call'd a Church of *England* Priest.

* This changeful *Proteus*, how shall I describe,
This Alien mixt, not fix'd to any Tribe?
What Knot can this evasive *Proteus* bind,
To Reason deaf, with Zeal religious blind?
Still various Shapes, by Turns, he can assume,
Preach in a Pulpit, Field, or in a Room;
Now Presbyter, a Quaker now he cants,
Now sober teaches, now theatric Rants.

To

* *Quo teneam nodo mutantem protea vultus!*

HOR.

To his Delusions listen not, ye Fair!
Lest he beguile you, with his pious Snare;
His Zeal enthusiastic, too refin'd,
Too much, from this Life's Duty, calls the Mind;
He strives his Father's Manners to revive,
And make the Men, in Cells monastic, live;
The Fair, to Nunneries, he would restore,
And Domineer, as in the Days of Yore.

Let the unerring Gospel be your Guide,
Regard not Man, in Christ alone confide.
Read, read the heav'nly Gospel o'er, and o'er,
This can primæval Sanctity restore;
Infected Souls, cleans'd in this Fountain pure,
For ev'ry vicious Ill, will find a Cure;
There purify'd, they will Salvation gain,
This Fountain flow'd to wash out sinful Stain,
Conform your Practice, to its Precepts mild,
That you may be, in Innocence, a Child;

That

That you, exalted to eternal Skies,
May be Partaker of its promis'd Joys.

Peruse all Books, that moral Life refine,
Where pleasing Lessons of Instruction shine;
The moral Page will humanise your Heart,
And Love of Virtue, while you read, impart.

Hear *Shakespear's* Voice, the Soul of Tragedy

* Breathes in his Words, with living Energy;

Weep Females, while his Master-strokes disclose,

In various Shapes, sad Scenes of human Woes;

He can, to infant Tears, melt tender Eyes,

And force, from harden'd Hearts, unwilling Sighs.

In his Theatric School, he still imparts

Lessons of Virtue, by his tragic Arts;

† As if he had created human Souls,

With magic Pow'r, the Passions he controls;

With

* *Nam tragicum spirat, satis et feliciter audet.*

† ———— *Qui pectus inaniter urget,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*

HOR.

With Joy, or Grief fictitious, fills the Breast,
By him made happy, or by him distress'd;
Convey'd by him, around the Globe, we roam,
To *Venice, Paris, Athens, or to Rome.*

The Wicked he exposes, on the Stage,
And makes their Crimes survive thro' ev'ry Age;
There personated, still they suffer Shame,
While late Posterity their Actions blame;
Tyrants when dead, with Infamy, he loads,
Who living were ador'd, as Demi-gods;
Dishonors posthumous, this Bard can give
To those, whom none dare censure, while they live;
When dead, he hangs them, in poetic Chains,
And there shall ever hang their foul Remains,
Still tyrant *Cæsar*, in the Senate bleeds,
And falls a Victim to ambitious Deeds;
Still *Richard*, to just Vengeance forc'd to yield,
Raves impotent, in *Bosworth's* fatal Field.

Still the Sire's Ghost, to his astonish'd Son,
Reveals the Murder, by his Mother done;
The *Moor*, still frantic with his jealous Fears,
Distain'd with Blood of Innocence, appears;
Terrors of conscious Guilt still wakeful keep
Macbeth, his Conscience will not let him sleep;
Storm-beaten *Lear*, in the midnight Skies,
Tears of Compassion draws, from pious Eyes;
Scenes so affecting, to each Daughter's Heart,
Lessons of filial Piety impart.

His Pen imbellishes the Good, and Brave,
Whilst it defames the Coward, and the Knave,
Henry, victorious o'er his numerous Foe,
Still strikes at *Agin-court* the wondrous blow.
But *Falstaff*, laugh'd at, on the *British* Stage,
Will live in Ridicule, thro' distant Age.
Mark well! how Passion, deaf to Reason's Voice,
The Peace of agitated Minds destroys;

H

How

How Virtue suffers, in Affliction great
And shines thro' gloomy Clouds of adverse Fate;
As when a Diamond, clad with native Rays,
Amidst dark Shades, its inward Light displays;
Learn there, to pity Virtue, when distressed,
And there the horrid Crimes of Vice detest.

Shun Comedies, where Scenes indecent stain
The youthful Mind, with Images obscene;
Chast Pupil, Object of my guardian Care!
Ah! never at immodest Plays appear;
A wanton Farce, and a lascivious Play,
The Seeds of Vice insensibly convey;
There Virgin Innocence is first betray'd
By bad Impressions, on the Fancy made;
There Females learn Intrigues, in tender Age,
And practice what is acted on the Stage;
There soon they lose that conscious Sense of Shame,
Which Heav'n infus'd in them, to guard their Fame;

Grown

Grown bold by Habit, they with Pleasure hear;
What will give Torture, to a modest Ear;
Not *Rocheſter*, nor *Ovid*'s am'rous Lay
Inſtil more Poiſon, than a wanton Play.
Fair Nymph, I warn you, and I warn again,
Shun Comedies; that may your Virtue ſtain;
Securely you may ſee; ſecurely read
Thoſe comic Plays; whoſe Authors were well-bred;
But few, alas, few Writers, in this Age,
Can ſhow, in Comedy, a ſpotleſs Page.

Who reads loſt *Paradiſe*; all Knowledge gains;
That Book of *Milton* ev'ry Thing contains;
It grasps all Nature, in its copious Plan,
The Fall of Angels, and the Fall of Man;
Hell, *Chaos*, *Erebus*, and Sin; and Death;
All Things; in Heav'n above; and Earth beneath;
What Wonders of inventive Fancy ſhine,
What Strokes of Genius thro' the vaſt Deſign!

There you, the Charms of Innocence, may see,
 How lovely *Eve*, in State of Purity!
 But how deform'd, how all her Graces fade,
 By Sin expell'd, from *Eden's* blissful Shade!

The holy Scripture shines, thro' *Milton's* Theme,
 Like Heav'n reflected in a crystal Stream;
 This Christian Poet elevates his Flight,
 Beyond each *Pagan*, in poetic Height;
 He mounts, uplifted by his heav'nly Plan,
 Above the *Mantuan*, and the *Grecian* Swan;
 Above th' *Aonian* Hill, to Seats sublime,
 Where Angels dwell, exempt from wastful Time;
 By Faith exalted, and a Genius strong,
 With sacred Raptures, he ennobles Song;
 * Soaring on Pinions, not to Mortals giv'n,
 He, like *Prometheus*, snatches Fire from Heav'n.

This

* *Expertus vacuum Dædalus æra,
 Pennis non homini datis.*

HOR. Ode 3.

This priestly Bard baptiz'd the Pagan Muse,
And first converted her, to Christian Use;
Instead of Fables, Lies, and fictitious Dreams,
He taught her Truth, and sanctify'd her Themes;
Angelic Talents, to this Bard, were giv'n,
That he might save, from Hell, this Child of Heav'n.

He first releas'd her, from the Gothic Chain
Of Rhime, and eas'd her of that torturous Pain;
If *British* Bards succeeding had maintain'd
The Liberty, his Pen, for her, regain'd;
Had they transmitted it, to present Days,
With Rhimes unfetter'd, I had sung these Lays;
But jingling Rhimes so please a modern Ear,
Rules in blanc Verse, my Pupils would not hear;
Yet *Milton's* Blanc surpasses modern Rhime,
As much in Harmony, as Thought sublime,

If, worldly Knowledge, you would early gain,
What some, by long Experience, scarce attain;

Peruse each History, of ev'ry Kind,
Historic Knowledge will enlarge your Mind,
And open its Ideas unconfin'd.
Remove each Prejudice, that dims its Sight,
And show all Nature, in impartial Light;
By this, you'll Science gain, from Ages past,
Each Age may learn a Lesson, from the last;
The Dangers shun, that caus'd the other's Woe,
And, by its Dangers warn'd, may wiser grow;
Thence flowing, what Advantage would accrue!
If ev'ry Age, thence taught, still better grew.
Each Age's Name revers'd, we should behold,
Begun in Iron, they would end in Gold.
By History, we run a longer Race,
To *Adam*, it extends Life's narrow Space;
It lengthens, while we read, that little Span,
And gives Longævity, to short-liv'd Man;
Thro' Time's long Tract, tho' then unborn, we dwell,
And mark, how Empires rose, and how they fell.

There

There while illustrious Lives, we raptur'd read,
We make Acquaintance, with th' illustrious Dead;
We see their Race of Life begin, and end,
And in its Progress, all their Steps attend;
With *Alexander*, round the Globe, we fly,
And wondring view his rapid Victory;
We hear sage *Socrates*, despising Breath,
And like a Christian Martyr, suffering Death,
Brutus we see, on patriot Efforts bent,
And *Cæsar's* Ghost, appearing in his Tent.

Virtuous Examples, there, the Reader fire,
And with bright Deeds, his em'lous Soul inspire;
There kindling Spirits catch heroic Flame,
And imitate the Heroes, they esteem,
Like *Cæsar* fir'd with *Alexander's* Fame.
By History, you may Instruction get,
And for your Conduct, find Examples fit;
There, the wise Paths of Life, you may explore,
And learn the Road, from those, who went before;

Shun *Helen's*, or a *Cleopatra's* Fate,
By aiming to be good, as well as great ;
Mark there, how Dames, in Rules of Wisdom vers'd,
In Wisdom's Rudiments, the youthful nurs'd ;
Mark, how *Appasia*, who the Wise could teach,
Taught *Socrates* Propriety of Speech ;
How her Instructions, in his Youth, began
To form the eloquent, and moral Man ;
How *Pericles*, who made th' *Athenians* great,
Learnt, from her Precepts, Policy of State ;
Fair Pupil ! Pagan Story, and divine,
With Heroines renown'd, as Heroes shine.

If e'er your female Constancy be try'd,
Let chaste *Susanna's* Virtue be your Guide ;
No Threats could fright her, nor Allurements win,
To stain her Honor, with adultrous Sin ;
Charg'd with false Crimes, yet in her Conscience clear,
In conscious Virtue bold, she felt no Fear ;

Just

Just Heav'n, to injur'd Innocence a Friend,
From Falshood's Wrongs, chaste Females will de-
fend,

Like *Judith*, fir'd with Love of true Renown,
Prefer your Country's Welfare to your own;
Amid his Army, She the Leader flew,
And by his Death, th' *Assyrian* Bands o'erthrew;
Heav'n, to this Dame, resistless Beauty gave,
That her bright Beauty might *Judea* save;
To save her Country, she each Charm employ'd,
And by sagacious Arts, its Foe destroy'd;
Blest *Judith*! Fairest of thy Sex, and best,
Alike with Beauty, and with Wisdom blest;
The Boast, and Glory, of *Judea's* Race,
Thy Fame eternal shall her Annals grace.

By History, you learn, how Nations owe
To Female kind, their Welfare, and their Woe;

How

How their Vice ruin'd, how their Virtue sav'd
Their Country, when with Tyranny enslav'd,
In States, what Revolutions have been wrought
By Females, in the School of Virtue taught.
Mark how the *Romans*, to *Lucretia's* Blood,
First ow'd their Liberty, and Public Good;
From this heroic Dame's injurious Wrong,
Their Hate of arbitrary Tyrants sprung;
She animated, with her dying Breath,
Her Mate, and *Brutus*, to avenge her Death.
Then first, for Freedom's Cause, brave *Romans* fought,
And Death despis'd, by her Example taught.
Thro' *Tiber's* rapid Stream, fair *Clelia* swam,
And gain'd a Statue of immortal Fame;
Mounted on Horseback, she intrepid rode,
And scorn'd the Dangers of th' opposing Flood;
The Love of Freedom, and her Native Soil,
Could smooth rough Waves, and all her Fears beguile;
With the proud Victor, she disdain'd to stay,
A captive Hostage, subject to his Sway.

'Twas

'Twas Female Virtue made the *Romans* great,
 And Female Wisdom sav'd the sinking State ;
 What neither Priests, nor Legates could obtain,
 Sage Matrons could, from vengeful *Marcus*, gain ;
 By their Persuasion, he his Arms withdrew,
 Tho' then he could ungrateful *Rome* subdue.
 What Poet can *Virginia's* Praises tell,
 Whose Chastity † ten Tyrants could expel ?
 Her Virtue those despotic Lords destroy'd,
 And *Rome* again her Liberty enjoy'd,

‡ Then she produc'd another Patriot Brood,
 Rough were their Manners, temperate their Food ;
 Call'd

† The Decemviri. One of whom, whose Name was *Appius*,
 had attempted to ravish her ; which occasioned the Expulsion
 of those Magistrates.

‡ The Author, in the following Lines, has copied the
 Pictures, which *Horace* drew of these great, and wise *Romans*.

*Gratus insigni referam Camænâ,
 Fabriciumque,
 Hunc, & incomitis curium capillis,
 Utilem bello tulit, & camillum,
 Sæva paupertas, et avitus apto
 Cum lare fundus.
 ————— Non ita Romuli
 Præscriptum, et intonsi Catonis.*

Hoc

Call'd, from the Plough, then Consuls rul'd the State,
 The Virtuous only were reputed great;
 A Cottage, and small Patrimony bred
 Her Heroes, who victorious Armies led,
 Those Ages to *Camillus* gave a Birth,
 Then *Manlius*, and *Fabricius* bless'd the Earth;
 Then, with stern Grace of Hair undrest, appear'd
Curius, and *Cato* with his awful Beard;
 Then *Regulus* adorn'd the *Roman* Name,
 A dauntless Soul, inspir'd with Love of Fame,
 The *Scipios* brighten'd those Republic Days,
Cato and *Brutus*, shone with equal Praise,
 As when two Stars exert their rival Rays,
 The Females too excell'd, in Merit, then,
 Women were not inferior to the Men;

Cornelia

Hoc caverat mens provida reguli

Dissentientis conditionibus

Fœdis, et exemplo trahentis

Perniciem, veniens in ævum.

Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ

Lucratus rediit.

Virtus Scipiadæ, et mitis sapientia Læli.

Et cuncta terrarum subacta,

Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

* *Cornelia* strove, each Matron to excel,
Her docile Babes, in educating well;
Dress she despis'd, and Thought domestic Fame
The brightest Ornament of ev'ry Dame;
She taught the *Gracchi*, in their youthful Days,
The copious Elegance of *Latin* Phrase.
She taught those Orators the wondrous Art
To lull the Passions, or inflame the Heart;
They, by soft Accents, could the Mob assuage,
Or, with loud Eloquence, excite their Rage;
As *Neptune* can with Storms disturb the Main,
And quick compose it, to a calm again.
They, by their Mother, taught this Mystery,
With *Tully*, or *Demosthenes*, could vie.

See

* *Cornelia* was Sister to *Scipio*, and Wife to *Sempronius Gracchus*, and Mother of those celebrated Orators, *Tiberius*, and *Cajus Gracchus*. *Tully* says, that her Sons were educated not so much in their Mother's Lap, and Bosom, as in her Language, and polite Way of Speaking; *Non tam in gremio, quam in sermone matris*. Not only *Cornelia*, but *Aurelia*, and *Attia*, the Mothers of *Julius*, and *Augustus Caesar*, are reported to have undertaken the Offices of Governesses, delighting to employ themselves, in the Education of Noblemen's Children.

See *Portia*, worthy of her gentle Mate;
 Thro' Life, determin'd to partake his Fate;
 Resolv'd her Constancy of Soul to try,
 Fearless she plung'd a Dagger, in her Thigh;
 The Dagger prov'd, that she could Torture bear,
 And that a Woman, void of Female Fear,
 Deserv'd her Consort's secret Mind to share.
 How shone * *Terentia* when her timid Mate
 Was doom'd to Exile, by the factious State!
 Her Letters taught him, in Adversity,
 The Practice of his own Philosophy;
 I wish, that *Tully* had transmitted down
 Her sage Epistles, answering to his own;
 To him, what Comfort did her Aid afford,
 By which, he was to Liberty restor'd!
 The Storms of Fate, had he sustain'd serene,
 Of all *Rome's* Sons, he had the greatest been;
 If Courage had, his other Virtues, crown'd,
 He had, in History, shone most renown'd;

Courage

* *Terentia* was Wife to *Tully*;

Courage, pre-eminent in Rulers great,
Is the chief Virtue, that can rule a State.

Octavia claims the Muse's high Regard,
For she rewarded well her *Mantuan* Bard;
Such was her Taste of his immortal Verse,
She begg'd him oft, his *Eneid* to rehearse;
His Song harmonious, she rejoic'd to hear,
With Melody, his Numbers charm'd her Ear;
So sweet he sung her Son's ^{Funereal} Praise,
So tuneful he rehears'd the mournful Lays;
His artful Touches so renew'd her Woe,
Tears bursting from her Eyes began to flow;
* With the dear Name of her *Marcellus* struck,
She bid him read no more, and close the Book.
† But where her Grief increasing grew so strong,
There the judicious Bard had clos'd his Song.

To

* *Ta Marcellus eris.*

† The Biographer of *Virgil*, says, that he recited his sixth *Eneid*, to *Augustus Cæsar*, and his Sister *Octavia*; and that when he mentioned the Name of her Son, *Marcellus*, who died

in

To him a Gift magnificent she gave,
 Whose Verse had snatch'd *Marcellus*, from the Grave,
 The Muses will not let *Octavia* die,
 Bright Pattern of maternal Piety.

When *Rome* no more could Female Virtue boast,
 Remark, how she her Fame, and Freedom lost,
 When she sunk Prostitute, in venal Times,
 Fruitful of Vices, and adultrous Crimes ;
 No more she could her Commonwealth sustain,
 Enthral'd with arbitrary Power again.
 Then rose a spurious, and degen'rate Race,
 From that Spring flow'd her Ruin, and Disgrace,
 Then first her Bards wrote Satires on the Fair,
 When Vice provok'd, they would not Beauty spare,
 Then *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius* rose,
 And dar'd be wanton Beauty's dreadful Foes ;

Hippias

in the Eighteenth Year of his Age, she suddenly fell into a violent Passion of Grief, and Tears, and commanded him to forbear reading farther ; to which *Virgil* replied, that he had ended that Subject. But afterward she was so pleased with the Poet's Panegyric on her Son, that she made him a Present of a Thousand Pounds for about 20 Verses.

Hippias, and *Messalinas* stain'd her Fame,
Then sunk inglorious *Rome's* exalted Name.
Dire Luxury then urg'd the venal Tribe,
To sell their Country, for an annual Bribe ;
* That Pest, than War, more potent to consume,
Aveng'd the conquer'd World, on falling *Rome*.

You see in History, how Cities rise
By Virtue rais'd, and fall destroy'd by Vice ;
Vice undermines, that Foe, to Virtue's Cares,
Wanton consumes, what she laborious rears.
So when fam'd *Lisbon* sunk, in Ruins down,
By Earth's Concussion, headlong overthrown ;
What human Toil had labour'd long to raise,
A sudden Earthquake overthrew with Ease ;
Earth, crown'd with Tow'rs, her Jaws wide-op'ning
gave,

To those, who built them, a tremendous Grave ;

I

In

— *Sæviior Armis*
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

JUVENAL.

In one sad Sepulchre, they lie intomb'd,
 To Heav'n's avenging Anger, Victims doom'd.
 May Heav'n, still piteous to *Britannia's* Soil,
 From such a hideous Ruin save our Isle!

If you, bright Patterns of your Sex, would see,
 Fair Scholar! read the *British* History;
 For, in what Realm, has Female Merit shone,
 With more refulgent Rays, than in our own?
 No Dames more virtuous liv'd, in antient Days,
 No Nymphs more fair inspir'd the Poet's Lays;
 They, to Oeconomy domestic, bred,
 In rural Scenes, a Life innoxious led;
 No Routs, and Riots, their Complexion soil'd,
 No Masquerades their Innocence beguil'd;
 No Ribbands pendant from their Hats, they wore,
 With decent Ruffs, their Necks were cover'd o'er,
 Their Petticoats were not extended wide,
 Stretch'd out with Hoops, and swoln with bound-
 less Pride,
 Such as were first contriv'd foul Shame to hide.

No printed Cards proclaim'd their Hate of Home,
 And publish'd their fond Appetite to roam;
 In Wiles unpractis'd, and coquettish Art,
 They spoke the honest Dictates of the Heart;
 Then no Coquet appear'd, the very Name,
 And that rank Vice, from *France* together came;
 Artless their Dress, and simple was their Food,
 No *Gallic* Luxury inflam'd their Blood.
 Still pleas'd at Home, to *English* Manners train'd,
 To mimic *Gallic* Fashions, they disdain'd;
 No Loves incestuous stain'd the nuptial Bed,
 No foul Adult'ry its Contagion spread;
 No *Sceptic* then blasphem'd our sacred Book,
 No threatening Earthquake then our Island shook;
 No venal Lucre then defil'd our Land,
 No servile Avarice its Honor stain'd.
 * No *Critic* Gangs, with *Gothic* Fury fir'd,
 To blast each Art, and Science, then conspir'd;

I 2

To

* These modern *Reviewing* *Scriblers*, like the antient *Goths*, and *Vandals*, have lately strove to deface, and demolish every new Production of Literature, that they may monopolize the Press to themselves.

To Truth, and Piety, confed'rate Foes,
To Taste, and Learning, Poetry, and Prose.
Who would not wish, he had breath'd vital Air,
In that blest Age, when Virtue deck'd the Fair?
How happy was the matrimonial State,
When the fond Husband had a faithful Mate!

Ye modern Matrons! with the antient vie
In Virtue, and revere the Nuptial Tie;
Blest Ordinance of Heav'n, that Life refines,
And with endearing Bands, Relations joins;
Fountain of Comfort, that perpetual flows,
That doubles Joys, and lessens human Woes;
That, by kind Intercourse of Looks, and Words,
An Image of Angelic Bliss affords.

Ye Fair! your *British* Manners still retain,
Dare to be *Britons*, and *French* Modes disdain.
E'er *French* Accomplishments, you vainly seek,
First learn, the *English* Tongue correct to speak;
This more enrich'd, with *Greek* and *Latin* Phrase,
Far brighter Beauties, than the *French*, displays,
And Images sublimer, to the Mind conveys.

Some *Britons* are so fondly partial grown
 To the *French* Language, they contemn their own.
 Our *English* Petit-Maitres nought admire,
 But the *French* Phrase, *French* Cooks, and *French* Attire;
 The Product of gay *France*, they vainly prize,
 But the sad *Soil*, that gave them Birth, despise;
 The *Soil*, that bred them, justly merits Blame,
 These stain their Country, with Disgrace, and Shame.
 In War with *France*, *Britannia*'s Welfare lies,
 Lest she, in Peace, should mimic *Gallic* Vice;
 Lest her vain Sons should quit their native Shore,
 Her Wealth profusely, into *Gallia*, pour,
 And strengthen, by her Wealth, that Rival Pow'r;
 While she ungrateful meditates a Blow,
 That may, her Friend *Britannia*, overthrow.
 Our Ladies too, like Love of *France*, express,
 They imitate *French* Manners, Modes, and Dress;
Fusca, admires gay *Gallia*'s Land polite,
 Her own dull Country, she despises quite;
 She's always vapour'd, in the *English* Sky,
 And says, "None, but the *French*, true Life enjoy."

Yet she, from *France*, can no Advantage boast,
 For there, her native Language *Fusca* lost;
 Nor gain'd the *French*, by which she suffers Pain
 For Want of Words, her Meaning to explain;
 In *French* Apparel drest, she gains no Charm,
 In Dishabille, she loses human Form.

While *Fusca* strives her Country to defame,
 What ought to be her Boast, she makes her Shame;
Britannia's Race degen'rate scorn her Isle,
 But her true Offspring boast their native Soil;
 Thrice happy, if they knew their happy State,
 Are *Britons* born, in her serene Retreat.

Ye *British* Matrons! listen to my Strain,
French Fashions, like your Ancestors, disdain;
 To Love of Piety, your Offspring train,
 That *Albion's* Arms may conquer *France* again.

Alas! to Loss of Piety, we owe
 Loss of *Minorca*, and *Oswego* too;
 Hence *Albion's* Efforts inauspicious fail,
 Force, without Virtue, never can prevail.

Ye aged Dames! why will you riot now?
 Your Mothers would not Drums, and Routs, allow;
 * Why then will you, in Hurricanes, consume
 Your Daughter's Virtue, Health, and youthful Bloom?
 Let not your Names in Print fly round the Town,
 Like the Street-bills, that public Shows make known;
 Turn not your Houses, to a Card-decoy,
 Nor there enervate Youth, with Midnight Joy.
 Make not your Houses Babels, ah! no more
 Let num'rous Torches smear th' indecent Door;
 † Foul Stains of Hurricanes, dire Monument
 Of Hours nocturnal, in Card-riot spent.

I 4

While

* A modern Hurricane is the superlative Degree of a Card-Assembly; in which the House of the Drum-Lady is so crammed with Crouds of Company, that there is neither Ingress into it, nor Egress out of it, nor any room in the Street, to come to it. *Eheu! Posteris Negabitur.* Alas! Posterity will say, this must be a Lie.

† I have been informed by a Friend of mine, who is a very great Adept in the Etymology of Words; that the Word Hurricane is derived from the Hurry, which violent Blasts of Winds occasion among the Canes in the Sugar-Plantations. If it is derived from thence, a large riotous Card-Assembly is, with great Propriety, and Analogy, termed a Hurricane. For it occasions as great, and violent Hurty, among the human Plants, and does as much Mischief to them, as a Whirlwind to the Sugar-canes, and equally robs the young female Plants of all their native Sweets.

While sober People can no Passage find,
Chair link'd in Chair, and Coach in Coach intwin'd,
When Luxury shows no regard to Heav'n,
Hence, to the Populace, Offence is giv'n ;
The bad Examples of the vicious Great,
Thro' ev'ry Rank of Life, debauch the State ;
From Head, to Foot, the dire Infection flies,
And soon, the Body Politic, destroys.

Ye Fair ! to Virtue your Assistance lend,
Virtue is your sincere Ally, and Friend ;
Virtue's Deserters will to her return,
If you will treat them, with disdainful Scorn ;
Smile on the Virtuous, on the Vicious frown,
Till Vice disgrac'd is out of Fashion grown ;
Tho' Vice, to Monsters, can transform the Men,
‡ Like *Circe*, you'll restore their Shapes agen.

‡ *Circe*, the Sorceress, with her enchanted Cup, turned the Companions of *Ulysses*, into Swine, and afterward restored them, to human Form.

If you will never, on the Vicious, smile,
There will not be a § Centaur, in our Isle ;
Tho' now the Centaurs on Religion tread,
Tho' trampil'd, soon again she'll rear her Head ;
The *Deists* will their *Bolingbroke* forfake,
And Earthquakes will no more our Island shake ;
Triumphant Victory shall Peace restore,
And *France* Invasions meditate no more.

Like Morning Suns, great Empires virtuous rise,
But when they end their Course, decline in Vice.
When shone *Britannia* more renown'd, and great,
Than when *Eliza* rul'd her virtuous State ?
Her Fleets victorious curb'd the Pride of *Spain*,
And spread her Empire, o'er the conquer'd Main ;
How to distinguish Merit, well she knew,
And to reward it well, with Honours due ;
Atrocious Crimes, with Vengeance she pursu'd,
Fix'd by these Arts, her Throne unshaken stood ;

By .

§ Alludes to a late ingenious Tract, called the *Centaur*, which is worthy of the Perusal, and serious Consideration of every Christian.

By Wisdom, she Authority attain'd,
 And by Frugality, her Pow'r sustain'd;
 Frugality, the Nurse of chearful Health,
 The Source of private, and of public Wealth.
 This Virgin Queen, the Wonder of her Age,
 Rul'd *Europe*, listning still to Counsel sage;
 She won her People's Love, by pious Arts,
 And reign'd despotic in their faithful Hearts;
 Train'd, from her Infancy, in Wisdom's School,
 On Virtue's Base, she built her potent Rule.

Then beaming in a Constellation bright,
Britannia's Patriots shone, with rival Light;
 Then *Cecil*, *Walsingham*, and *Bacon* rose,
 And taught her, how to conquer all her Foes;
 Each watchful at the Helm, with equal Care,
 The public Vessel steer'd, from Perils clear;
 While they, thro' stormy Seas, the Vessel guide,
 Behold her, in the Storm, triumphant ride,
 With Scorn, th' opposing Tempest she defied.

* " O Vessel, still new Dangers threaten thee,
 " Lo! a new Tempest drives thee back to Sea;
 " Tho' thou, in Ocean, boast a Sov'rain Name,
 " And from each Nation, Homage justly claim;
 " Tho' thou the Daughter of a Forest-Tree,
 " From noble Stem, derive thy Pedigree;
 " Yet will thy Birth, and Honors naught avail,
 " When Winds, and Waves combin'd, shall thee
 " assail;
 " Thou canst not, such united Force, withstand,
 " If not directed by a skilful Hand;
 " May such a Hand now steer thee into Port!
 " Lest thou become, of Winds, and Waves, the Sport.

* This Apostrophe alludes to the 14th Ode of the First Book of Horace; which is here modernized, and laced in the Margin.

*O Navis, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus; o quid agis? fortiter occupa
 Portum.*

*Quamvis pontica pinus,
 Silvæ filia nobilis,
 Facies et genus, et nomen inutile;
 Nil pietis timidus navita puppibus
 Fidit; tu, nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave.
 Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes,
 Vites æquora Cycladas.*

“ O thou dear Object of my anxious Care !

“ Of sudden Storms, and hidden Rocks, beware !

“ How great thy Triumphs were ! how blest thy

“ Force !

“ When sage *Eliza* steer'd thy prosp'rous Course.”

Then Faction, by the Lust of Lucre led,

Had not, o'er *Britain*, baneful Discord spread ;

None, by Corruption, their Advancement gain'd,

Those honest Patriots venal Bribes disdain'd ;

None then contended, for the public Spoils,

The Public recompenc'd their annual Toils.

In ev'ry Excellence, both Sexes vied,

† Then Panegyric *Spencer's* Pen employ'd ;

He sported fanciful, on Fairy Ground,

Where no poetic Footsteps could be found.

To

† Alludes to *Spencer's Fairy Queen* : In which Poem, he celebrated all the renowned Personages, that then lived in Queen *Elizabeth's* Court. If Prince *Arthur*, (or his chief Hero Sir *Philip Sidney*) had not died, before his Poem was finished, he intended to have made him happy, by the Marriage of *Gloriana*, his chief Heroine, Queen *Elizabeth* ; but the Death of Sir *Philip* prevented the Execution of his noble Design.

To climb *Parnassus*' arduous Heights, he dar'd,
 Untrod by *Grecian*, or by *Roman* Bard ;
 In mystic Notes, he sung heroic Themes,
 He deck'd his Heroes, with reflected Beams,
 And vail'd their Praises, in fictitious Names ;
 With bright Allusions, he adorn'd the Queen,
 Her Features shine, in *Gloriana* seen.
 His Work, to ripe Perfection, had arriv'd,
 If the chief Hero had his Work surviv'd ;
Sidney, the *British Lelius* of his Days,
 Whose Fame inspir'd his much-lov'd *Spencer's* Lays ;
 The Death of *Sidney* damp'd the Poet's Fire,
 Tears stopp'd his Song, and Sighs untun'd his Lyre,
 Alas, his grand Designs, with him, expire !
 Death grudg'd, to Mortals, such a heav'nly Lay,
 And envious snatch'd, its brightest Grace, away.

If *Anna* had not stopp'd, in full Career,
 Her Conquest, how we should her Name revere !

Had

Had not bad Counsels check'd her growing Fame,
Great, as *Eliza's*, would have been her Name;
Brave *Marlbro's* Arms had *Gallia* quite subdu'd,
Had she th' Advantage of his Arms pursu'd;
Her Olive, with a Peace disgraceful stain'd,
Blasted the Laurels, which, in War, he gain'd;
Battles, by *Marlbro'* won, in vain we boast,
Vain Battles, at pacific *Utrecht* lost!

If *Britain* should again proud *France* subdue,
And Peace, with that perfidious Foe, renew;
May it be fix'd, on such a Base secure,
As may coercive curb her naval Pow'r!
Britannia claims, by Gift of Providence,
A Right to Ocean, as her sole Defence;
Her floating Castles are her ambient Wall,
And scorn Invasions, from the threat'ning *Gaul*;
Thrice happy she, from other Realms disjoin'd!
To Broils domestic, were she not inclin'd.

Union can make her Blessings quite compleat,
 Tho' small her Isle, yet is her Ocean great,
 The Ocean magnifies her little State;
 There all the Waves, she may her Subjects call,
 While she pre-eminent can awe the Ball;
 Whatever Nature, to her Soil, denies,
 Her liquid Realm abundantly supplies;
 Her freighted Vessels, bringing plenteous Store,
 Both *Indies*, in her Lap, profusely pour;
 The precious Treasures of the richest Mines,
 Whatever comforts Life, and what refines.

* " Let British Youth be early train'd to War,
 " Rough Toils, and Hardships, let them learn to bear;

" Not

* In the Lines, laced down the Margin, the Author has modernized the Six first Stanzas of the Second Ode, in the Third Book of *Horace*; that he might render them applicable to the present Times.

*Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati
 Robustus acri militiâ Puer
 Condiscat, & Parthos feroces
 Vexet eques metuendus hastâ;
 Vitamque sub dio & trepidis agat
 In rebus. Illum ex mœnibus hosticis
 Matrona bellantis tyranni
 Prospiciens, & adulta virgo,*

Suspiret,

" Not live, dissolv'd in Luxury, at Home,
 " Enervate with soft Sounds of Female Drum;
 " Patient of Storms, inur'd to Frost, and Snow,
 " Let them, thro' Ocean, chase the *Gallic* Foe;
 " While *Gallic* Matrons sigh, with anxious Fears,
 " And the new-married Bride sheds tender Tears;
 " Lest her young Husband, rude in Arms, and raw,
 " Should fall into the *British* Lion's Paw;
 " Who rushes, furious with insanguin'd Ire,
 " Thro' Slaughter, and thro' Clouds of Smoke, and
 " Fire.

" Ye Brave! how sweet, how noble 'tis to die,
 " Your Country's Foes, in fighting to destroy!

" Say

*Suspiret, eheu! ne rudis agminum
 Sponsus laceffat regius asperum
 Tactu leonem; quem cruenta
 Per medias rapit ira cædes.
 Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori.
 Mors & fugacem persequitur virum;
 Nec parcat imbellis juventæ
 Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.
 Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
 Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.
 Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
 Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ;
 Cætusque vulgares, & udam
 Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.*

“ Say Shade of valiant *Cornwall*! thou canst tell,
 “ Who, for thy Country’s Sake, so glorious fell;
 “ If other *British* Chiefs had fought, like thee,
 “ From *Gallia*’s Chains, *Minorca* had been free.

“ Say Patriot *Wolfe*! thou, in the Bloom of Youth,
 “ Didst fighting die, a Witness to this Truth;
 “ With many a Wound when bleeding, thou didst
 hear,
 “ That Heav’n, with Conquest, blest thy Country
 dear;
 “ To die in Conquest, thou didst not repine,
 “ Pleas’d, that the well-disputed Field was thine;
 “ Thou didst thank Heav’n, with thy expiring
 Breath,
 “ Serenely smiling, in the Pangs of Death.

“ O Virtue unexampled! matchless Spirit!
 “ How can thy Country recompence thy Merit!

- " For such a pious Son, she pours her tears,
 " For him, she Honors posthumous, prepares;
 " Honors, and Patriot Tears, to him are due,
 " Who so defended, and adorn'd her too.
 " † In Prime of Manhood, the young Hero died,
 " Like some fair Flow'r, cropt in its Beauty's Pride;
 " Whether a Rose, in Scarlet bright display'd,
 " Or Violet, with Purple soft-array'd;
 " Which still retains its Bloom, and splendid Hue,
 " Tho' torn from Earth parental, where it grew;
 " From which, it now no Nourishment receives,
 " Which, now, no Strength to its fair Offspring
 gives;
 " Thus fell the Chief, to Death a lovely Prey,
 " By Death eclips'd, in Life's meridian Ray.

While

† These Lines allude to a beautiful Simile, in the eleventh Book of *Virgil's Æneid*, where he describes the glorious Death of *Pallas*, in very pathetic Colors.

Tum juvenem agresti sublimem in stramine ponunt.
Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem,
Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi,
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, nec dum sua forma recessit,
Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.

While *Britons* read his Fate, from ev'ry Eye,
 A Tear shall steal, from ev'ry Heart, a Sigh ;
 Ah ! how the Nymph will pine with love-sick
 Woe,
 To whom, he had betroth'd his nuptial Vow !
 Tho', for his Death, she grieves, she may rejoice,
 That Merit made her *Wolfe's* connubial Choice ;
 His bright Renown in Death gives some Relief
 To *Britain's* Tears, and sooths the Virgin's Grief ;
 No *Grecian* Chief in military Strife,
 Nor *Roman* fought, so prodigal of Life ;
 Hence *British* Youth, fir'd with his patriot Deed,
 Will, for their Country's Sake, be proud to bleed.
 What adequate Reward, can we bestow
 On him, who dy'd to quell our *Gallic* Foe ?
 Nor Pomp funereal, nor the sculptur'd Stone,
 Can add new Splendor, to his bright Renown ;
 Nor can the Muse, in elegiac Lay,
 The Merit of this matchless Chief display ;

“ Worthy of him, Earth can no Honors give,

“ His Soul, in Heav’n, shall Recompence receive,

“ * Now, round his Sepulcre, sweet Flow’rs I’ll
spread,

“ These Gifts, O, let me give the Hero dead,

“ There graven, let this Epitaph be read.

“ The mortal Part of WOLFE lies in this Tomb,

“ Who, for his Country, dy’d in youthful Bloom;

“ Soon as he conquer’d *Gallia*’s Bands, in Fight,

“ His Soul, to Heav’n, triumphant wing’d its
Flight;

“ Exalted there, among the Patriots blest,

“ With them, it shall partake celestial Feast

“ Of Bliss eternal, in the Realms of Rest.

“ What

* These two Lines allude to the Custom, among the Antients, of sprinkling Flowers, on the Sepulcres of those, who were taken away, by an untimely Death, in the Prime, and Vigor of Youth, as Emblems of the fading Brevity of human Life; in *Virgil*’s Sixth *Æneid*, *Anchises* strows Flowers, on the Sepulcre of young *Marcellus*, who died, in the eighteenth Year of his Age.

————— *Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltè accumulem donis.*

" What *Briton*, fir'd with his Example great,
 " Will not be glad, to share his glorious Fate?
 " When thy dear Country calls, go, do the same,
 " If warm, like *Wolfe*, with Virtue's noble Flame,
 " Thou dost regard thy Country, and thy Fame."

" Thou too brave *Monckton* ! didst heroic bleed,
 " Sharing the Dangers of *Wolfe*'s hardy Deed;
 " To sooth thy Wound, and give it lenient Ease,
 " Thy Country pours the healing Balm of Praise;
 " As thou the Danger, thou shalt share the Fame
 " Of this Exploit, and bright shall shine thy Name;
 " *Monckton*, among the *British* Heroes plac'd,
 " Shall live thro' Age, with patriot Honors grac'd.

" Still *British* Valor stimulates my Muse,
 " She can't, to *Townsend*, his due Praise refuse;
 " Who safe surviv'd, to execute the Plan
 " Of Conquest, which the dying Chief began;

" He,

“ He, to *Quebec*, his Bands triumphant led,
“ And there compleated the victorious Deed;
“ When he had quite subdu’d his yielding Foes,
“ With Terms indulgent, he reliev’d their Woes;
“ Bade Orphans, and the Widows weep no more,
“ And like his King, with Mercy soften’d Pow’r;
“ In Civil Arts, and Military skill’d,
“ Alike expert, in Council, and the Field.

“ While my fond Muse pursues the glorious
Theme,

“ *Saunders*! she can’t in Silence pass thy Name;
“ Northine, brave *Holmes*! you both deserve her Lays,
“ Your equal Merits claim her equal Praise;
“ True *Britons* both, and both with Virtue fir’d,
“ To crown *Britannia*’s Fame, alike conspir’d;
“ Nor can th’ impartial Muse forget *Durelle*,
“ Whom none, in patriot Ardor, can excell,
“ *Durelle*, in Glory’s Race, by none surpass’d,
“ In Merit not the least, tho’ mention’d last.

Howe,

Howe, great in Life, and greater still, in Death,
For his dear Country, pour'd his latest Breath.

" *Watson*, intomb'd in *India's* eastern Skies,

" With Spoils, and Trophies, decorated lies ;

" How far more eligible was his Doom,

" Than if he had ignobly liv'd, at Home ?

" Cowards, alas ! in vain their Fate delay,

" Death still pursues the Man, who runs away,

" Nor ceases to pursue, till she o'ertakes her Prey.

" Unfullied Virtue no Disgrace will bear,

" She shines, with Rays of Honor ever clear,

" Tho' adverse Fortune strives, to cloud her Light,

" Yet she unspotted shines, in Fortune's Spight;

" On Earth low-groveling, she disdains to stay,

" Above mean Things, she towring wings her Way,

" And opes eternal Mansions, in the Sky,

" To those, who merit Immortality."

Ye Fair ! your Offspring train to virtuous Deeds,
Teach them, to tread the Paths, where Virtue leads;

Breed

* Breed them, to bear the Rigor of our Sky,
 That they heroic may, our Foes, destroy;
 Led by true *Britons*, to the *Gallic* Shore,
 Great *George's* Fleet shall vengeful Thunder pour,
 And to *Britannia*, her lost Rights, restore;
 His naval Pow'r can humble *Gallia's* Pride,
 And her ambitious Views with Scorn deride;
 The new World, and the Old, to him must bend,
 If he, his well-commanded Navy, send;
 It will assert his Rights, from Pole, to Pole,
 Where-e'er the Ocean's foamy Billows roll.
 Soon as brave Chiefs can find *Britannia's* Foe,
 They'll strike intrepid the decisive Blow;
 And who is *Ocean's* Lord, make *Gallia* know.
 † Seven *Gallic* Vessels, lately beat by Three,
 Presage, to *Britain*, future Victory.

* The marine Society is the best, and wisest Institution, that ever was promoted, in this Nation; with regard to the present Education, and Maintenance, of poor Boys, and with regard also to the future Defence, and Glory of *Great-Britain*.

† These four Lines refer to a late gallant Action, done by Captain *Forrest*, Capt. *Sucklin*, and Capt. *Langdon*, who, with three

Ye brave Triumvirs! by this Deed, we know,

What Wonders, led by you, our Fleet could do.

* " O Muse Celestial! who dost joyous rove,

" Among pure Fountains, in the sacred Grove;

" O deign, awhile thy blest Abode to leave,

" A flowry Garland, for the Worthy, weave;

" Aid me, thou Heav'n-born Muse! without thy

Aid,

" In vain I praise, my Praises cannot speed;

" It well becomes thee, and thy Poet too,

" To give them Honors, to their Merits due;

" 'Tis thine to snatch the Worthy, from the Grave,

" And their bright Deeds, from dark Oblivion, save".

K 2

We

three Men of War, attacked, and quite disabled four French Men of War, and three Frigates.

* This Invocation of the Muse is modernized, from two Stanzas of the 26th Ode, in the first Book of *Horace*.

*O quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos nocte flores,
Nocte meo Lamiæ coronam,
Pimblea dulcis! nil sine te mei
Profunt honores, hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,
Teque, tuasque decet sorores.*

We still can boast, in these degenerate Days,
 Some Patriots, who deserve the Poet's Lays;
 Thou pious Muse! pay Tribute, where 'tis due,
 † Praise is to Virtue, like the heav'nly Dew
 To Plants, Praise can make Virtue brighter grow.

The Roman Fabius, we behold in C—ve;
 In him, his Policy, and Arts, revive;
 By these, a lost Dominion he regain'd,
 * And Pow'r incroaching, to due Bounds, restrain'd;
 By Conduct more than Force, he gain'd his Ends,
 And made inveterate Foes his faithful Friends;
 A Christian Chief! averse to shedding Blood,
 Whose Arms aim only, at the public Good;
 Who, tho' a Subject, could bestow a Crown,
 And lift the suppliant *Indian*, to a Throne.

The Age, that has produc'd a L—gge, and P—tt,
 Still gives new Themes, for Panegyric fit;

Alike

† *Virtus laudata crescit.*

* *Intraque præscriptum Gelonos*

Exiguus equitare campis. HOR. Ode IX. Lib. 2.

Alike they grace our Isle, both run the Race,
 Of Virtue, and Renown, with equal Pace;
 Alike they will our History adorn,
 Congenial Souls, to save their Country born;
 They, to restore lost Virtue, will conspire,
 And stop the Torrent of Corruption dire;
 Their exemplary Deeds, to future Age,
 Will yield, in Story, many a shining Page.
 May they renew *Eliza's* golden Days,
 And merit *Walsingham's*, and *Cecil's* Praise!
 May they add Lustre, to the *British* Crown,
 As when, on her illustrious Head, it shone!
 May they, from *Gallia*, Hostages receive,
 O may they ne'er, to Foes, that Honor give!
 Amid the Homage, which the People pay,
 Great Pair! accept this tributary Lay.

† O Muse! forget not, that *Heroic Man*,
 Who, thro' the Waves, brought *Gallia's* hostile Plan;

K 3

Who

† See *Martin's Magazine*, for the Month of *February*, 1758,
 Page 746, where an Account of this gallant Action is related at
 large;

Who plung'd in Ocean, urg'd by Patriot Zeal,
 That he, her secret Counsels, might reveal;
 Safe to our Ships, her Pacquet he convey'd,
 Where all amaz'd, th' adventurous Man, survey'd;
 We read no Deed so brave, in Story told,
 Nor Cocles, nor great *Cæsar* swam so bold;
 When that, to stop the Foe, the Bridge o'erthrew,
 † And this, escaping from *Egyptians*, flew;
 Nor *Broderic*, from fierce Flames his Life to save,
 Swam more intrepid, in the foamy Wave.
 * Had this been done, in *Rome's* republic Days,
 When Virtue had her Monuments of Praise,
 How would it shine, in her poetic Lays!
 Her proud Historians would record his Name,
 To grace the Annals of the *Roman* Fame;

Statues,

large; but the Name of this brave Man is there omitted, nor can the Author get Intelligence of it.

† See Mr. *Rowe's* ingenious Supplement to *Lucan's Pharsalia*, where the Story of *Cæsar's* swimming in the Sea, with his Papers in his Left-hand, is described in Colors, as lively, and poetical, as any in that excellent Poem.

* The *Romans*, for the Incouragement of Virtue, and Patriotism, erected many Statues, and Monuments, in *Rome*. *Clivia*, who swam over the *Tiber* on Horseback, was honoured with an Equestrian Statue. The *Roman* Slave, who ran with a Thorn in his Foot, to bring the first News of a Victory, and many others, were honoured with Statues.

Statues, and Portraits would this Hero show
Dauntless immerging, in the Deep's below;
Thou *British* Coles! thro' Eternity,
If this Verse lives, thy Fame shall never die.

Fair Nymph! read History, there Patterns bright,
To Emulation, will your Soul excite;
There lovely Virtue will inflame your Love,
And hateful Vice, your Indignation, move.
Display'd in Leaves Historic, you'll survey
The various Perils of Life's treach'rous Sea;
How some are wreck'd, in deep Ambition lost,
How many sink, by stormy Passion tost;
How few escaping into Harbour fall,
With Safety steer'd by Reason's friendly Gale.
There taught by other's Errors, how to steer
Your Vessel safe, and from each Danger clear;
Warn'd by their Folly, wisely you'll avoid
The Rocks, where they were shipwreck'd, and
destroy'd.

Chiefly, fair Nymph, those sacred Leaves peruse,
 Whose well-connected Facts must Faith produce;
 In Truth's clear Mirror, there distinct we view
 The World, and *Adam*, in Creation new;
 That blasted soon, and this from *Eden* driv'n,
 We hear, to both, the angry Sentence giv'n,
 We see him banish'd from his blissful Home,
 Condemn'd by Sin, a Fugitive to roam;
 His guilty Consort, with him social goes,
 Sad Author, and Partaker of his Woes.

Tho' God withdrew his Presence, and his Grace,
 And for Man's Trespas, punish'd human Race;
 * Yet he, with Pity, soften'd their Distress,
 And gave them Hope, of future Happiness.

* See the third Chapter, and the fifteenth Verse, in *Genesis*, in which we read the first Promise of the Messiah. No History, but that of *Moses*, can give the Reader any Account of the Origin of Evil, nor of the first Formation of this World, but what is so fabulous, and absurd, as to be ridiculous. *Ovid's* Description of the Beginning of this material Globe, in his first Book of his *Metamorphoses*, and *Virgil's*, in his sixth Eclogue, will induce the Reader to believe, that those two great Poets had read the sacred History of *Moses*.

O'er Earth distain'd with Violence, and Blood,
We ride with *Noah*, in the gen'ral Flood;
That righteous Man, Heav'n wrathful would not
drown,
And Earth replenish'd, for his Sake alone.
Lo! the returning Dove, with Olive-Leaf,
Brought him glad Tidings, and reliev'd his Grief;
Then, in the Clouds, first shone the radiant Bow,
A Witness still, of Heav'n's indulgent Vow.
Again Man sinn'd, corrupt with foul Desires,
See *Sodom* perish in sulphureous Fires!
Yet Heav'n, in Anger, Mercy ne'er forgot,
And bad the Angels spare untainted Lot.

Then God, selecting a peculiar Band,
Call'd faithful *Abraham*, from his native Land;
Tried his Obedience, and his Faith approv'd,
Bless'd those, he bless'd, and favour'd those, he lov'd;
With him, a Covenant of Grace he made,
And promis'd the *Messiah* to his Seed.

Mark !

Mark! how by Promise of a heav'nly Birth,
 Jehovah reconcil'd revisits Earth.
 Good Jacob could a num'rous Offspring boast,
 Yet griev'd unhappy for the Son, he lost;
 Who sav'd their Lives, that had betray'd his own,
 Unknown to them, yet longing to be known.
 When he weeps, o'er his Brethren weeping too,
 What Reader sheds not Tears, to Virtue due
 Such was his Piety, not Beauty's Bloom,
 Nor Female Force, his Virtue could o'ercome.

Then in his Cradle floats that chosen He,
 Whom God ordain'd to set his People free;
 * Th' undaunted Infant, by the River Side,
 In Rushes lies, and Heav'n becomes his Guide;
 Born to redeem the Jews, from servile Toil,
 For Empire destin'd, in a foreign Soil;

* *Non sine dis animosus infans.*

HOR. Od. 4. Book 3.

A Hebrew Babe, sav'd by Egyptian Hands,
 The future Scourge of Egypt's impious Lands,
 † To promis'd Realms, mark his obedient Flight,
 In vain pursu'd by Pharoah's hostile Might;
 From ev'ry Danger free, Heav'n steer'd his Course,
 And taught him to elude that Monarch's Force.
 Fire was his Guide by Night, a Cloud by Day,
 Still Heav'n-directed, in his pathless Way,
 Thro' Wilds, he marches with a pious Sway;
 Walks dry, thro' ■ Seas, that, for his Passage, part,
 From Heav'n, his Bread, from Rocks, his Fountains
 start.

Amid

† It evidently appears, in many Passages of the most eminent Greek, and Roman Writers, that they were very well acquainted with the sacred Writings of the Jewish Nation. The many Captivities, and Dispersions of that People, among the Pagans, gave the Gentile World, particularly the Eastern Part of it, an Opportunity of knowing the Jewish Doctrine, Prophecies, and History. Virgil might possibly plan the Character of his pious Eneas, from this of Moses; when he conducted his providential Hero from Troy, to the promised Land of Italy, by a similar Direction of Heaven, viz. *Matre Deâ monstrante viam*. Which Passage by the Change of one Word, viz. *Patre* in the Place of *Matre*, would literally correspond to the heavenly Guidance of Moses, thro' the Wilderness, to the promised Land of Canaan. Which was done by a Pillar of Fire, preceeding his March by Night, and a Pillar of a Cloud by Day. In the sixth Eneid, he appropriates, in the most explicit Terms, the antient Prophecy of an expected universal Monarch, about the Time of the Messiah's Birth, to the Person of Augustus Caesar.

Amid loud Thunder's Roar, and Lightning's Blaze,
The Law from God, he, to his Host, conveys;
The People trembling hear the Voice divine,
Trembling they view the radiant Glory shine.
Zealous to act a Mediator's Part,
From Idols, he recalls each Rebel Heart;
Averts the Wrath of Heav'n, by fervent Pray'r,
And watchful guards his Flock, with pious Care;
Oft with his God conversing, he surveys
Of Majesty Divine th' unclouded Rays;
The living Presence gave such beamy Light
To his blest Face, as dazl'd human Sight;
While he, *Jehovah's* sacred Laws, reveal'd,
No Mortal could behold his Face unvail'd,
No Prophet ever rose, to Heav'n so dear,
In Birth, in Life, and Death, its fav'rite Care;
Wonders like his, none so excelling wrought,
Doctrine like his, none with such Wisdom taught,
A worthy Type, of that great Promise made,
To *Abraham, Isaac, Jacob*, and their Seed.

Mark,

Mark, with what Wonders, God his Pow'r display'd,
While, thro' the Defart, *Moses* he convey'd.

The sacred Scripture search, in ev'ry Place,
The Footsteps of the great *Jehovah* trace.
With Patriarchs social, where he us'd to walk,
And Friend to *Abraham*, where familiar talk;
He to his Fav'rites, a distinguish'd Name
Gave, as peculiar Marks of his Esteem;
* Names, that to them more Honor still convey,
Than all the Titles, Herald's can display!
He deign'd, to them, his Presence to reveal,
His Glory intercepted in a Veil;
He sometimes sent, from Heav'n, his high Com-
mands,
By One deputed, from th' Angelic Bands;
But with majestic Terror clad, he comes,
And on Mount *Sinai*, all the God assumes.

Here

* The Name of *Abram* was changed to *Abraham*. *Jacob's*
to *Israel*. *Sarai* to *Sarah*.

Here speaks in Thunder, there with gentle Voice,
 Now pitying saves, avenging now destroys.
 Rewards, and Blessings to the Virtuous giv'n,
 Quicken our Faith, and lift our Hope to Heav'n.

See deathless *Enoch* wafted to the Skies,
 And in a radiant Car, *Elijah* rise.
 Mercy, and Vengeance, thro' these Volumes spread,
 Inspire our Hearts, with equal Love, and Dread;
 * When *Babylon's* great Monarch, mad with Pow'r,
 Injoin'd all Men, his Idol to adore;
 See three, into a fiery Furnace thrown,
 For they no God would worship, but their own;
 Th'innocuous Flame, nor sing'd their Hair, nor Skin,
 Yet kill'd the Men of Might, who cast them in.
 See rav'nous Lions pious *Daniel* spare,
 And his accusing Foes, relentless Tear,

Observe

* *Nebuchadnezzar.*

Observe the Covenant, with *Abraham* made,
Still firm, renew'd to *David*, and his Seed,
Hear Heav'n-commiſſion'd Prophets menace Kings,
And future Ills diſcloſe, as preſent Things ;
Theſe while we read, our raptur'd Boſoms glow,
If not inspir'd, they could not move us ſo ;
From their emphatic Words, we catch a Flame,
That warms our Hearts, as if from Heav'n it came.
What Orator of *Greece*, or *Rome*, like theſe,
Can touch our Paſſions, and our Reaſon pleaſe ?
In theſe, not only Rhetoric divine,
But Flights poetic, in their Writings ſhine,
The Poet, Orator, and Prophet join.
With pious Art, our Paſſions they controul,
Depreſs with Fear, or raiſe with Hope the Soul ;
In theſe, we view Heav'n op'ning to our Eyes,
With them, to Heav'n, in Hymns of Praise we riſe ;
From ſinful Habits, warn'd by them, to turn,
With them, we ſigh, and pray, repent, and mourn.

While

While these the harden'd Heart to Virtue melt,

What Reader has not soft Emotions felt ?

Who hears unmov'd, while they pathetic cry,

“ O House of *Israel* ! why will you die ? ”

“ O quick repentant, to your God, return !

“ In deep Contrition, your Offences mourn !

Their Voice alarms the conscious Soul within,

And wakes it from a Lethargy of Sin ;

Strikes it with sad Remorse, and Sense of Shame,

And in the Heart, rekindles Virtue's Flame.

Who now, like them, urg'd with Soul-saving Love,

Can stubborn Sinners, to Repentance, move ?

Who will, like them, with Tongue unpension'd
preach ?

Who, with such fervent Zeal, th' illiterate teach ?

Who will, in *Nineveh*, like *Jonas* cry ?

While, *Nineveh*, Heav'n threatens to destroy.

† If you will *Moses*, and the Prophets read,

You'll want no warning Message from the Dead ;

† The Reader is desired to compare the precedent summary Abbreviation of the chief Contents in the *Old Testament*, with that, which L—d B——e has made, in such an irreverent Manner, in his third Letter, where he treats of Sacred History.

If those avail not, could the Dead prevail?
 Could these persuade, if Heav'n's Persuasions fail?

The great *Messiah*, in the Prophets lives,
 Health to the Sick, Life to the Dead, he gives;
 We see him born, and ignominious die,
 That, by his Woe, we may inherit Joy;
 See, ev'ry-where, the promis'd Savior shown,
 Long, e'er he came, by Types, and Symbols known.
 Ev'n *Pagan* Oracles foretold his Birth,
 And that he should despotic rule the Earth;
 * In numerous Prophecies, the Sibyl Maid
 His Coming, and his Attributes, display'd;
 Hear, O, ye Fair, the *Mantuan* Bard rehearse
 What she first sung, in her prophetic Verse.

" Lo! now revolving come the happy Times,
 " Which were reveal'd by Sibyl's antient Rhimes;

L

* "*Astræa*

* The Chief of the Sibyls, viz. the *Persian*, or *Chaldean* Sibyl, wrote 600 Prophecies, concerning the Birth of *Christ*.

- * “ *Astræa* now revisits Earth again,
 “ *Saturn* return’d renews his golden Reign ;
 † “ A new celestial Offspring, from above,
 “ To Earth is sent, great Increment of *Jove* !
 “ Bright Emanation of his Deity,
 “ Of Pow’rs divine, the glorious Progeny !

“ Thou

* *Astræa* was the Goddess of Justice.

† These 32 Lines, laced in the Margin, are literally translated from *Virgil*’s fourth Eclogue ; from whence, the Author has selected, and translated them, in such Order, as renders them correspondent to several Prophecies, contained in the *Old Testament*, concerning the Coming of the *Messiah*. *Virgil* took them from the *Sibylline Books*, and complimentally applied them, to the Birth of *Pollio*’s Son, *Saloninus*.

*Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.
 Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.
 Jam nova progenies Cælo demittitur alto.
 Aggredere ô magnos, (aderit jam tempus,) honores,
 Clara Deûm soboles, magnum jovis incrementum.
 At tibi prina, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim, cum Baccare, Tellus,
 Mistaque ridenti colocasia fundet Acantbo.
 ——— Nec magnos metuent armenta Leones.
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni.
 Occidet, Assyrium vulgò nascetur amomum ;
 Molli paulatim flavescet campus aristâ,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.
 Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem :
 Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator.
 Talia sæcla suis dixerunt, currite, fufis,
 Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ.*

- “ Thou heav’nly Babe! (the Time will instant come)
“ Great Honors doom’d for thee, O quick assume!
“ The Earth now blest, from Curse primæval free,
“ Shall her first grateful Tribute pay to thee;
“ With sweetest Flow’rs, she shall thy Cradle strow,
“ And Wreaths of Ivy, to adorn thy Brow.
“ From Beasts of Prey, Herds shall no longer fly,
“ The Lamb shall, with the Lion, fearless lie;
“ The *Serpent* now shall die, that did contrive
“ The Death of Man, he shall no longer live;
“ Envenom’d Plants shall droop, and fade away,
“ No more they shall clandestine Death convey;
“ Now salutary Herbs shall bless the Ground,
“ Each balmy Plant shall ev’ry-where abound.
“ Sweet Honey-dews shall, from the Oak, distill
“ Mankind no more, with Toil, the Earth shall till;
“ Earth shall no more the Plough-share passive feel,
“ Nor Vines the Torture of the pruning Steel;
“ Spontaneous Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
“ The blushing Grape shall hang upon the Thorn.

“ Fate-spinning Sisters, to their Spindles, said,
 “ Roll on, ye golden Days ! roll on, with Speed !
 “ The Destinies, unanimous agree,
 “ Dispensing Fate, and Truth in Prophecy.”

Now hear again the *Mantuan* Bard unfold,
 What Sibyls, and what Oracles foretold.

* “ This is the Man, this is the promis’d He,
 “ Who, from the Gods, derives his Pedigree ;
 “ Who shall renew the golden Age again,
 “ And o’er the subject Earth, in Triumph reign ;

“ Who

* The fourteen Lines, here following, are literally translated from the sixth Eneid of *Virgil*, which he likewise took from the Sibylline Books, and complimentally attributed to *Augustus Caesar* the Predictions, relating to the *Messiah* ; which were confirmed by the concurrent Answers, and Declarations of all the Heathen Oracles.

*Hic Vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
 Augustus Cæsar, Divûm genus, aurea condet
 Sæcula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
 Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas, et Indos,
 Proferet imperium ; jacet extra sidera tellus,
 Extra anni, solisque vias, ubi cælifer Atlas
 Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
 Hujus in adventu, jam nunc et Caspia regna,
 Responsis horrent Divûm, et Mæotia tellus,
 Et septem gemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.*

“ Who shall extend his universal Sway,
“ Beyond the starry, and the solar Way ;
“ Beyond where *Atlas*, on his Shoulders, bears
“ The Firmament, and all the radiant Spheres.
“ Presaging Oracles his Coming dread,
“ Their Answers, thro’ the Globe, Confusion spread.
“ Kingdoms remote, while he approaches near,
“ Affrighted tremble, and confess their Fear ;
“ *Assyrian* Realms, and the *Mæotic* Lake,
“ *Egypt*, and sevenfold *Nile*, with Horror shake.”

So sung the Pagan Bard, nor singing knew,
That what he sung was to *Messiah* due.
But in the sacred Volumes, that unfold
This Mystery, his Sufferings we behold ;
His Virgin Mother, his incarnate Birth,
And Works of Wonder, as if then on Earth ;
There ev’ry Prophecy, in him compleat,
Expecting Nations his Arrival wait.

A Star celestial Beams, in eastern Skies,
 And to the new-born Savior guides the Wise ;
 The Wise, from distant Regions, Off rings bring,
 And pay due Homage to the infant King ;
 They, to Divinity incarnate, kneel,
 And him adoring, Inspiration feel.
 Hark ! hark ! what heav'nly Song enchants the Ear !
 Sweet Voice of Angels warbling in the Air ;
 Seraphic Hymns, the new-born Babe, proclaim,
 Glad Tidings of Salvation was the Theme ;
 * " They sing glad Tidings, Praise to God on high,
 " Peace to the Earth, to human Nature Joy.
 So Angels sung, on that auspicious Morn,
 When the Redeemer of Mankind was born ;
 When he assum'd our Nature, by his Birth,
 And deign'd, in human Form, to dwell on Earth.
 For his Approach, behold the Way prepar'd !
 Hark ! in the Wilderness a Voice is heard ;

Loud

* *Gloria in excelsis, in terrâ pax,
 Benevolentia erga homines.*

Loud cries the *Baptist*, in the Desert Gloom,
 " Repent ye Sinners ! fly from Wrath to come !
 " Repent, repent, Inhabitants of Earth !
 " Quick be baptiz'd, blest with a second Birth."
 Christ long-expected comes, in Years compleat,
 To Mortals, he reveals immortal State ;
 The Dead to Life are quicken'd, by his Word,
 The Sick to Health, the Blind to Sight, restor'd ;
 The Dumb, from him, receiving Speech, rejoice,
 And praise the gracious Pow'r, that gave them Voice ;
 The Deaf now hear, the Lame their Crutch forsake,
 The Gentiles, evangelic Bliss, partake ;
 To Jew, and Gentile, he Salvation gives,
 Each, who believes, the Gift, from him, receives.
 Tho' all, in *Adam*, fell, again they rise
 In Christ, and rising gain their native Skies ;
 Death ignominious, see him not disdain,
 To expiate Guilt, the guiltless *Lamb* is slain.

* The Innocent condemn'd, more willing, goes,
 Than *Regulus*, to suffer torturous Woes,
 Yet knew the Malice of his cruel Foes;
 For other's Faults, a blameless Sacrifice,
 Not for himself, but for his Foes, he fights,
 Death by him vanquish'd, into Life he dies.

While Death's great Victor dies, to live again,
 We, by his Death, eternal Life attain;
 On the third dawning Light, he rose from Death,
 His Manhood reasum'd, and vital Breath;
 He rose in Flesh, the first Fruit of the Grave,
 That he, from Death, might Souls repentant save.
 O'er Sin, and Death, he first in Triumph rode,
 And then revisited his blest Abode;
 See him, to Heav'n, ascending, whence he came,
 The Gates of Heav'n fly open, at his Name.

Lift

* These Lines allude to the fifth Ode, in the third Book of *Horace*, where he celebrates *Regulus*.

*Atqui sciebat, quæ sibi barbarus
 Tortor pararet.*

* Lift up your Heads, ye Gates ! be lifted high,
" Ye everlasting Doors !" the Angels cry,
" Let in the glorious Monarch of the Sky."
With Pow'r invested, there he reigns enthron'd,
Death conquer'd by his Death, and Sin aton'd.
Thence, in the Clouds, he will triumphant come,
Judge Quick, and Dead, and fix eternal Doom.
O, may each Sinner, in that dreadful Day,
Find Mercy, thro' his meritorious Sway !
Had not these Truths been clear, and undeny'd,
Such Numbers, for these Truths, would not have dy'd.

Death, in each horrid Form, see Martyrs Scorn,
Or smile in Torture, or rejoicing burn;
Torn by wild Beasts, or Men more fierce, than they,
To both a dauntless, tho' defenceless Prey;

These

* Translated from the 24th Psalm of David.

*Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates ! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting
Doors ! and the King of Glory shall come in.*

These prodigal of Life, and chusing Death,
 Witness'd the Truth, with their expiring Breath;
 Firm to his Trust, each blest Apostle stood,
 Each sign'd, and seal'd his Doctrine, with his Blood.
 * The tragic History of Martyrs read,
 For them, you Heart will sympathetic Bleed.

Truth, so well testify'd, can never fail,
 Against the Gates of Hell, it shall prevail;
 No Artifice, or Force, of Fiend, or Man,
 Can disconcert its well-connected Plan.
 † A noble Sage, his Learning fond to show,
 Strives, this religious System, to o'erthrow;
 But Oh! how fruitless his Attempt to blast
 These Truths, confirm'd so many Ages past!
 With Sophistry refin'd, in vain he tries
 To hurt the Faith of all the Good, and Wise;
 Pleas'd, if he can some small Objections raise,
 Or if Things antient shine, with dimmer Rays;

When

* See Dr. *Cave's* History of the Saints.

† See L—d B——'s posthumous Works.

When the dark Shades of the *Mosaic* Page
 Appear mysterious to the present Age;
 But to the Gospel-light, he shuts his Eyes,
 More Learned, and more Witty far, than Wife;
 In sacred Truths, so jealous of Deceit,
 Lest others cheat him, he himself will cheat;
 In Things profane, so easy to believe,
 Each Pagan Writer may his Faith deceive.

Noah, who scap'd the Flood, the best of Men,
 Could not escape the Censure of his Pen;
 Where he foretells, what Vengeance will pursue
 His scoffing Son, he scoffs the Patriarch too;
 * Says, "that with Wine his frantic Brains were fir'd,
 "When he denounc'd the Curse, which Heav'n in-
 "spir'd;"

The

* L—d B———ke (in his Third Letter, where he treats of the Use, and Study of sacred History, and mentions *Noah's* cursing *Canaan*) says, as follows.

"One is tempted to think, that the Patriarch was still drunk;
 "and that no Man in his Senses could hold such Language, or
 "pass such a Sentence. Certain it is, that no Writer but a
 "Jew could impute to the Œconomy of divine Providence the
 "Accomplishment of such a Prediction, nor make the Supreme
 "Being the Executor of such a Curse."

The Meaning of the Text, he there mistakes,
For there the Patriarch, as a Prophet speaks,
The Father could not from his Son conceal,
What his prophetic Spirit bad him tell;
'Twas not the Father curs'd his graceless Son,
He only warn'd him, future Wrath, to shun;
That his repentant Son might 'scape his Doom,
God's Vengeance, he declar'd in Times to come;
As when a Judge, to Criminals arraign'd,
Pronounces Sentence, which the Law ordain'd;
'Tis not the Judge, that Men condemns to Death,
It is the Voice of Law, in human Breath.
Had this Sage understood the Scripture Phrase,
He would not this absurd Objection raise;
Like *Greek*, and *Latin*, had he *Hebrew* learn'd,
He had the Spirit of this Text discern'd.

If by the Good, my Muse will not be blam'd,
If Things profane, with Sacred, may be nam'd;

Ev'n

Ev'n Pagan Chiefs, inflicting Vengeance due,
 By Virtue urg'd, their Rebel Offspring slew;
 So when just *Brutus* doom'd his Sons to bleed,
 'Twas not the Father's, but the Consul's Deed.

* The Love of Justice, and of public Good,
 The Force of his paternal Love subdu'd;
 Great Critic spare, the World's Restorer spare,
 By whom restor'd, Man breathes the vital Air.
 Your patriot Zeal, stern *Brutus*, will excuse,
 Why, the good Patriarch, will you thus abuse?
 Why might not *Noah*, to warn future Times,
 † Curse his Son's impious Scoffs, the worst of Crimes?

This Sceptic, spitting pois'nous Froth in vain,
Moses condemns, that he may Christ arraign;

To

* ——— *Utrumque ferent ea facta Nepotes,
 Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.*

VIRG. ÆN. 6.

† Filial Disobedience, and Contempt of Parents were esteem-
 ed, by the Antients, to be Crimes of the most accursed Kind,
 and not to be expiated by any Atonement.

To meer Romance, degrades his History,
 Yet holds authentic ev'ry Prophecy;
 Tho' not to Truth, yet deems him, Virtue's Friend,
 For he still deigns his Doctrine to commend;
 He strikes with Fear, tho' bold he aims the Blow,
 To *Jewish*, and to Christian Faith, a Foe;
 * He aims our whole Religion to defeat,
 Allowing, Part is true, Part counterfeit;
 If *Moses* forg'd the Deed original,
 Must not its Counterpart, the Gospel fall?
 If the Foundation fails, Truth's solid Prop,
 Will not the Christian Superstructure drop?
 Say, can the Stream of Faith flow undefil'd,
 If its first Source is, with Corruption, soil'd?
 Would our Redeemer *Moses* recommend,
 If *Moses* were not, to the Truth, a Friend?
Moses relates *Messiah's* promis'd Birth,
Messiah testifies his sacred Worth;

Each

* See L—d B———e's Third Letter concerning the Study of History, where he treats of Sacred History.

Each Part of Scripture Truth alike displays,
Each, from the other, borrows mutual Rays.
Thus in some well-proportion'd Dome, we trace,
Thro' ev'ry Part, a correspondent Grace;
Each Truth coherent proves another true,
Thro' all its Maze, Truth is the guiding Clue;
Parts still concordant harmonize the Whole,
And with firm Faith, inspire the virtuous Soul.
While Sinners search, in Truth, to find a Flaw,
As drowning Men catch hold of ev'ry Straw;
Yet fine-spun Fallacies can none deceive,
But those, whose Vices bid them not believe;
Such is th' Illusion of beguiling Vice,
With Unbelief, it blinds the Sinner's Eyes;
Who suffer here for Virtue's Sake, rejoice
In future Hope of recompencing Joys.

Had God, from Man, his sacred Will conceal'd,
Had he not manifest himself reveal'd;

The

The Theist then, an Atheist might commence,
 And that there is no God, conclude from thence;
 (For Revelation came, from gracious Heav'n,
 The Light of Nature to rekindle, giv'n;)
 For Want of Revelation, he might say,
 " Were there a God, he would his Laws display;
 " He would by Promises, and Threats severe,
 " Urge Men to Virtue, and from Vice, deter;
 " He could not rest Supine, regardless still
 " Of human Race, and not reveal his Will."
 Now Gospel-revelation shines so bright,
 The Deist, blind with Pride, disdains its Light;
 Ungrateful Wretch! who scorns the Gift of Heav'n,
 In this new Light, to human Nature, giv'n;
 * Which Man, in Sin, and Error lost, restor'd
 To the true Knowledge of th' eternal Lord;
 Which reconcil'd offended Heav'n, to Earth,
 By the Atonement of a heav'nly Birth.

Great

* These Verses allude to that Passage in the Acts of the Apostles, where St. *Paul*, travelling to *Athens*, saw an Altar, erected to the unknown God, which gave him an Opportunity of revealing, to the *Athenians*, the Name of that unknown God.

The Acts of the Apostles, Chap. xvii. Ver. 23.

Great Sage ! why did you *Moses* thus attack ?
 Why not believe him, for *Messiah's* Sake ?
 Who, to his Truth, such Testimony gave,
 As might, his sacred Page, from Censure save.
 You, to the Pagan Writers, Credit give,
 And tho' not *Moses*, *Tacitus* believe ;
 Ev'n credulous, where Faith is not requir'd,
 And only doubt the Truths, which Heav'n inspir'd ;
 * Of Pride and Folly, *Strada* you accuse,
 If he, your Fav'rite *Tacitus*, abuse ;
 Say, can a Christian deem you meek, and wise,
 Who dare, the Works of *Moses*, thus despise ?
 Nor had this Fav'rite your Applauses gain'd,
 Had he not *Moses*, and the *Jews*, disdain'd ;

M ‡ He

* L---d B---e, in his fifth Letter concerning the Use, and Study of History, says, that every Line in *Tacitus* outweighs whole Pages of such a Rhetor, as *Famianus Strada*, and singles him out among the Moderns, because he had the foolish Presumption to censure *Tacitus*, and to write History himself : and then he begs Pardon for his short Excursion on *Strada*, in Honor of his favourite Author *Tacitus*.

‡ He scorn'd the Man, who taught them to adore,
 Instead of Idols, One Eternal Pow'r;
 Who taught them, Superstition to deride,
 And with the *Pagans*, Intercourse denied;
 Hence *Gentiles* were, to *Jews*, invet'rate Foes,
 Hence mutual Scorn, and Enmity, arose;

Because

‡ These ten following Verses refer to the fifth Book of *Tacitus*, where he gives an Account of the antient Origin, and Manners of the *Jewish* Nation. And after having abused *Moses*, and the *Jews*, in a very scurrilous Manner, he himself assigns a very good Reason and Cause of the Contempt, with which they were treated by all other Nations, viz. because they would not intermarry with any other People, but their own; nor would they worship their Heathen Gods, nor their Kings, nor their *Cæsars*: For the *Jews* had such an Abhorrence of Images, and Idols, that we are told by *Tacitus*, when *C. Cæsar* had commanded them to place his Statue in their holy Temple, they rather chose to rebel against him, than comply with his Edict; and did actually rebel on that Account, which Commotion was quieted by the ensuing Death of *C. Cæsar*. In Confirmation of what is here related, the Author has subjoined, and cited the very Words of *Tacitus*, which Words either were never understood, or not sufficiently considered by L---d B---; otherwise he would have discerned the Reason, and true Cause of the *Jews* being so despised, and harrassed by all other Nations.

Judæi mente solâ, unumque numen intelligunt. Profanos, qui Deum imagines, mortalibus materiis, in species hominum effingant. Summum illud et æternum, neque mutabile, neque interitum. Igitur nulla simulacra urbibus suis, nedum templis sunt. Non Regibus hæc adulatio, non Cæsaribus honor. Animas prælio aut susplicij peremptorum, æternas putant. Hinc generandi amor, et moriendi contemptus. Tiberio quies. Dein jussu a C. Cæsare effigiem ejus in templo locare, arma potius sumere: Quem mortuum Cæsaris mors diremit.

Because the *Jews* would not their Gods obey,
 And to their *Cæsars*, Adoration pay;
 Nor would, with them, in Rites connubial join,
Jews deem'd profane, what *Pagans* call'd divine.

But you, thro' Love of Falshood, and of Vice,
 In Christian Days, this Friend of Truth despise,
 Whose Laws oppos'd Idolatry, and Lies;

* Who taught, that pious Souls shall never die,
 This ev'n your *Tacitus* could not deny.

Why would you, *Moses*, and his Works, o'erthrow?
 A Friend to *Pagans*, to the *Jews* a Foe?

M 2

Would

* We are informed by *Tacitus*, that Darling of L--d B---e, that the *Jews* believed the Immortality of the Soul, and consequently a future State of Rewards, and Punishments. How then comes it to pass in these Days? That the modern Deists assert, that a State of Immortality, and of future Rewards, and Punishments, is no where mentioned, or hinted, in the *Old Testament*. Whereas, we are told by *Moses*, that at the Fall and Banishment of *Adam* and *Eve*, from *Eden*, God gave a Promise of the Messiah, who should redeem Mankind from Sin, and Death eternal. The two great Favourites of the Creator *Enoch* and *Elijah*, never knew Death, but were translated to Heaven. As the *Jews* lived in continual Expectation of the Messiah, they must believe, that, thro' him, they should be Heirs of eternal Life.

Would you, again, Idolatry renew?
Or all Religion in Mankind subdue?
Would you, to Serpents Veneration pay?
And, to the Dog *Anubis*, kneel, and pray?
Instead of One Eternal gracious Pow'r,
Would you, a thousand cruel Gods, adore?
Or in the wild Uproar of Anarchy,
Dissolve each moral, and religious Tie?
Our sacred Records, why would you confound?
Would you, thro' *Moses*, our Redeemer Wound?
Would you extinguish, in desponding Night,
The joyous Splendor of the Gospel-light?
Ah! would you blast our Blossom-hope of Heav'n?
Were your bright Talents, for Destruction, giv'n?
To blast our Faith, if 'tis your dire Design,
You, to the moral World, a Comet shine;
Who, to destroy immortal Spirits, aim,
As Comets threaten its material Frame.

Who

Who reads your Works, and reads the Scripture too,
 In Revelations, will your Image view ;
 Your Works, mark'd with unchristian Character,
 To the blaspheming Beast, Resemblance bear ;
 * " The Beast, by *John*, in sacred Vision seen,
 " With Form tremendous, rising from the Main ;
 " That Brute's sev'n Heads, ten Horns, and Crowns,
 Display,
 " Emblems of Learning, and exalted Sway ;
 " Sev'n Heads, the fam'd seven Sciences, declare,
 " High Titles, in ten Horns, and Crowns, appear ;
 " The Name of Blasphemy crown'd ev'ry Head,
 " Preeminent, and dreadful to be read ;
 " A wounded Head, and that Head heal'd, explain
 " Lost Fame, and Titles, but restor'd again ;
 " The Dragon help'd the Beast, without his Aid,
 " The Beast had not such impious Works essay'd ;
 " All, who adore the Beast, in Wonder cry,
 " Who's like to him ? who dares his Strength defy ?

M 3

" Who

* The Author here has described the first Beast, that was beheld, by St. *John*, in the thirteen Chapter of his Revelations.

- " Who dares wage War, with this resistless Brute ?
 " What Sage polemic can with him dispute ?
 " To him great Talents were by Nature giv'n,
 " Which he exerted, in Contempt of Heav'n ;
 " *Jehovah's* Name, with Blasphemy he stain'd,
 " His blest Abode, and Angels, he profan'd ;
 " His daring Works, thro' various Realms, were
 " spread,
 " And in Variety of Language read ;
 " But soon, lost in Oblivion, they shall die,
 " Short is the Date of such Impiety.
 " Some Saints he conquer'd, with his impious Pow'r,
 " But not th' Elect, in Christian Faith secure ;
 " Who, in the Book of Life, recorded stood,
 " And tru^{sted} in the Lamb's atoning Blood ;
 " The Lamb's dear Blood, for Man's Redemption
 " shed,
 " Who, from primæval Time, was doom'd to bleed,
 " Who have an Ear, let them Attention give,
 " Lest the blaspheming *Beast* their Faith deceive."

Christians

Christians will say, when they your Writings view,
This hieroglyphic *Beast* resembles you.

Alas ! aspiring Pride inflam'd your Brain,
Boastful of Genius, and of Learning vain ;
That Giant Pride, which still dares Heav'n assail,
But, in the mad Attempt, will ever fail ;
Pride only could excite that impious Rage,
Which urg'd you to attack the sacred Page ;
On various Themes, you might your Pen imploy,
Why will your Rebel Wit high Heav'n annoy ?
Vain Sceptic ! let me to your Works apply,
What *James* once said, in Anger, to a Fly,
That flew audacious, in his Royal Eye ;
* " Have I, said he, three Kingdom's ample Space,
" Where thou mayst range, and canst thou find no
" Place,

M 4

" But

* This Saying of King *James*, the First, is recorded by Mr. *Selden*, in his ingenious little Book, called *Table-Talk*, a Book tho' little in Size, inestimable in Value.

“ But in my Eye, to take thy wanton Flight ?

“ Rash Insect ! great is thy Ambition’s Height.

My Muse may pass free Censures, on his Shade,
Who charg’d, with Theft, his faithful Friend, when
dead,

Will this incred’lous Age believe the Man,

Who disbeliev’d Truth’s well establish’d Plan ?

Such Scandal posthumous, who can believe ?

Ah ! let not Calumny disturb the Grave !

Would *Pope*, who so excell’d in writing well,

Another’s Writings condescend to steal ?

Would he, who gain’d the Pinnacle of Fame,

Degrade, by pilfing, his exalted Name ?

Would he, for such small Lucre, lose th’ Applause,

Which he had won, in pleading Virtue’s Cause ?

Has then his Bosom-friend this Slander spread ?

Tho’ not when living, Slander ! spare him dead,

That *Moses* forg’d, is not apparent yet,

Or that *Pope* stole, what this vain Sceptic writ ;

Doubtless

Doubtless in him, 'twas impious to defame
 The Bard, whose Song immortaliz'd his Name;
 Was this the Sage, his Verses so commend?
 Was this his Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 His Genius, Master, and his Muse's Boast?
 And did this Sage of Theft accuse his Ghost?
 Did this base Serpent sting the friendly Breast;
 Which cherish'd him, when with Reproach oppress?
 To Fame restor'd him, by enchanting Songs,
 And still'd the Clamors of opprobrious Tongues.
 Could *Pope* revive, and visit Earth agen,
 In what satiric Gall, he'd dip his Pen!
 This Sage, the Subject of his lyric Praise,
 Would be the Hero, of his *Dunciad* Lays;
 † *Pope* would transfer, to him, the *Laureat's*
 Throne,
 And just would be the Transfer, we must own.

The

† The late Poet Laureat Mr. C——, who never offended Mr. P——, in his Life-time, in the Manner, L——d B—— did after his Death.

The Wise, who Vice detest, and Virtue love,
 The sacred Volumes, cannot disapprove;
 They, to the Pagan, sacred Leaves prefer,
 Because the last inspir'd can never err;
 These sweeten Life, and cheer its anxious Cares,
 Make Death a Friend, and dissipate its Fears;
 Diffuse, thro' gloomy Minds, a chearful Ray,
 And, to Despondence, joyous Hope convey;
 Proud Insolence, to gentle Meekness tame,
 And Calumny, to Charity, reclaim;
 To pure Tranquility, compose the Soul,
 And each unruly Appetite controul;
 From carnal Dross, the Passions still refine,
 Till human Nature brightens to divine;
 Till Soul, from Body, wishes a Release,
 That she may gain, in Heav'n, her promis'd Peace.

Ye Christians! who the Name of *Christ* adore,
 A Name invested with a saving Pow'r!

In that Name, fix your Faith, your Hope and Joy,
His Grace divine each Comfort will supply.
If Sceptics would his Word unbias'd hear,
Such Proofs of its Divinity appear,
As can convince the Mind, and charm the Ear;
His Doctrine is so pure, so free from Blame,
Its Purity proclaims, from whence it came;
Its Excellence asserts its heav'nly Birth,
If he had wrought no Miracles, on Earth;
It terrifies the Rich, with Ills to come,
That they forewarn'd may 'scape their threatn'd
Doom.
The Poor it comforts, with a future State,
If virtuous here, it flatters not the Great;
Nor sooths, like *Mahomet*, our Appetites,
Nor with the Bait of sensual Joys invites;
It teaches Self-denial, Meekness, Love,
And fixes human Bliss, in Things above.
Say, if Deceit, in this Religion, lies,
Which bids its Votaries this World despise;

Which

Which bids them give their Treasure to the Poor,
 That they, celestial Treasure, may secure;
 (A Treasure well-dispos'd, by which they buy
 With Goods, that perish, everlasting Joy;)
 Which bids them purchase Peace, at any Rate,
 And shun litigious Strife, and vengful Hate;
 Which makes the Soul, with Charity, o'erflow,
 And by kind Offices o'ercome a Foe;
Pagan Philosophy, it far outshines,
 While, ev'ry moral Virtue, it refines;
 Its gentle Precepts win the humble Heart,
 Its mild Persuasions, Faith, and Grace, impart;
 It wears no Mark of earthly Policy,
 Such is its Beauty, and Simplicity,
 It must, from Heav'n, derive its Pedigree.

Fair Nymph, revere what Sceptics dare to scorn,
 Let your Soul rise, on Faith's strong Pinions born;

Faith,

Which

* *Faith*, like *Elijah's* Chariot, will convey
 Your Soul to Heav'n, thro' Virtue's lofty Way ;
 Uplifted you'll escape infernal Hell,
 And Soaring gain those Heights, where Angels dwell ;
 Where *Fred'ric* late arriv'd, a welcome Guest,
 And heav'nly Bliss partakes, among the Blest ;
 By Faith, like *Enoch*, you'll translated shine,
 Your human quit, assuming Form divine.

When

* All the Lines, that set forth the Power of Faith, allude to the two following divine Stanzas, in the third Ode, of the third Bood of *Horace*.

*Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules,
 Innixus, arces attigit igneas ;
 Quos inter, Augustus recumbens,
 Purpureo bibit ore nectâr ;
 Hâc te merentem, Bacche pater, tuâ
 Vexere Tigres, indocili jugum
 Collo trahentes, hâc Quirinus,
 Martis equis, Acheronta fugit.*

We may observe, in the *Pagan* Theology, a profane Mixture, or if I may so express it, an Adulteration of Sacred History. *Deucalion's* Flood is an imperfect Tradition of *Noah's*. *Hercules*, in many Features, resembles *Samson*. The Story of the Assumption of *Romulus* to the Skies, by the Equipage of *Mars*, in the Sight of *Proculus*, seems borrowed from *Elijah's* Elevation to Heaven, in a flaming Chariot, in the Sight of *Elias*. The Word *Jove* has an Affinity of Sound to *Jehova* ; the Bacchinal *Eua* to *Eve*, and *Japetus* to *Japhet*. Many more such Instances may be produced.

When Heav'n had drown'd the Earth, in wrathful
Mood,

Good *Noah*, sav'd by Faith, surviv'd the Flood.

When Angels, pouring Sulphur's fiery Streams,

Burnt *Sodom*, *Lot*, by Faith, escap'd the Flames.

Blest *Abraham* won, by Faith, the Love of Heav'n,

Thro' Faith, to *Moses*, Pow'r divine was giv'n.

Clad with no Armour, arm'd with Faith alone,

Young *David* slew *Goliath*, with a Stone;

By Faith, quell'd furious *Saul*, and all his Foes,

And from a Shepherd, to a Monarch rose.

Faith is an Armour, which Heav'n gives the Brave,

That can, from Dangers, Soul, and Body, save,

* Not *Thetis* such, to her *Achilles*, gave.

By Faith, what Wonders, the Apostles wrought!

And by those Wonders, prov'd the Truth, they
taught.

By

* *Homer* says, that, at the Request of *Thetis*, the Mother of *Achilles*, *Vulcan* made an Armour for him, to protect him, from all Wounds, being impenetrable. But afterwards *Paris* gave him a Wound in the Heel, by which *Achilles* died.

By Faith. ——— but endless is its mystic Pow'r,
Cease Muse ! its Wonders to illustrate more.
Faith is the Clue, by which Believers trace
Religious Truths, thro' each mysterious Maze.

What Science, so sublime, as this, can rise?
How deep the Knowledge of these Mysteries,
Ordain'd to raise fall'n Man, to native Skies !
Such Knowledge will suffice the Wise below,
You cannot, and you need not, further know.
No further can the Reach of human Mind
Extend, like Ocean, to its Bounds confin'd.

Hence Faith imbib'd will sanctify your Charms,
And safe protect you, from insnaring Harms ;
Hence Virtue, smiling in your modest Face,
Will, to the Virgin, add the Angel's Grace.
Hence stor'd with Wisdom, you'll a Confort gain,
Whilst idiot Beauties charm our Sex, in vain ;

Hence

Hence your bright Converse will the Ear delight,
Beyond the Pleasure, that's deriv'd from Sight.
How sweet th' Impression, how refin'd the Joys
Of Wisdom, flowing from a Female Voice!
Beauty, to Time, or Sickness, doom'd a Prey,
Soon fades, the Charms of Wisdom ne'er decay.
Love, to the Heart, progressive thro' the Ear,
Moves slow, yet fix'd, it long inhabits there;
Love, quick as Light'ning, enters thro' the Eyes,
But fades like Beauty, and with Beauty dies.

If, your first Innocence, you would retain,
Ah! read no Book, that can your Fancy stain;
Read no romantic Tales, where Vice, array'd
With Virtue's Habit, sports in Masquerade;
'Tis Loss of Time, which may be better spent,
Short Time, to gain Eternal, only lent!
If Books, with wanton Images, are fraught,
Like bad Companions, they infect your Thought;
While,

While, with these Tales, the Page contagious glows,
The Maid imbibing Passion, Love-sick grows;
With Love ideal; they her Heart delude,
And oft transform her, to Coquet, or Prude;
Thro' these, as thro' a Glass, that magnifies,
Each visionary Object, she descries;
Like Poison; they inflame each tainted Vein,
And soon intoxicate her giddy Brain.
Romance is, to the Mind, a noxious Feast,
Prepar'd by Art, to please a vicious Taste;
So pois'nous Herbs, resembling human Food,
Oft those, who eat them, into Death delude;
So baneful Night-shade; with deceitful Berries,
Destroys th' Unwary, in the Shape of Cherries.

If you, with Caution, would your Conduct steer,
By Vice unfullied, and from Danger clear;
Th' illusive Snares of guileful Pleasures, shun,
As from a Serpent, from Temptation, run.

N

Shun

Shun Masquerades, there you will see, and hear,
 What will offend your Eye, and hurt your Ear;
 There Wit licentious reigns, there Jest obscene
 Your Fancy, with Impurity, will stain;
 There conscious Shame, fair Virtue's best Defence,
 Lost in a Mask, will yield to Impudence;
 Mask'd Virgins, when their Blushes are conceal'd,
 Grant Freedoms, which they would deny unvail'd;
 But Pow'r of Blushing, Nature's inborn Grace,
 Will soon forsake a masquerading Face;
 A shameless Bronze, each Feature, will invade,
 Whilst, in a Mask, the bashful Roses fade.
 † Of Pleasure, drink not, this *Circean* Draught,
 Lest it intoxicate your sober Thought;
 There Music, Dancing, Night, Disguise, and Wine,
 To conquer Virtue, Force united join;

† *Sirenium voces, et Circe pocula nosti:
 Quæ si, cum sociis, stultus, cupidusque bibisset,
 Sub dominâ maretrice fuisset turpis, et excors,
 Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.*

The Music softens, while the Wine inspires,
Disguise emboldens, while the Dancing Fires.
Thence wanton Pairs, to Brothels, take a Flight,
Conceal'd in Masks, and friendly Shades of Night.
This Cup, like *Circe's*, can change human Nature,
And soon debase you, to a brutal Creature ;
This Cup can quench the Soul's ethereal Fire,
And smother Reason, with impure Desire.
* Ah ! revel not, in these profane Delights,
Will Christians copy Bacchanalian Rites ?
Where Males, and Females, a lascivious Rout,
Half drunk, half mad, promiscuous ran about.
From Pagan *Rome*, these Riots were expell'd,
By good *Posthumius*, these were wisely quell'd ;
That Consul's Zeal, these impious Rites suppress,
And stopp'd th' Infection of the spreading Pest.

N 2

Like

* These Bacchinal Masquerades, at *Rome*, were become a Seminary of all Kind of Vice, and Debauchery ; the Consul *Posthumius* put an End to these riotous nocturnal Assemblies, which consisted of 7000 Men, Women, Boys, and Girls. The Story is related at large, in the thirty-ninth Book of *Livy*.

Like him, ye Nymphs, unhallow'd Joys disdain,
Let not such Sports, your Christian Virtue, stain,
Which seem invented, by th' Infernal Train ;
In Vice, where Demons with each other vie,
And lost in dire Despondence, Heav'n defie.
Let not insatiate Love of Pleasure drown
The Seeds of Piety, in Childhood, sown ;
In Days of Youth, when Pleasures most allure,
Then most remember your Creator's Pow'r.
If you forget him, in your youthful Bloom,
He will forget you, when old Age shall come ;
Ah ! ne'er forget him, He's Man's only Friend,
From Life's Beginning, to its latter End ;
When all oblig'd Relations with you dead,
Ev'n those, whom, in Distress, you cloth'd, and fed,
Ev'n those, whom, in their Infancy, you rear'd,
And in Youth's dang'rous Sea, their Conduct steer'd ;
When ev'ry Friend forsakes you, He alone
Will chear your Heart, and pitying hear your Moan.
Whea

When none can aid you, he'll Assistance lend,
And in Life endless, persevere your Friend.
On Earth, for heav'nly Bliss, your Soul prepare,
That you, with Angels, pure Delights may share.
Let harmless Mirth your vacant Hours imploy,
Let Love of Science be your fav'rite Joy.
Add, to historic, geographic Art,
Search the terrestrial Globe, in ev'ry Part;
These Arts congenial nearly are allied,
By strict Coherence, to each other tied;
This Science to attain, you need not roam,
Your Soul can travel, while you sit at Home;
Range the wide Earth, from toilsome Journies free,
And sail exempt from Perils of the Sea,
Maps show Extent of Empires, and their Bounds,
Where Ocean circumfus'd the Earth furrounds;
These, in one View, the Sea, and Earth display,
Which Trav'lers can't, in many Years, survey.
In geographic Maps, th' unwearied Eye
Can travel swifter, than a Bird can fly;

No Floods, nor Desarts, there, retard its Speed,
 No Rock, or Mountain, rears its lofty Head;
 No Obstacle, there, intercepts its Sight,
 From Pole, to Pole, it wanders with Delight.
 At Home, the World's fam'd Wonders you may see,
 In Maps, or Prints, from Toil, and Danger free;
 Cities, and Palaces, in Print appear,
 As if you saw the real Objects there,
 The Fountains play, their Heads the Turrets rear,
 Can real *Venice* more delight your Eye,
 Than that, which accurate in Print you spy?
 Who would, to fair *Constantinople*, go,
 Since Prints distinctly all its Beauties show?
 Who, to the *Syrian* Realms, would curious stray,
 The Ruins of *Palmira* to survey?
 When, at *Vauxhall*, he may these painted view,
 Pleas'd with the Cheat, as if he saw the true;
 These painted with such Art deceive your Eye,
 Distant they, with the real Ruins, vie.

The Globe terrestrial, when you're taught to know,
 Celestial Climes, Astronomy will show;
 How, in etherial Space, the Planets rove,
 And round the central Sun, harmonious move;
 How interposing, they eclipse his Light,
 And turn each other's Day, to sudden Night;
 How Sun, and Moon, our annual Seasons guide,
 Cherish the Earth, and rule the Ocean's Tide;
 Each Planet will your Admiration claim,
 Its Revolution, Distance, Bulk, and Frame;
 All the same Sun, and some their Moons, enjoy,
 Each has its diff'rent Climate, and its Sky.

There Beings, happier far than Men, may dwell;
 Beings, who ne'er by Disobedience fell;
 Endu'd with Natures more, than ours, refin'd,
 Betwixt angelic, and the human Kind;
 There they may live, yet innocent of ill,
 There blisful *Eden* may be *Eden* still;

There calmer Seas may roll, there pious Earth,
 Not curs'd like ours, may yield a nobler Birth;
 * " In these blest Climes, the Soil may want no Plough,
 " Corn, without Culture, may spontaneous grow;
 " The Vine unprun'd, perpetual Grapes, afford,
 " The fruitful Olive ne'er deceive her Lord.
 " The purple Fig, her Mother-tree, may grace,
 " The Tree still bloom, blest with an endless Race;
 " There Streams of Honey, from the Oak, distil,
 " And Waters murmur in a tuneful Rill;
 " There friendly Herds, without Compulsion roam,
 " And bring uncall'd, their milky Burden, Home;
 " Round folded Sheep, no Wolves nocturnal prowl,
 " Nor in a spiral Form, vast Serpents roll;

" No

* The Verses marked in the Margin, are modernized, and christianized, from the 16th Epode of HORACE.

Arva, beata,
 Petamus arva, divites et insulas,
 Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
 Et imputata floret usque vinea:
 Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ,
 Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem:
 Mella cavâ manant ex ilice, montibus altis
 Levis crepante lympa desilit pede.

- “ No Crocodiles infest the peaceful Floods,
 “ No Beasts, nor Birds of Prey, annoy the Woods:
 “ More wond’rous Blessings still may cheer the
 Swains,
 “ Who happy live, in planetary Plains;
 “ Where eastern Winds, the Climate never chill,
 “ Nor blast the Product of the fertile Soil;
 “ The torrid Glebe, no scorching Sun-beams fry,
 “ Where Heav’n serene expands a temp’rate Sky.
 “ These Orbs, (like ours in impious Days of Yore)
 “ Were never, with a Deluge, cover’d o’er;
 “ No Ark primæval ever floated there,
 “ These never strove, a *Babel-tow’r* to rear;

“ No

*Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
 Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera:
 Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
 Nec intumescit alta viperis humus.
 Plurâque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
 Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
 Pinguia nec succis urantur semina glebis;
 Utrumque Rege temperante cœlitum.
 Non huc Argos contendit remige pinus,
 Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem:*

Non

- " No lustful Sodom, to perdition doom'd,
 " There perish'd, by avenging Flames consum'd,
 " No fiery Star, there, darts malignant Rays,
 " Nor deathful Pestilence, to Herds, conveys,
 " These Regions still, a golden Age, enjoy,
 " Nor Crimes, nor foul Desires, their Bliss destroy,
 " Vice soon debas'd our golden Age, to Brass,
 " And then to Iron, by the Loss of Grace;
 " But in these Globes, Souls unpolluted dwell,
 " More Wonders still, let me your Poet tell.

There Plants may grow, for which we have no
 Name,

And Fruit, of which we can no Image frame;
 These may be blest with such nectareous Juice,
 As may, when quaff'd, immortal Life produce.

There

*Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nauta,
 Laboriosa nec cohoris Ulyssæi.*

*Nulla nocent pecori contagia: nullius astri
 Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.*

Jupiter illa piæ secrevit littora genti,

Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum.

*Ære, dehinc ferro duravit secula, quorum
 Pius secunda, vate me, datur fuga.*

There peaceful Realms may know no anxious Cares,
No Strife, or Envy, Fraud, or wastful Wars;
No Earthquakes terrify their blest Abode,
If they, still virtuous, ne'er provok'd their God.
There Arts may flourish brighter, than our own,
And there, perhaps, the Longitude is known;
Bacon and *Newton*, there, may ours surpass,
Superior far in Science, as in Grace.

Heav'n bounteous many Mansions has prepar'd
For Souls obedient, Virtue's blest Reward;
Perhaps, in some of these bright Orbs, may dwell
Translated Saints, in Virtue who excell;
There *Enoch*, and *Elijah* may preside,
There each may shine, to other Saints a Guide;
Deathless convey'd, by Angels, thro' the Air,
Each may be Ruler of some blissful Sphere;
Still blessing Earth, from whence they were convey'd,
On Mortals here, they may kind Influence shed;

There

There *Noah*, Heav'n's blest Fav'rite, may repose,
 Secure from vengeful Floods, and human Woes;
 There *Abraham*, and there *Moses* still may give
 Fresh Proofs of Zeal, and still new Bliss receive;
 There *David* wake new Hymns of holy praise,
 And *Solomon* eternal Temples raise;
 Prophets, and Martyrs, in one Voice combine,
 And there, to sing their Hallelujahs, join,

These are Conjectures of my raptur'd Muse,
 Fair Nymph, these visionary Flights excuse.
 * If you would better know, what Beings dwell
 In these blest Seats, consult Sage *Fontenelle*.
 As these roll distant from the Sun, or near,
 Their Dwellers must a diff'rent Nature wear;
 They differ far, who dwell in *Mercury*,
 From those, who live in *Saturn's* gloomy Sky,
 They, near the Sun, rejoice, in beamy Rays,
 Those distant may be blest, with fable Days;

These

* Monsieur *Fontenelle* wrote a philosophical Tract, which he called *Plurality of Worlds*.

These various Dwellers, of whatever Kind,
Must be diversified, in Form, and Mind;
Each Planet may produce Trees, Plants, and Flow'rs,
And Animals, that differ far from ours.

Hence you may learn, with what Variety,
Th' Almighty has display'd his Deity;
How various Creatures his vast Bounty share,
How each partakes his providential Care.
Such Speculations will exalt your Mind,
Not, to the narrow Bounds of Earth, confin'd;
These strike the Soul, with reverential Awe
Of Him, who gave to Nature Birth, and Law.
† Soul, without Body, its swift Flight can steer,
Beyond the Planets, to the starry Sphere;
O, with what Rapture, will she soar above,
And rais'd on Wings of Contemplation rove!

Fair

† ——— *dum peregre est animus, sine corpore velox.*

HOR. Ep. 12. Lib. I.

Fair Pupil, view the Stars, that blaze on high,
And let the Telescope assist your Eye;
Tho' not in order rang'd, they charm the Sight,
Great in Disorder, with Confusion bright:
There each fix'd Star may be, a beamy Sun,
That nurtures, and illumines Worlds unknown.
There too, revolving Moons may set, and rise,
Tho' unapparent to our feeble Eyes;
Orbs, deck'd with borrow'd Rays, may Orbs attend,
And to each other, mutual Comfort lend:
There Windows, op'ning to th' astonish'd Sight,
Disclose new Regions of eternal Light,
Star, above Star, in Number infinite:
Where-e'er you gaze, you see the Pow'r divine
In various Wonders of Creation shine;
What num'rous Lights emblaze the milky Way;
O, how they glitter with a rival ray!
With what a rapid Whirl, the Comets fly!
Yet order Guides them, thro' th' etherial Sky;

Hurried

Hurried thro' boundless Space, where-e'er they blaze,
Beholding Worlds, with Terror they amaze.

If, to our Earth, one should approach too near,
It may dissolve, in Fire, this earthly Sphere,
Ev'n then, the Virtuous need no Danger fear;
While this World blazes in devouring Flame,
They may intrepid view the melting Frame.

These Globes, self-pois'd, from falling still secure,
Roll in void Space, by Gravitation's Pow'r;
Without a Basis, to support their Weight,
The Hand sustains them, that could first create;
* No Need of *Atlas*, with his Shoulders broad,
As Poets feign'd, to bear the pond'rous Load.
The planetary, and the starry Frame,
Tho' silent, loudly the great God proclaim;
While you, in praising the Creator, join,
And wond'ring own the Architect divine.

† The

* Alludes to the following Lines, in VIRGIL'S 6th *ÆNEID*.

*Extra anni, solisque vias, ubi cœlifer Atlas
Axem humero torquet, stellis ardentibus aptum.*

† The great Creator, (we in Scripture read)
 For num'rous Souls, has num'rous Mansions made;
 Perhaps, releas'd from Tenements of Clay,
 Our Souls, to these blest Regions, wing their Way;
 There, still progressive in Perfection bright,
 They still translated, may take gradual Flight;
 As they, still nearer to Perfection, tend,
 From Sphere, to Sphere, still higher may ascend;
 While, by Degrees, they climb to highest Heav'n,
 Bliss, still increasing may, to them, be giv'n;
 Till they, refin'd to brightest State of Grace,
 At length attain, in Heav'n, the highest Place,
 And view th' Almighty Presence, Face, to Face;
 With Glory crown'd, with Bliss consummate blest,
 There they enjoy a perfect State of Rest.

If such the Progress of the Soul may be,
 When from her carnal Tabernacle free;

Why

† Alludes to that Passage, in the *New Testament*, where our
 blessed Saviour tells his Disciples, *That there are many Mansions,*
in his Father's House. John, Chap. xiv. Ver. 20.

Why will she not aspire to heav'nly Joys?
Why grovel here, fond of terrestrial Toys?
Can aught here recompence the Loss of Heav'n?
What Compensation can, for this, be giv'n?
Vice can depress the Soul to nether Hell,
Where Darkness, Horror, and Despondence, dwell;
Where chearful Beams of Comfort never play,
From whence th' eternal Sun withdraws his Ray.
Fair Pupil, shake off Soul-depressing Vice,
That wing'd with Faith, your Soul may upward rise.
Fly from alluring Snares of guileful Joy,
Let Reason's pure Delights your Mind employ;
Sometimes, fair Nymph, let the historic Page,
Sometimes Geography your Hours engage;
Art chronologic, with historic blend,
These, to each other, Aid alternate lend;
To philosophic Lectures, oft repair,
And *Sheba*-like, to Wisdom give an Ear.

These Sciences will entertain a Maid,
Beyond the Charm of Cards, or Masquerade.
With various Science, feed your mental Pow'rs,
As when the Bee sips Sweets, from various Flow'rs,
Sometimes with moral Works, your Soul improve,
Sometimes let Nature's Works your Wonder move,
Thro' Telescopes, sublime now lift your Eyes,
To Globes immense, that shine in distant Skies;
Now downward, in the Microscopic Glass,
The slender Fabric of small Insects trace.
While Nature works with great Variety,
Some Objects she contracts, to that Degree,
Her smallest Lineaments no Eye can see;
Her Works in Miniature elude the Sight,
Without the Aid of Microscopic Light.
There Animals, unseen by naked Eyes,
From one small liquid Drop emergent rise;
From little Cells, behold them bursting forth,
See, how those Eggs unfold them into Birth!

What

What Numbers, vivified with active Life,
Swim in that Drop, pregnant with genial Strife !
There some half-form'd, and forming some appear,
Nature seems busy with prolific Care.
The Microscope produces to the Light
Each Organ too minute, for human Sight ;
There visible appear those vital Parts,
By which, her proper Functions, Life exerts ;
There you may see, how Blood, in reflux Tides,
Thro' Veins of Animals, meandering glides ;
There Circulation manifest is seen,
Progressive, thro' the Heart, to ev'ry Vein.
While little Insects magnified, you view,
Mark, how their Bodies shine with various Hue ;
With what nice Texture, are their Fibres fraught !
How delicate their Frame organic wrought !
The Whole, with such small Ligaments, is tied,
Its fine Connections scarce can be descried.

If you would, Nature's hidden Wonders, see,
How she first forms all Things, in small Degree,
View, thro' this optic Tube, th' expanded Seed,
Or Kernel, whence, Trees, Plants, and Flow'rs,
proceed;

There op'ning Foliage will amaze your Eye,
Blossoms, and Buds, and Sweets, in Embrio lie;
There now they sleep, involv'd in Coats of Down,
But soon will rise, when waken'd by the Sun;
Kernels, a future Orchard, there unfold,
There, in an Acorn, you an Oak behold;
In what small Rudiments, that Tree began,
Whose spreading Branches now o'ershade the Plain;
That, to a Ship transform'd, shall guard the Earth,
(When Need requires) to which it ow'd its Birth.
If Knowledge can give Pleasure to the Mind,
How pleasing are Amusements of this Kind!
These Spectacles more Entertainment give,
Than what, from Routs nocturnal, you receive;

While

While these fair Sciences a Maid delight,
Pleas'd with the Wonders of Creation bright;
Beyond a *H—le*, a *Newton* she will prize,
And while she views new Worlds, the old despise.
Dull Cards no longer will her Life employ,
When she gains Knowledge, that can never cloy;
Tales, and Romances, will delight no more,
To Themes sublimer, Female Taste will soar;
It will disdain *Smollet's* insipid Pickle,
No more shall *Roderic* the Fancy tickle;
Tom Jones no longer will enchant the Fair,
Nor *Betsy Thoughtless* fascinate the Ear.
The magic Charm of Science can subdue
The Love of Masquerades, and Gaming too.

To name the Love of Gaming, Muse forbear!
With such unnat'ral Love, tax not the Fair;
May no such frantic Love my Pupils seize!
Whose Task it is, to learn the Art to please;

O, may that Vice ne'er taint the Female Mind !

In that one Vice, are many Vices join'd.

Gamesters will pilfer, lie, deceive, and swear,

Oaths end in Blasphemy, and dire Despair.

* A Gaming Passion may, in Women, prove

Brutal, and monstrous, as *Pasiphae's* Love;

The Female, who this Passion entertains,

With the same Passion, oft her Offspring stains;

As longing Appetence, in pregnant State,

Its Body marks, by sympathetic Fate.

† Half Man, half Beast, a *Centaur* she'll bring forth,

Or *Minotaur*, Nature's incestuous Birth.

These modern Monsters by their Birth inherit,

From gaming Mothers sprung, a gaming Spirit;

* These

* Poetical Fable says, that *Pasiphae*, Queen of *Crete*, was enamoured with a Bull, and that the *Minotaur* was the monstrous Production of that unhappy Passion.

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaën.

VIRG. Ec. 6.

† The *Centaur*s were half Men, and half Horses; the *Minotaur* was half Man, and half Bull, he was fed with human Flesh; the *Athenians* were compelled to send seven of the Sons of their Nobility, yearly to be devoured by him, till it fell to *Theseus's* Lot to be sent, who slew him, and delivered the *Athenians* from this cruel Monster.

* These, like the *Minotaur*, make Youth a Prey,
 Thousands, instead of Sev'n, they yearly slay,
 Nor Laws divine, nor human, they obey.
 May some brave Patriot, fir'd with public Good,
 Like *Theseus*, quell this Man-devouring Brood !
 That *Britain* may, like *Athens*, be releas'd,
 And Heav'n's just Indignation be appeas'd.

Inferior Precepts now recal my Muse,
 Oft little Things, to great Designs, conduce.
 Let an attractive Manner in your Mien,
 Beyond the Pow'r of Words to tell, be seen ;
 Something, that sweetens, and ennobles Air,
 With Awe indearing, and with Smiles severe ;
 Such temper'd Charms, in *Laura*, you may trace,
 Angelic Dignity, with Female Grace ;

O 4

So

* The Story of the *Minotaur* is elegantly related in *Virgil's* Sixth Eneid.

— Tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ jussi, (miserum) septena quotannis
Corpora natorum, stat ductis sortibus urna.
Hic crudelis amor tauri, suppositaque furto
Païphaë, mistumque genus, prolesque biformis
Minotaurus inest, Veneris monumenta nefandæ.

So unaffected is her easy Air,
She knows not, or forgets, that she is fair;
Like her, well-bred, secure your Innocence
By Looks, that can forbid, without Offence;
By her Example, your Behavior frame,
Example more, than Precept, can reclaim.
Let ev'ry Attitude, and Gesture show
Becoming Graces, if you sit, or go.
Ev'n to your Fan, convey pathetic Charm,
The Fan, that cools you, can your Lover warm;
I now must own (nor then could hide my Pain)
I fell a Victim once to *Delia's* Fan.
She play'd that Toy, with such Love-kindling Art,
Oft it enchanted my impassion'd Heart;
As if, from Motion, Life it could receive,
To that, she could her Thoughts, and Passions give;
She can that Trifle so expressive move,
She makes it her Interpreter of Love.

Where;

* Where-e'er she moves her Steps, the Graces strait
 Attendant follow, and officious wait ;
 They, by Stealtn unperceiv'd, adjust her Dress,
 And in her Air, breath Dignity, and Ease.
 If she binds close her Hair, or if unfurls,
 When bound, it charms, or loose in wanton Curls ;
 Each Dress, she wears, to her its Beauty owes,
 What-e'er the Color, beautiful it shows ;
 Each Thing she does, from her a Grace receives
 To ev'ry Trifle, she Importance gives.

A Curtsy makes Impression, if made well,
 Learn then to curtsy, with an Air genteel ;
 An Air can beautify a homely Face,
 As Title-pages fair, dull Volumes, grace,
 Such low Submissions made, with graceful Mien,
 Beyond bright Rhetoric, can Favor win ;

Such

Quoquo vestigia movit,
 Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.
 Urit, seu nigrâ voluit procedere pallâ
 Urit, seu niveâ candida veste venit.
 Si solvit crines, passis decet esse capillis,
 Si comsit, comtis est veneranda comis.

CATULLUS.

Such Graces, more persuasive, strike the Heart,
Than Eloquence, with all its boasted Art.

* When *Persia's* Queen beheld the Victor's Face,
Captive she curtsy'd, with such winning Grace;
Scotiffa curtsy'd, with an Air so sweet,
While she begg'd Mercy, for her guilty Mate,

Let your Apparel manifest your Mind,
Not ostentatious, simple, yet refin'd;
The Neatness of a Female wakes Desire,
Alluring, as her Smile, is clean Attire;
Simplicity of Dress a Maid becomes,
Beyond the Pride of *Persia's* costly Looms;
† Such artless Dress, by *Pyrrha*, once was worn,
A Quaker such neat Graces, now, adorn.

* *Statira* Wife to *Darius*, whom *Alexander* the Great conquer'd.

† *HORACE* celebrates *Pyrrha's* elegant Simplicity of Dress, in his fifth Ode, Lib. I.

*Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis?*

Ye Nymphs, whom Law calls Spinsters, in our Isle,
Tho' now refin'd, you scorn domestic Toil,
Yet let not idle Sloth your Hearts beguile ;
From early Morning, to the Close of Day,
Let not the Hours roll unemploy'd away.
Minds slothful, like uncultivated Earth,
To Weeds of Vice, and Folly, give a Birth ;
Silver, and Gold, for Want of proper Use,
Their Splendor lose, and cancrus Rust produce ;
Streams owe their Purity, to active Speed,
If Waters stagnate, they Corruption breed.
Learn to be active, from the busy Bee,
That you may reap the Fruits of Industry ;
Mark, with what ceaseless Toil, from Flow'r, to
Flow'r,
It vagrant flies, extracting golden Store.
Behold, the wing'd Inhabitants of Air
Pursue their Purpose, with unweary'd Care.
Ah ! will not you, for nobler Ends design'd,
With daily Diligence, improve your Mind ?

Your

Your Body only, will you still adorn ?
Nor think yourself, for higher Purpose, born ?
Ah ! let not Dress, and Cards, your Life employ,
Still with new Ornaments, your Mind supply ;
With Housewifry, your Genius exercise,
Domestic Science, ne'er, thro' Pride, despise ;
This, for the Duties of a Wife, prepares
The Virgin, early train'd to Household Cares.

Let her the Nuns, in Needle-work, excel,
And vye with Nature, in imbroider'd Skill ;
Ah ! what for Maids, avails a Nunnery ?
If, by my Rules, they will directed be ;
Free from Confinement, and unnat'ral Vows,
Each would be happy, with a happy Spouse ;
If, by these Arts, a Husband can be won,
What Maid would be a voluntary Nun ?
From Pagan *Rome*, this Superstition came,
Nuns she ordain'd, to watch the Vestal Flame ;

What need of Vestals now ? the holy Fire
By Gospel lighted, never shall expire.

* The Nun, tho' born to multiply her Kind,
Makes Vows of Barrenness, to Walls confin'd ;
See, in Mock-pageantry, the Maid appear,
Drest like a Bride, as if a Bride she were ;
What means this bridal Dress ? this mimic Show
Of genial Bliss ? is there no Bridegroom too ?
None, none appears ; lo ! *Hymen's* Torch scarce burns,
Sad Change ! the Wedding, to a Fun'ral, turns ;
Quick to the bridal Vest, succeeds a Shroud,
As when the Sun is darken'd by a Cloud.
Now she funereal, in a Coffin laid,
The World renounces, to Life's Duty dead ;
Shall that bright Morn, be thus eclips'd in Gloom,
And shall those youthful Charms adorn a Tomb ?
At such a Sight, who can refrain from Tears,
To see her bury'd, in her blooming Years ?

To

* These Lines refer to the Ceremony of professing a Nun in the Catholic Countries.

To see the hopeful Blossoms of her Prime,
 Blasted by Priest-craft, e'er matur'd by Time?
 In vain, kind Heav'n, so fair the Virgin, forms,
 If none may reap the Harvest of her Charms;
 She's doom'd to gloomy Cells, and Virgin State,
 Who might be Mother of the Good, and Great,
 Fruitful produce a god-like Progeny,
 And fill, like * *Cybele*, with Saints, the Sky.
 Now pensive, she must sigh her Life away,
 To melancholy Thoughts, a destin'd Prey;
 That, like *Prometheus'* Vultur, rack her Brain,
 And ever feast on her increasing Pain;
 Excluded from each Joy, that Life can cheer,
 From Friends, from Parents, and Relations dear.
 Will no brave *Perseus* rescue, and unbind
 This Nun-*Andromeda*, to Walls confin'd?
 What anti-christian Priest dar'd first profane,
 With Sacrifice of Maids the Gospel Plan?

* *Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
 Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.*

The *Pagan* Priests made *Iphigenia* bleed,
Shall ours interr alive a Christian Maid?
Is this consistent with the Will of Heav'n?
And the mild System, by the Gospel giv'n?
Such cruel Rites the *Pagan* far surpass,
Not so inhuman is that barb'rous Race;
Who burn surviving Wives, in fun'ral Fire,
With Husbands dead, where screaming they expire;
Who hear unmov'd, their lamentable Cries,
And view their Tortures, with unmelting Eyes.
The Nuns, in Durance bound, more Pity claim,
Than Wives, expiring in voracious Flame;
These Life enjoy, and in a Moment die,
Those drag the Load of Life, without Life's Joy.

But if the Virgins will my Precepts hear,
They need not, to sequester'd Cells, repair;
Each may, to future Age, transmit a Race,
That will with Arts, or Arms, their Country grace;

The

The Virgin taught, in my Academy,
The Arts of Life, will scorn a Nunnery ;
In useful Knowledge, she will more abound,
Than youthful Heirs, who travel *Europe* round ;
Her Knowledge, their vain Learning, will excel,
If she, to please our Sex, can learn the Skill ;
To know herself, a Science taught at Home,
Here she may learn, for this she needs not roam,
When sensible of her Defects in Sense,
To that she may aspire, with just Pretence ;
Who knows herself, should be to others known,
In public Places, let that Nymph be shown ;
When ripe for Wedlock, and in Bloom of Life,
She's well instructed to commence a Wife ;
Not in green Years, e'er yet she lays aside
Her Babies, and yet wants a leading Guide ;
Lest she undisciplin'd should give Offence,
And Miss untaught, a public Romp commence ;
Of wild Coquets, hence springs th' affected Race,
They first grow giddy in a public Place ;

There

There Vanity, with Admiration fed,
And Fumes of Flattery infect the Head;
There Poison, thro' the Ear infus'd with Art,
Taints the fair Novice, and beguiles her Heart.

In public Places, let no Nymph appear,
Till she has learnt a fit Behavior there;
Till she, with Sense, and Virtue, Beauty arms,
And pleases more by Merit, than by Charms.
Public Behavior is of Sense a Test;
Tried, and approv'd, there let it shine confest;
In vain, she blooms, her Bloom conceal'd from Sight,
In vain, she shines, if hid her beamy Light;
By Habit pliant, while she strives to please,
A Partner for her Life, she'll gain with Ease;
Some wise Observer, with sagacious Eyes,
Will mark her out, for a connubial Prize.
From social Life, shall she excluded live,
Who, to a num'rous Offspring, Life may give?

P

Shall

Shall she not learn politely to behave,
From whom, her Babes first Lessons must receive?
The Females, the first Rudiments of Speech,
The brightest Orators, and Poets, teach;
The wisest, greatest, of what-e'er Degree,
Were first instructed, on a Mother's Knee;
There, *Plato* learn'd to speak, by Female Aid,
There, *Cæsar*, Sounds articulate, essay'd;
There, *Tully* lisping, broken Accents, spoke,
Whose thundring Eloquence great *Cæsar* shook;
There *Homer* first pronounc'd imperfect Words,
Whose Muse, sweet Harmony of Verse, affords.
The Mother, forming it with early Care,
May, in her Offspring's Merit, claim a Share;
Her Lessons, pious Principles, instil,
And teach it, to distinguish good, from ill;
From her, each new Idea, it receives,
She the first Notion of Religion gives;
She the first Seeds of Understanding sows,
Which, by her Culture, still increasing grows.

Each good Impression, I remember now,
To a good Mother, I still thankful owe ;
These first Impressions, who can e'er forget ?
No filial Duty can repay the Debt ;
May her departed Spirit still controul
My Conduct, Guardian Angel to my Soul !

If you, to public Places, should repair,
Fair Nymph, of self-admiring Fops beware !
Ah ! shun unmeaning Beaus, who never fail
To tell to ev'ry Nymph the same dull Tale ;
Who love a Conquest, for the Triumph's Sake,
And only in Love's Trophies, Pleasure take ;
These Love-platonics their chief Blessing place,
In what the World censorious thinks, and says ;
Such flutt'ring Insects buzz about the Fair,
Only to give themselves a modish Air.
By busy Triflers, Goods are never bought,
They cheapen ev'ry thing, but purchase nought ;

The Freshness of unsullied Goods, they soil,
And oft the Sale, by their Perusal, spoil ;
They neither buy, nor will let others buy,
What's worse, what-e'er they handle, they decry.

In Public, your chief Lesson is to learn,
Th' Admirer, from the Lover, to discern ;
Want of this Skill has many Nymphs undone,
Admir'd by all, yet made the Choice of none ;
Fair Idols, only form'd for outward Show,
Food for the Vanity of ev'ry Beau ;
Hackney'd in each Assembly, Rout, and Drum,
Soil'd, like old Cards, their Virtue, Fame, and Bloom.
That you, the Lover's Counterfeit, may know,
The Marks, that each distinguish, here I'll show ;
Th' Admirer bold assumes familiar Air,
Tho' boastful with vain Hope, yet feigns Despair ;
Whilst he extols the Features of your Face,
He views his own, oblique in yonder Glass ;

In far-fetch'd Compliments, his Wit displays,
And laughs, with Self-applause, at what he says ;
He vainly aims, in Public to declare,
That he's a Fav'rite, to the fairest Fair ;
This Love-impostor, with dissembled Smiles,
And specious Vows, the cred'lous Maid beguiles.

The real Lover, urg'd with chaste Desires,
With Fear approaches, and with Awe retires,
Ah! fan with gentle Care, his kindling Fires. }
His Eyes, with silent Eloquence, reveal
The Tale, his falt'ring Tongue can never tell ;
Let each kind Glance, still aim'd at him alone,
Proclaim your constant Love of only One ;
Let him, by softer Smiles, distinguish'd reign,
Yet treat not others, with a rude Disdain ;
Still let your pliant Taste, with his, comply,
Twin-Spirits, tun'd to social Harmony.
Flame kindling from the beamy Eye is caught,
But Friendship from Similitude of Thought ;

Such Friendship soon will end in nuptial Vows,
 And quick convert a Lover, to a Spouse;
 While Art secures the Conquest of the Eyes,
 The Knot connubial, *Hymen* smiling ties.
 If you your Conduct, by this System, plan,
 To Wedlock, you'll allure your Fav'rite Man.
 Female Accomplishments attract Esteem,
 Esteem will kindle tender Passion's Flame;
 Love's Flame, when kindled thus, thro' Life will live,
 And fed with Virtue's Fuel, Death survive.

You, by the Practice of these Precepts giv'n,
 Will win, thro' humble Faith, the Love of Heav'n;
Jehovah blessing will Assistance lend,
 And, as he was to *Sarah*, be your Friend;
 Virtues, by which his Favor you obtain,
 Will charm the Heart of your enamour'd Swain.
 These Rules of Conduct, visible appear,
 And shine in fair *Maria's* Character;

If

If thou, O *Muse*, her Graces can't display,
Rise like the Lark, and sing thy sweetest Lay:
Her Praise, to Heav'n, with soaring Pinions, bear,
That Angels may her bright Perfections hear.
Unconscious Beauty, unaffected Sense,
Awe without Pride, and Wit without Pretence;
A Love of Quiet, and a Hate of Strife,
Form'd for the Comforts of domestic Life;
An Aspect, clear from Passion's stormy Blast,
A calm Composure, with no Cloud o'ercast;
Still pleasing, and still pleas'd, her artless Mien,
Such as it first was, in her Cradle, seen;
To ev'ry Art polite, a Genius bent,
The Bloom of Youth, in Search of Knowledge spent;
A Judgment, as her fair Complexion, clear,
A Head, directed by a Heart sincere;
Fancy unfullied with romantic Love,
Such Modesty, as Angels would approve;
Eyes darting the mild Radiance of a Star,
That cheers the Gloom, its Beams diffusing far;

Locks, that, in golden Ringlets, wanton roll,
 Smiles, that, with magic Pow'r, inchant the Soul;
 A Voice, whose gentle Accents waken Love,
 Soft, as when *Zephyrs* whisper in the Grove;
 A Shape without a Blemish, as her Fame,
 A Soul as perfect, as its lovely Frame;
 The Matron's Dignity, the Maid's soft Air,
 Gay without Folly, graceful without Care;
 Ease lovely, heighten'd with majestic Grace,
 Grace, temper'd with Humility, and Ease;
 Connected Charms of Body, and of Mind,
 * Fair *Pamela*, with *Philoclea* join'd;
 What-e'er refin'd in human Nature shines,
 What-e'er Perfection, Men to Angels, joins;
 The Link, that in Creation's gradual Chain,
 Unites the human, to th' ethereal Train;
 Such is her Excellence of Form, and Mind,
Maria's nearest to th' angelic Kind.

O Muse,

* See the Characters of *Pamela*, and *Philoclea*, drawn, by Sir
Philip Sidney, in his *Arcadia*; from whence, Mr. *Waller* copied
 the contrasted Characters of *Sacharissa*, and *Amoret*.

O *Muse*, this Verse you to *Maria* owe,
A Debt, to Beauty, and to Merit, due.

Ye Virgins, from this Virgin, learn to please,
Copy her Virtue, and attractive Ease;
In her, as in a Mirror shown, you see
Each female Grace, let her your Pattern be.
But learn from me, a Consort how to chuse,
Tho' harsh her Precepts, still obey my *Muse*;
Believe me, Practice will those Rules endear,
Which, in the Theory, may harsh appear.
In Choice of Husbands, he the best will prove,
Who loves you, not the Man, you fondly love;
The Man, you love, will treat you still with Scorn,
But he, who loves you, is your Vassal born;
Judgment, not Fancy, should your Choice direct,
If you, a lasting Happiness, expect.
Who charms the Ear, will give more lasting Joy
To social Life, than he, who charms the Eye;

The

The Bloom of Feature soon will disappear,
 While the Tongue gives new Rapture to the Ear;
 Let inward Worth alone your Reason sway,
 Ah! let not outward Form your Heart betray;
 Bees, Honey-gath'ring, merit more our Care,
 Than Butterflies adorn'd with Colors rare;
 Who would prefer, to Corn, a beauteous Flow'r?
 Or the gay Rainbow, to the fruitful Show'r?
 Fond of bright Ornament, and gaudy Show,
 How many Nymphs fall Victims to a Beau!
 What Havoc dire, among the female Race,
 Is made by Powder, Fringe, Perfume, and Lace,
 A taper Form, pert Air, and Baby Face,
 Where no Impression of a Thought, we trace!
 Noise, and soft Nonsense, ogling, vowing, wooing,
 With Laughs, and Sighs, conspiring to their Ruin.
 How many *Helens* are by Love undone!
 How few *Vanessas* are by Merit won!

When

When you, fair Nymph, for Life a Partner chuse,
 Ah! listen to th' Instructions of my *Muse*;
 Let intellectual Spirit grace his Mind,
 Let Health of Body be, to Virtue, join'd;
 Let polish'd Manners his Behavior guide,
 Free from vain Self-conceit, or formal Pride;
 Let sweet Good-nature, in his Features, dwell,
 His honest Birth, let honest Parents tell,
 From such a Mate, a Progeny will rise,
 Whose Virtues will exalt them, to the Skies;
 Like *Cybele*, with God-like Offspring blest,
 In them, you'll view their Parentage exprest;
 For Barrenness will seldom blast the Maid,
 Who marries not, by Lust of Lucre sway'd.

* " The valiant Hero, from the Valiant, springs,
 " The good Man, from the Good; (so *Horace* sings)

" Their

* The Lines, marked, are translated from the 4th Ode, of the 4th Book of *Horace*.

*Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis,
 Est in juvenis, est in equis, patrum
 Virtus, nec imbellem feroces
 Progenerant aquilæ columbam,*

“ Their Nature, in their Offspring, Brutes infuse,
“ Fierce Eagles can’t a timid Dove produce.”
If to the Babe, parental Virtues flow,
And in its Veins hereditary glow ;
Why will Mankind neglect the human Breed,
Yet take such Care of Lineage in the Steed ?
Lest he should fail in Vigor, Form and Speed.
Lo! a long Pedigree of Dams, and Sires,
His Blood ennobles, and his Genius fires ;
Alike victorious, they unblemish’d shine,
No spurious Mixture taints the gen’rous Line ;
Heirs to the Fame of *Childers*, they inherit
His winged Swiftneſs, and unconquer’d Spirit.
But for the Sake of Wealth, the human Race,
In Wedlock, will their Progeny debase ;
Both Sexes will, by Gold, or Titles led,
Folly, or Vice, Diſeaſe, or Madneſs, wed ;
Hence Fools, and Knaves, ſo num’rous, croud the
Earth,
To this Diſeaſe, and Madneſs, owe their Birth.

Who

Who hope for Offspring, healthful, virtuous, wife,
Must, beyond Gold, and Titles, Virtue prize.
The blooming Nymphs, who wither'd Age will wed,
By Wealth allur'd, then with their Dotards dead;
And they, who venal wed the Young, they hate,
Alike sell nuptial Bliss, for tinsel State;
These Whoredom vail, with Wedlock's specious Name,
But are meer Prostitutes, in real Fame.
Ah! let not Gold, connubial Bliss, destroy,
Nor outward Form alone, your Heart, decoy;
Let Merit fix your Choice, and Judgment guide
Your Love, if you would be a happy Bride;
Nor think, when you're a Bride, your Task is done,
What you think ended, is but then begun.

These Rules observ'd, the Lover's caught with Ease,
Hard is the Task, a Husband long to please;
This Task is worthy of *Herculean* Toil,
This Work will exercise your Care, and Skill;

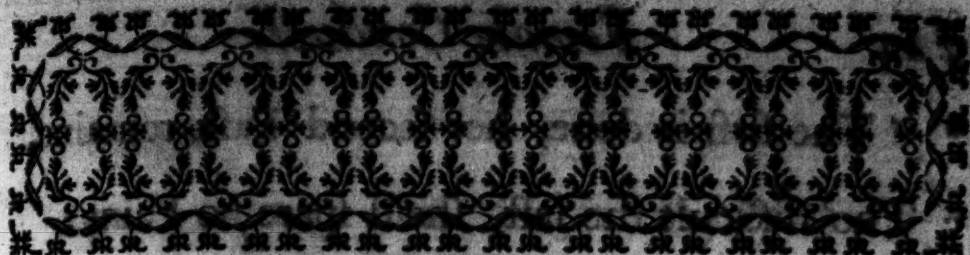
This

This Skill alone can make connubial Bliss,
In vain, you marry, if you gain not this,
By this, you will lost Paradise regain,
By this, Eternity of Bliss attain.

Fair Nymph, to make you happy, thro' your Life,
I'll next give Lessons, that instruct a Wife,
Mean Time, I claim the Thanks of ev'ry Maid,
Who wins a Consort, by my skilful Aid;
Instructed by my Rules, each future Age
Shall bless this Work, indebted to my Page,
Now let my weary *Muse* repose awhile,
That, with fresh Force, she may renew her Toil,
Let her descend, from her poetic Height,
Like some wing'd Trav'ler, tir'd with tedious Flight,
That lights awhile, his Feathers to prepare,
Then takes another Journey, thro' the Air.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

FEMALE



FEMALE CONDUCT.

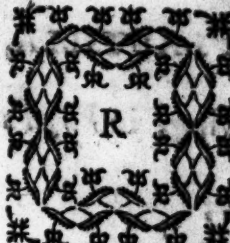
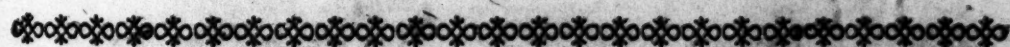
BEING

An ESSAY on the ART of PLEASING,
to be practis'd by the FAIR SEX, after
Marriage.

Book the SECOND,
Inscribed to PLAUTILLA.

*Disce docenda iterum, quæ censet amicus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit, tamen aspice, si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.*

HOR. Epist. 17. Lib. I.



Refresh'd with Rest, and renovatèd Force,
My *Muse* again pursues her destin'd
Course;

Enough admonish'd is the nubile Maid,

Now, to the Wife, she gives instructive Aid.

* cc The

- * " The first is done, her second Task remains,
- " Tho' difficult the last, she'll spare no Pains;
- " O'er high *Parnassian* Cliffs, she loves to rove,
- " Where never ventrous *Muse* her Chariot drove.
- " † She voluntary sings her promis'd Lay,
- " Not, like *Silenus*, forc'd her Debt to pay;
- " She sings spontaneous, if the Nymphs will hear,
- " Her sole Ambition is to teach the Fair."

I, the Preceptor to the docile Maid,
 When she's a Wife, will still her Conduct Aid;
 That she may reap the Harvest of the Field,
 So well, by my laborious Culture, till'd.
 The lenient Arts, that could the Lover tame,
 Will cherish, thro' his Life, the Husband's Flame.

PLAUTILLA,

* These four Lines allude to the four following, in *Virgil's* third *Georgic*.

*Hoc satis armentis, superat pars altera curæ;
 Sed me Parnassi, deserta per ardua, dulcis
 Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
 Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

† These Lines allude to a Passage, in *Virgil's* sixth *Eclogue*, where the *Satyrs*, and the Nymph, *Ægle*, assisted each other, in binding *Silenus*, that they might compel him, to sing the Song, he had long promised to them.

PLAUTILLA, no less Skill it will require,
 To keep it burning, than to light the Fire;
 Accept these Verses, and propitious smile,
 Your Smiles, approving, will reward my Toil;
 Still listen, to your Poet's friendly Strain,
 Yet to be taught, to hear his Precepts deign;
 So far instructed, you have less to learn,
 Remaining Truths, you will more quick discern;
 Ne'er let wild Passion your Preceptor be,
 Hear not that Flatt'rer, listen still to me.
 * "Your Bard, as when the Blind would show the Way;
 " Tho' celibate, may *Hymen's* Laws display;
 " Howe'er attend, he may some Truths declare,
 " Worth your Attention, and connubial Care."
 Th' unmarried may teach Wedlock's pleasing Art,
 Who ne'er was sick, may Rules of Health impart;
 Who never rang'd the Earth, or sail'd the Sea,
 May teach the Science of Geography.

Q

My

* These four Lines allude to the Motto, prefixed to this second Book.

My *Muse*, to Females still a faithful Guide,
Shall give her first Directions to the Bride;
She, that once taught her Victory to gain,
Now teaches, how that Conquest to retain;
To gain a Conquest needs not half the Skill,
As to preserve it long, victorious still.
Proceed, adventurous *Muse*! to her disclose
The fatal Spring, whence nuptial Discord flows;
Teach pleasing Arts, by which she may, thro' Life,
Enjoy connubial Comfort, free from Strife.

If, by my Rules, a happy Bride you prove,
Nurse, with soft Vigilance, your Consort's Love;
Would you the bridal Lamp preserve the same,
As when Love kindled first the pious Flame?
Religious watch it, like the Vestal Fire,
Damp'd by Neglect, its Heat will soon expire;
If dying, seldom it revives again,
Each tender Art will then conspire in vain;

In vain, you'll dart the Light'ning of your Eyes,
Then feeble is the Aid of Smiles, and Sighs;
Vain is the Voice, that once could sooth his Ear,
Useless the Vow, and impotent the Tear;
No soft Embrace expiring Love can warm,
Deaf to your Voice, and blind to ev'ry Charm:
His Love, still dwindling, will your Arts despise,
And turn to Hatred, in genteel Disguise;
Madam eternal on his Tongue will dwell,
My Dear ne'er from his Lips by Chance will steal.
No Art your Pow'r of pleasing can restore,
What then you do to please offends him more.
Some Harlot soon will your lost Empire gain,
And, in your Stead, with Insolence will reign.
Blest Bride, if you would now the Precepts hear,
My *Muse* officious drops into your Ear.

E'er yet the Honey-moon its Course has run,
While new to Wedlock, Contradiction shun;

The bridal Honey soon will lose its Sweets,
 And turn to Gall, imbitter'd by Debates;
 In Trifles yield, to little Things give Way,
 That, in the greatest, you may bear a Sway;
 In Points important, she will gain her Ends,
 Who, with her Mate, for Trifles, ne'er contends;
 Oft great Contentions rise, from little Things,
 As, from small Source, the largest River springs;
 The Consequence of Trifles early know,
 * Trifles will lead you, into serious Woe;
 Revolving Honey-moons will bless each Year,
 If safe from them, you can your Conduct steer,

My *Muse*, (but Shame forbids) would here declare
 The vain Disputes, of many a married Pair;
 What Bard such endless Follies can rehearse?
 They would debase the Dignity of Verse;
 Trifles new Controversy still afford,
 Like the lopt *Hydra*, Word succeeds to Word;

* Cat,

● ————— *Hæ nugæ seria ducent*
In mala. —————

* Cat, Dog, or Monkey, a Divorce can make,
 Some captious quarrel, for a Quarrel's Sake;
 Some Fools contend, who shall be wisest thought,
 And, in each other, watch to find a Fault;
 Like *Prior's* fabled Sparrow, with their Mate,
 Squabble for Straws, and only wed to Hate.
 Smart Contradictions terminate in Strife,
 And disunite the Bands of Man, and Wife;
 † Fair Combatant! to contradict forbear,
 O, first desist, and end the verbal War,
 O you, the darling Object of my Care!
 In all Disputes, the wiser Wife will yield,
 And leave her Husband Master of the Field,

Q 3

* Let

* Some nibbling Critics may object to the Gradation of this Climax, and Censure it, as an Anticlimax; but the Author hopes to be justified by the Ladies, who will allow the Climax, in regard to the three Animals here mentioned, to be very just, and proper.

† A Parody alluding to the following Lines, in VIRGIL's 6th *ÆNEID*;

*Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 Projice tela manu, sanguis meus.* ———

VIRGIL left the last Line, an unfinished Hemistich, which the Author ventured to finish, as follows.

Projice tela manu, sanguis meus, et mea cura!

* Let him, in Triumph ride, like him in *Rome*,
 Who, from the Sea, brought Shells, as Trophies home;
 Or like that Fleet's vast Efforts made in vain,
 Which saw the Foe, and quick sail'd back again.
 Your Mate, fair Scholar, with soft Accents woo,
 As when fond Turtles, sympathetic coo;
 Let Souls connubial glow with mutual Flame,
 And Intimates animate each common Frame;
 In both, let Union, and Communion reign,
 Feel not a sep'rate Joy, or sep'rate Pain.

Nurse the young Plant of Love, with early Care,
 With Art, the tender Vegetable rear;
 Shield it from Cold, Cold will not let it shoot,
 Warmth gives it Strength, and fixes deep the Root;
 From Winds preserve it, one rude stormy Breath
 Will crush the infant Plant to sudden Death;

To

* Alludes to the Story of *Caligula*, a *Roman* Emperor, who, having led a very numerous Army to the Sea-shore, ordered every Soldier to fill his Helmet with Cockle-shells, and Pebbles, and carry them to *Rome*, that they might grace his Triumph, as being Trophies gained from the Ocean.

To Years mature, when from its Nonage nurs'd,
To its full Growth you may securely trust;
When strengthen'd by Esteem, and Friendship's Tie,
The rooted Plant will bear th' inclement Sky.
That you, thro' Life, a happy Wife may prove,
Learn each Preservative of nuptial Love;
Well-temper'd Sweets preserve it, like the Fruit,
Acid, and sour, will not its Nature suit;
Tho', all its Spirit, it may not retain,
Enough for Comfort ever will remain;
With Strife, to irritate your Mate forbear,
With Love's indearing Voice, inchant his Ear;
Ah! wage no War with Petulance of Tongue,
Love cherish'd will redress each nuptial Wrong;
Sooth him with Smiles, and melt him with a Kiss,
Loud Storms of Anger blast connubial Bliss.

In a calm Season, *Halcyon* builds her Nest,
When *Ocean* hushes his foamy Waves to rest;

In Wedlock, you'll be blest with *Halcyon* Days,
If you can learn the Art, your Mate to please;
Tho', to the Sea, her Birth fair *Venus* owes,
Yet, from the Sea becalm'd, that Charmer rose;
Bright shone, the Surface of the silent Flood,
The Winds, and Waves, lay hush'd, in peaceful Mood;
Zephir sigh'd love-sick, and Heav'n smil'd serene,
When, from smooth *Ocean*, sprung the Sea-born
Queen;

She, to that Smoothness, ow'd her Origin,
Which could rough *Mars*, by soft Attractions, win.
As *Homer* sings, the haughty Wife of *Jove*
Borrow'd a Girdle, from that Queen of Love;
This Charm rekindled Love's expiring Fire,
By this, she melted *Jove* to new Desire;
By this Inchantment, she recall'd his Heart,
Lost by Contention, but regain'd by Art;
By this, she blinded his all-seeing Eye,
That her lov'd *Greeks*, the *Trojans* might destroy.

Thro'

Thro' Life, you will Love's magic Girdle wear,
If you, with Blandishment, your Consort chear;
This mystic Fable teaches ev'ry Wife,
To conquer, with Indearments, not with Strife.

Let no provoking Words your Wrath attend,
Lest Passion should, in dire Disaster, end;
How tragical had been *Zantippe's* Fate!
Had *Socrates* not been her patient Mate?
You may just hint a Fault, while you commend
His well-known Merit, like a faithful Friend;
If distant Hints, from you he'll not receive,
Desist, no Curtain-lectures to him give;
Think not to tame him, like the savage Beast,
By oft disturbing his nocturnal Rest;
Tho' much he may repeated Lessons need,
Sacred to Concord is the genial Bed;
Thence far, be four Contention's jarring Noise!
There dwell, in Silence, reconciling Joys;

There

There Love's bright Lamp is fed with new Desire,
Rekindled there, it never will expire.

Once I, thro' thin Partition, chanc'd to hear
A Curtain-lecture, with astonish'd Ear;
It wak'd, and scar'd me, in the Dead of Night,
Ere I my Senses could recover quite;
It sounded, like a Spirit's plaintive Voice,
So dire the Sound, so solemn was the Noise;
Trembling I heard, nor dar'd to ope my Eyes,
Lest I might view a horrid Spectre rise;
Soon I perceiv'd, it was a Woman's Tongue,
Reherfing, to her Mate, each nuptial Wrong;
Obdurate he, and stupid, as a Dunce,
Heard unconcern'd, nor interrupted once;
'Till faint, and spent, she falter'd in her Speech,
And quite exhausted, could no longer preach;
When her Speech fail'd, she soon began to cry,
And ev'ry Tear had its attendant Sigh.

Then

Then he, to aggravate each nuptial Wrong,
Wish'd, Death would silence soon her clam'rous
Tongue.

Thus ev'ry Curtain-lecture, preach'd in vain,
Gives to the Preacher, not the Hearer, Pain.
To hint a Fault, requires the nicest Touch,
The Pride of self-sufficient Man is such;
Few, with good Grace, can give, or take Advice,
So few think others, than themselves, more wise.
Their Faults the wisest are averse to hear,
Touch gently, lest you hurt a tender Ear.

Your Grievance to bewail, chuse proper Times,
Nor with sharp Aggravations load his Crimes;
Be silent, while you feel Resentment warm,
Silence can speak, and is a female Charm.
Oft, in your Complaints, expressive Pauses make,
And look the Thing, you do not like to speak.
Your Judgment can, in nothing, more excel,
Than proper Seasons to distinguish well.

When-

When-e'er your Mate speaks angry, patient hear,
 To urge him, with Loquacity, forbear;
 Then, fair Disciple, Silence I injoin,
 * Strict, as *Pythagoras*, in Discipline;
 Hush'd in Attention, silent still remain,
 'Till, to calm Temper, he's compos'd again.
 Yet let not Silence, in your Face, disclose
 A stubborn Heart, as if, from Hate, it rose;
 † As when, in fullen Silence, *Dido's* Shade,
Æneas, with indignant Eyes, survey'd.
 Two Ears, and but one Tongue, wise *Nature* gave,
 Hence you, a useful Lesson, may receive;
 Hence taught, long-patient hear, and little say,
 By speaking little, you'll much Sense display,
 And by your Silence, clam'rous Noise allay.

* A *Grecian* Philosopher, who thought Taciturnity so necessary, in the Acquisition of Knowledge, that he would not permit his Scholars to speak, 'till they had been silent Hearers, the first five Years, in his School. He esteemed Fifth, beyond all Creatures, for being Mute.

† *Illa solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat,
 Nec magis incepto vultum ſermone movetur,
 Quàm ſi dura ſilex, aut ſtet Marpeſia cautes.*

VIR. ÆNEID 6,

Let modest Graces sanctify your Face,
Let Virgin Blushes still the Matron grace,
Smile on gay Innocence, with awful Mien,
Frown on licentious Wit, and Jest obscene.
As Man's in Courage, Woman's Honor lies
In Chastity correcting wanton Vice.
Too soon familiar to your Consort's Eye,
Your Charms will lose the Grace of Novelty,
Let Delicacy still that Loss supply.
Tho' ev'ry Charm forsake your fading Frame,
Yet let your Modesty remain the same;
Nor be too delicate, and over-nice,
For too much Delicacy hurts the Wife;
Conceal what-ever may Distaste create,
Let your Dress please, attractive, clean, and Neat;
Dress not your Person, in your Consort's Sight,
When dressing, you offend, when drest, invite.
Half-drest, in her short Petticoat I view'd,
By Chance, the Nymph, who had my Heart subdu'd;

In

In this Disguise, so lost was ev'ry Charm,
 It turn'd, to Ridicule, her beauteous Form.
 Is this the Virgin, to myself I said,
 Who can so charm me, in full Dress array'd
 Actors conceal from the Spectator's Eyes,
 Behind the Scenes, what lessens their Surprise;
 Our Ears, the Instrument, when tuning, grates,
 When tun'd, the raptur'd Soul it elevates.
 Art's fine Connections, could we plainly see,
 Less would our Wonder, and our Pleasure be.

Think not, fair Pupil, when in Wedlock join'd,
 The Lover, in the Husband, long to find;
 Then farewell Visions of Love's Paradise!
 Farewel the Raptures of the Lover's Bliss!
 The Stile of Wedlock differs far, from this;
 Not Prose more differs, from poetic Lay,
 Than what the Husband, and the Lover say.

By me forewarn'd, expect the gradual Change,
By me prepar'd, you will not think it strange;
Domestic Cares, your Consort, now invade,
To Fancy's Flights, more solid Thoughts succeed;
Now worldly Int'rest his Attention claims,
And wakes his Soul, from Love's enchanting Dreams;
No more, you must expect to be admir'd,
As when you first his raptur'd Breast inspir'd.
Now Love, ingrafted into Friendship true,
Esteem produces, and Indulgence too;
Thus *Isis*, not yet wedded to the *Tame*,
In frolic Mazes, plays each am'rous Stream;
When both, with mingled Waves, united flow,
In sober Wedlock, more compos'd they grow;
If now you would indulge your Consort's Ease,
Ah! let your Love of Admiration cease;
Since you, to one, your Beauty have resign'd,
Let all its Glances be, to one, confin'd.
You, the fair Partner of his Joys, and Cares,
Must bear your Part, in all his Hopes, and Fears.

What- •

What-e'er the Color of his future Fate,
You must or sink with him, or rise elate.
Soon as the Wife extinguishes the Bride,
Which happens soon, — or Marriage is bely'd,
As once your Babies, Love-toys lay aside;
Except, when some soft Interval you chuse,
His pensive Thoughts, by trifling, to amuse;
If grateful, your Indearments he'll repay,
When-e'er a Cloud obscures your chearful Ray.
The Lover now unmask'd, you'll quickly find
The true Complexion of your Husband's Mind;
Dissembling Love his Temper may conceal,
But Wedlock will his hidden Soul unveil;
So distant Ships, at Sea, wear false Disguise,
But show true Colors, when they seize a Prize.

Mark well the Passion, that most rules his Heart,
By courting that, you may rule him with Art;
You may his ruling Passion govern so,
'Twill be your constant Friend, instead of Foe;

His

His Faults to you Advantage will produce,
 If you apply them to judicious Use;
 So Poison, by its Nature prompt to kill,
 To Health conducive may be made by Skill.
 These Rules mysterious, are not only true
 In Speculation, but in Practice too,
 As, by Example, I can clearly show;
 If *Cupid*, wanton with mischievous Play,
 To some new Love, should lead his Heart astray;
 Wink at his Frailty, with Connivance wise,
 Nor hear, nor see it, with your Ears, or Eyes.
 Your Silence sooner will his Love regain,
 Than if reproachful, loudly you complain;
 Mean while, he'll grant, whatever you request,
 Your Wrongs to recompence, and sooth your Breast,
 To you, he will return repentant soon,
 Sick of his Folly, by your Mildness won;
 Your Rebel Mate, subdu'd by Clemency,
 Your nuptial Pow'r will more establish'd be.

R.

If

If Wine, the Solace of each human Care,
Oft to Excess, your Consort should inspire,
By Frowns, or Clamor, ne'er disturb his Bliss,
Preventing his Request, still grant a Kiss;
By this, beyond the Wine, you'll charm his Soul,
Venus, the Pow'r of *Bacchus*, can controul;
When sober, he will listen to that Voice,
Whose Accents sour'd not his inebriate Joys;
The social Hours of Life, with you he'll spend,
And in the pleasing Wife, enjoy the Friend;
Your Faults, not faulty, he'll indulgent deem,
Each Blemish will, to him, a Beauty seem;
Himself degrading, by this brutal Vice,
He will extol your Virtue, to the Skies;
By soft Degrees, still weaning him from Wine,
His Thoughts, to sober Reason, you'll refine;
You will to him the double Office do,
Of Guardian-Angel, and of Consort too.

If Jealousy should seize your Husband's Brain,
 I should prescribe a Remedy in vain;
 If groundless, who can such a Frensy cure?
 If you give Cause, the Cure is in your Pow'r;
 While you, your Conduct, by my Precepts, steer,
 Your Innocence can give no jealous Fear.
 Blood, innocent, may no *Othello* shed
 In *Britain*, by a Handkerchief misled!
 No Husbands, here, commit such horrid Deeds,
 Our Clime ne'er, that exotic Frensy, breeds;
 Of such mad Jealousy, we seldom hear,
 Except in *Spanish*, or *Italian* Air;
 From such dire Ills, Heav'n guard the *British* Fair!
 Far happier are the Wives, in *Britain* born,
 Few Consorts, here, with jealous Fury burn;
 Here, the blest Matrons, as their Husbands free,
 Alike partake the Sweets of Liberty.

If sudden Sallies of impetuous Ire,
 Your Consort's youthful Blood, should often fire;

* You by soft Words, conveying healing Balm,
 May sooth his stormy Passion, to a Calm;
 Soft Words, like magic Spells, fierce Rage appease,
 And, if not cure it, they can give it ease;
 His frantic Fits, if they nor sooth, nor cure,
 Then practise Flatt'ry's never-failing Pow'r.
 Tell him, how much the Thing, that gave Offence,
 Inferior seems to his superior Sense;
 As Pride the Parent is of stormy Rage,
 Soft Flatt'ry can this froward Child assuage;
 This Child of Pride may be appeas'd with Ease,
 By Flattery, who can her Mother please.
 Fir'd without Cause, and without Reason cool'd,
 Thus may your Husband's furious Wrath be rul'd;
 Sage Wife ! now reap th' Advantage of the Storm,
 Which, to a Calm, your soothing Voice can charm;
 Now seize the Wreck of his Dominion lost,
 Yours is the Profit of the Shipwreck'd Coast;

When

* *Sunt verba, et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
 Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.*

HOR. Sat. Lib. I.

When cool, he'll yield to you, and yielding own,
You best deserve to wear the nuptial Crown.

If Lust of Gaming should his Soul possess,
That Foe to Virtue, and to Happiness ;
That Passion dire, usurping Reason's Throne,
Which all its Pow'rs controlls, and reigns alone.
Yet from this Vice, you may your Mate reclaim,
If ever he reflects, and feels for Fame ;
If the dear Offspring of connubial Love,
Or if your Welfare can his Pity move.
Intreat him oft, soft-whisp'ring in his Ear,
To check that Passion, and calm Reason hear ;
This will persuade him to renounce a State
Of Life obnoxious to disastrous Fate ;
In Storms of Agony, and Anguish tost,
And oft in desperate Perdition lost.
O fatal Wreck ! by which not he alone,
But all his Household sink, at once undone.

Laws, that restrain this Vice, the Wise obey,
Now few, but Dupes, and Cheats, in private play;
Those fond of Gaming ne'er suspect Deceit,
These, with confed'rate Fraud, combine to cheat.
Now who, but such, in Privacy will game?
Where both, if not their Mony, lose their Fame.
Whoe'er aspires to Character compleat,
Must neither be a Bubble, nor a Cheat;
Who will not now, the Vice of Gaming shun,
Others he must undo, or be undone.
Say, *Muse*, whence springs this ignominious Vice?
It must, from Love of dirty Lucre, rise;
This Passion must, in Avarice, begin,
For Gamesters thirst, each other's Pelf to win;
Celsus, to Thieves a voluntary Prey,
A pious Debt, will not spontaneous pay;
Such strong Delusion fascinates his Brain,
He vainly hopes, the Sharper's Purse to drain.

O sad Oecononist! how void of Sense!
 Who saves his Money, at his Fame's Expense;
 Dire Avarice! mark'd with Heav'n's vengeful Curse,
 That makes him hope, to drain the Sharper's Purse;
 Vain Hope! as soon he could drain Ocean dry,
 That, from each Stream, receives a fresh Supply;
 He drains his own Purse, by Attempts so vain,
 And fills the Sharper's, which he strives to drain.
 † From *Milo's* Fate, O *Celsus*! Warning take,
 Wedg'd in the sturdy Tree, he strove to break;
 If you, tho' wealthy, aim, more Wealth to get,
 Quit this vain Hope, — and pay a pious Debt.

In gaming Vice, all Vices are combin'd,
 Like Serpents, in a *Fury's* Locks, intwin'd,
 This Vice alone can quite deprave the human Mind.
 It can, in Man, God's Image so deface,
 That, not the least Resemblance, we can trace;

A
 † *Milo* was a strong gigantic Man, who, too much confiding in his Strength, tried to pull a large Tree to Pieces, but failing in the Attempt, was caught fast, and so wedged in the Tree, that he could not extricate himself, and became a Prey to the *Wolves*.

A Gamester is a Prostitute to Pelf,
For that, he'll sell his Country, and himself;
Debauch'd in Morals, Principle, and Deed,
No Virtue can, for his Redemption, plead;
A Brand of Infamy his Name attends,
A Friend to no Man, for he has no Friends;
He's fear'd, and hated, like a Beast of Prey,
Where he appears, the Honest fly away;
To whom, he aims, the most Regard to show,
Let that Man shun him, as his greatest Foe;
Thro' ev'ry Maze of Art, he will pursue
The hunted Dupe, he watches to undo;
Rich Heir! if you will not this Serpent shun,
By his insidious Wiles, you'll be undone;
By Fascination of his magic Eyes,
Into his Jaws you'll fall, caught by Surprise;
Ah! shun his Snares, from his Incantment fly,
Nor be allur'd into the *grand Decoy*;
Where Gamesters, in a Gang confed'rate, share
The Spoils, and Plunder, of each ruin'd Heir.

May black Oblivion blot the Wretch's Name,
 Who first taught Men the impious Art to game!
 What fatal Ills, does Life to Gaming owe!
 Hence Rapine, Fraud, and wastful Riot flow;
 Each social Principle, it soon destroys,
 Hence Blasphemy, Despair, and Frenzy rise;
 Hence private Clans, where ev'ry wealthy Heir
 Admission begs, proud to be ruin'd there;
 Hence wild Intemperance, the Bane of Health,
 Hence Loss of Honor, with the Loss of Wealth;
 Hence Rage to Murder prone, hence dire Debate,
 Self-murder, and of Life an impious Hate,
 Long Train of Ills, too num'rous to relate.

Still long be 'our good Monarch's gentle Sway!
 On Earth, long blest, and blessing, may he stay!
 * Who, from his Palace, drove this Pest away;

R 4

Could

* After the Parliament had suppressed the Game of Hazard by severe Penalties, it was played within the Verge of the Royal Palace, at St. James's. Of which the King being informed, it was immediately prohibited by the Royal Mandate.

Could he, this gaming Pest, from *Britain* chace,
 Not *Dettingen* would more, his *Annals* grace;
 Could he, this Man-devouring Monster, quell,
 No Deed would, that heroic Deed, excell;
 Not *Hercules*, from Men, could merit more,
 When his keen Arrows reek'd in *Hydra's* Gore;
 * Nor when, that Felon *Cacus*, he destroy'd,
 Who, long conceal'd, his wily Thefts enjoy'd.

O, that each *British Cacus*, now conceal'd
 In gaming Dens, were to the Light reveal'd!
 The vulgar Thieves, and those of higher Fame,
 Illustrious *Argus*, one-ey'd *Polypheme*,
 And he, who twice has felt the vengeful Flame.

These

* The Name of *Cacus* is said to be derived from the *Greek* Word, *Kaxos*, which signifies a wicked Fellow. This Etymology is very probable; because he was a Country Sharper, who, having stolen the Oxen of *Hercules*, drew them backwards by their Tails, into his Den; that they might not be found out by the Track of their Feet. *Hercules* detected the Fraud of this cunning Thief, dragged him from his Den, and killed him. These present Times have produced some Town-Sharpers of the *Cacus* Kind, who now practise Fraud with great Sagacity, but have hitherto escaped with Impunity.

These can so artful hide th' insnaring Bait,
 * Sage *Mercury* could not detect the Cheat.
 In various Games, they vary the Deceit,
 † Unseen they can or slip a Card, or Eat;
 They are so Eagle-sighted, they can spy
 Of Trumps the Number, in a Partner's Eye;
 Without the Use of Speech, their Thoughts to tell,
 They can, by Signs, or Looks, the Soul reveal.
 These Moderns, grown more crafty, and more bold,
 Instead of Oxen, watch to pilfer Gold.
 While Laws vindictive, little Thieves annoy,
 In modish Grandeur, these the World enjoy.
 Your Mate will quit this Honor-blasting Vice,
 If he would be reputed good, and wise;

Reason,

* *Mercury* was the God, and Patron of Thieves, himself being an ingenious Wag in fraudulent Practices.

*Callidum, quicquid placuit jocosum
 Condere furto.*

HOR. Ode X. Lib. I.

† Slipping a Card, in dealing at *Basset*, or *Pharoah*, is commonly, and easily practised. Eating a Card is not so common and easy, yet it has been practised, in a Case of Necessity, between two Slices of Bread, and Butter, to prevent the Discovery of Fraud, at the Game of *Putt*, and *Brag*.

Reason, her Throne usurp'd, again will claim,
And Lust of Gaming yield to Love of Fame;
Of you regardful, and his Offspring dear,
He will, to soft Persuasions, lend an Ear.

If more, than you, your Consort loves his Pelf,
And loves it so much, as to hate himself;
Yet sordid Av'rice, Tyrant of the Heart,
Tho' most unruly, may be rul'd with Art;
Art, from a Miser, can his Mony wrest,
Tho' fast he gripes it, with tenacious Fist.
By Turns, the Passions can, each other, sway,
Oft Av'rice yielding will, to Pride, give way;
If Pride persuades, the Miser grows profuse,
And Anger can, the like Effect, produce;
Watch well each Change of Passion in his Mind,
Whether to Vanity, or Love inclin'd;
Sometimes his Treasure, prodigal he'll pour,
In the soft Crisis of some pleasing Hour.

But

But needless are these Precepts, to the Great,
Who, for no Want, depend upon their Mate;
Wives, independent on their Husband's Store,
Need not regard their Humour, nor their Pow'r.
Ye rich Pin-mony Wives! consult your Ease,
You need not learn, nor study, how to please;
That labouring Oar, to your sage Partners leave,
To please yourselves, is all the Task, you have,
Yet hard the Task, when splenetic you grieve.
Why should these Wives, free from marital Sway,
In nuptial Contract, promise to obey?
To Wives dependent, who, as Heav'n ordains,
Will trust their Husbands, I address my Strains;
If such good Matrons will observe my Rules,
They may wise Husbands rule, as well as Fools;
These live more happy, subject to a Mate,
Than those, who boast an independent State;
Ev'n in their Confort's Faults, they may rejoice,
And from those Weeds extract connubial Joys.

The

The Husband's Faults their Virtues will display,
In meek Submission, to superior Sway;
Such was the great Creator's wise Command,
When, the first Pair, he join'd in holy Band.
Why Wives want Pin-mony, say *Virgin Muse!*
Tell, if thou canst, for what Intent, and Use?
Some Lawyer damn'd, or some old Beldam curst,
The Name of Pin-mony, invented first;
That modern Quack, pretending to appease
The Pains of Wedlock, heighten'd the Disease;
Ah! name it not, to ask it separate,
Shows mean distrust of Honor in your Mate;
To whom your Bliss, and Freedom you commit,
Such Ties of Honor, how can he forget?
To whom you trust your Body, and your Health,
To tie Love's-Knot the faster, trust your Wealth.
Who can deny, to his fair Partner, Pelf,
But that Wretch, who denies it to himself?
You will, by searching my Academy,
To ope your Husband's Coffers, find a Key;

“ That

That can unlock his adamant Heart,
 And all its secret Springs controul with Art.
 If, in his Soul, you would victorious reign,
 By shunning Empire, you must Empire gain;
 Ah! never aim at Pow'r, beyond his Will,
 His Passions, to your Pow'r, subservient still;
 Rule him with Art, not seeming to control,
 As God invifible directs the Whole;
 Hence the Fool's ~~Heart~~ ^{Heart} declares, there is no God,
 Because he fees him not, he scorns his Rod;
 Infenfible of *Nature's* latent Pow'r,
 That can unseen its secret Influen'ce pour.

Ye Wives! 'twill much conduce to nuptial Ease,
 Your Husband's Friends to cultivate, and please;
 Let a kind Welcome, in your Face, appear,
 As if, by you, his Guests invited were;
 His Friends, Allies sincere, will join their Art
 To fix your Empire, in his conquer'd Heart;
 Their

Their Influence will useful prove to you,
The Friends, that can inflame, can cool him too;
This Rule will profit much, ah! rev'rence this,
Oft on his Friends depends your nuptial Bliss;
This golden Rule, I can't too oft repeat,
To practise this, ah! ne'er, thro' Life, forget.
In your own House, exert a proper Care,
Nor there behave, as if a Guest you were;
On Sweets domestic, let your Comfort feast,
Make ev'ry Thing contribute to his Rest;
Bid Order, Peace, and Silence, reign within,
Let ev'ry-where OEconomy be seen;
Let ev'ry Servant ev'ry Rule obey,
Like Soldiers disciplin'd, in apt Array.
The Spouse of such a Wife will seldom roam,
A House, so rul'd, invites its Master home;
Escaping to his House, from worldly Care,
As to a Sanctuary, he'll repair;
Where ev'ry Bliss domestic, he will find,
Where sweet Refreshments chear his anxious Mind;

Where

Where a fond Wife receives him, with a Smile,
And with officious Solace, soothes his Toil;
While well-taught Babes beg Blessings, at his Knees,
Each striving emulous, who most shall please;
In them, observing Reason's first Essays,
Pleas'd he beholds afar its dawning Rays;
Still to promote their future Bliss Intent,
In each, he watches *Nature's* diff'rent Bent;
The Merchant, or the Lawyer, he descries,
Or Statesman, as his Hopes aspiring rise;
If some more meek, or more undaunted are,
He trains them to the Pulpit, or the Bar;
In one, transported with the sounding Drum,
He hails the General, in Times to come;
In one, sage Looks, and Gravity of Dress,
The fam'd Physician manifest express;
In this, so rough, so sullen, yet sincere,
He sees the dawning Admiral appear;
Attentive still to Nature, he surveys,
In that, the future Poet, crown'd with Bays;

Whose

Whose soaring Genius shall exalt his Name
Sublime, and sacred to eternal Fame.

In his fair Daughters, taught the Art to please,
A Countess, or a Dutches, he foresees,
His Hopes increasing, as their Charms increase.
Mean while, his Confort, to fulfil his Bliss,
Tells what was said, and done, by that, and this;
Her Tales, extolling them, his Fancy fire,
And with presaging Sentiments inspire;
Her pleasing Converse, and attractive Smiles,
Smooth his contracted Brow, and cheat his Toils.
At home, like Sailors landed on the Shore,
Of Ills, he met abroad, he thinks no more;
At home, soft Peace, and gentle Quiet spread
Their downy Wings, and hover o'er his Head;
There safe in Harbour, and there lull'd in Joy,
He soon forgets the Storms, that Life annoy.

Peace to a married Man, his House indears,
And makes it a Recess, from busy Cares;

Contentious

Contentious Noise will drive him, from his Home,
In Search of Peace, he fugitive will roam;
Sponsus, while others sleep, enjoys no Rest,
At G—'s, or at W.—'s, a Midnight Guest;
Yet he ne'er games, nor Gaming understands,
But overlooks the Cards, in other's Hands;
Made wretched by his Wife, to shun her Noise,
He herds with those, who Wretches are by Choice.
If frequently disturb'd, the feather'd Kind
Forake the Nest, where they no Quiet find;
Birds fix their Household, in a silent Seat,
The Male indulgent chears his genial Mate;
He feeds, or fooths her, with melodious Song,
While she sits brooding o'er her quick'ning Young;
He too sits sometimes, to relieve her Pain,
That she, with Strength refresh'd, may sit again;
Blest with sweet Harmony, the loving Pair
Cherish their Offspring, with alternate Care.
Each Husband, worthy of the wedded State,
With such uxorious Love, will bless his Mate;

S

Some

Some love their Comforts, to that fond Degree,
 They feel, with them, a vital Sympathy;
 * Thrice happy those! to whom the nuptial Tie,
 Indissoluble, gives a mutual Joy;
 Who, tho' by Sex diversify'd, agree,
 Like various Music tun'd to Harmony.
 A Knot so fast, by Love, and Friendship, tied,
 That nought, but Death, its Union, can divide.

The Wife, who with good Order rules her House,
 Will seldom mourn the Absence of her Spouse;
 He to each Place, prefers his Home so dear,
 And his fond Mate, to ev'ry other Fair;
 He, not ashamed to be uxorious thought,
 Deems that a Virtue, Fashion calls a Fault;
 Partner with him, she shares his Joy, or Grief,
 That she increases, and gives this Relief;

Her

* These Lines allude to a Stanza, in the 13th Ode of the first Book of *Horace*.

*Felices ter, et amplius,
 Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
 Divulsus querimoniis,
 Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.*

Her Pleasure is to please her Mate, and rear
The Pledges of their Love, with tender Care;
Fantastic Fashion ne'er her Conduct sways,
The Laws of Nature, wisely she obeys;
She nurtures, with her Milk's congenial Stream,
The Babe, late Inmate in her vital Frame;
From her fair Breast, it sucks kind Nature's Feast,
Prepar'd, and suited to the new-born Guest;
See, on its Mother, how the Offspring smiles,
And with Oblivion her past Pains beguiles;
Healthful it thrives, with Milk maternal fed,
Like some young Plant, rear'd in its native Bed;
Which, if transplanted to an alien Earth,
Sickens, and pines, degen'rate from its Birth;
The Infant to a foster Mother left,
So languishes, of genial Milk bereft.

The venal Nurse's Milk, some Sages say,
May her Distempers, to the Child, convey;

Thro' that Juice alimental, some aver,
She may the Vices of her Mind, transfer;
Thro' that Conveyance, if her Vice can flow,
She may, by that, transmit her Folly too.
Thus injur'd Infants lose their genial Fires,
Hence they degen'rate, from their gen'rous Sires;
Hence some diseas'd, in flow Consumption pine,
Who were descended, from a healthful Line;
Hence timid Sons, by valiant Sires begot,
With Cowardice, their noble Lineage blot;
Hence fraudulent Inclinations oft appear
In some, whose Fathers shone, in Honor clear;
Hence Fools, whose Parents were with Wisdom blest,
Suck Folly, from an idiot Nurse's Breast;
Hence Daughters, sprung from Mothers pure, and
chaste,
With Love impure, their Reputation blast.
With vital Union, the Almighty join'd
A Frame material, to the human Mind;

O wond'rous Pow'r! which Life to Matter gives,
More wond'rous that, by which it Soul receives!
Both link'd by such a sympathetic Tie,
As can to both impart of Grief, or Joy.
Nurse, from her Breast, conveying vital Food,
May, with her Vices, taint the Infant's Blood;
Th' infected Blood its Influ'nce may convey
To the Child's Soul, and there the Passions sway.
The dullest Intellect needs not be taught,
How, from the Nurse, Diseases may be caught.
The Name of Mother, she with Honor bears,
Who, with her Milk, her Babe, indulgent rears;
She hears its plaintive Cries, with pitying Ear,
Nor will expose it, to a Stranger's Care;
Who, void of Pity to its helpless State,
And Love maternal, scarce can conquer Hate;
To find the hidden Causes of its Pain,
E'er yet it can, its Wants, and Complaints, explain;

To sooth its Tears, and lull its Grief to Peace;
 To hush its Clamors to Repose, and Ease;
 This Office gives the tender Mother Joy,
 But to an Alien, painful is th' Employ;
 To love this Office, venal Nurses feign,
 But they dissemble, for the Sake of Gain.

* Now, were I not so near my Journey's End,
 And had I Time, this Labor to extend;
 My Muse should, here, the tragic Tales rehearse
 Of Babes, thro' Fraud, and Error, chang'd at Nurse;
 How some, by over-laying, smother'd are,
 How others perish, by the Want of Care;
 How tempted with the Love of impious Gain,
 Some cruel Nurses have, their Nurse-child, slain;

That

* These Lines allude to the following Verses in *Virgil's* fourth *Georgic*.

*Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub sine laborum
 Vela traham, et terris festinem advertere proram;
 Forsitan et pingues hortos, quæ cura colendi
 Ornaret, canerem, bisferique rosaria pæsti.*

That they, to nurse, another may receive,
Whose Friends, fresh Presents, and new Fees, will give.
But these, and many Things omitted here,
I, to some future Labor, will refer;
Mean Time, I hasten to conclude my Song,
Lest my fair Readers think this Work too long.

Yet still I must inforce this Duty more,
That binds alike each Mother, rich, or poor.
Nature, in vain, the Mother's Milk supplies,
If, to her Babe, that Blessing she denies;
Ah! ne'er defraud it, of that lacteal Stream,
Nature's kind Gift, the Infant's Birth-right claim;
Of that, the Bear will not deprive her Young,
See, how she forms them, with her plastic Tongue!
Lo! the fond Pelican her Vitals drains,
And, with her Blood, her Infant's Life sustains;
With Toil assiduous, seeking proper Food,
The feather'd Songster rears a num'rous Brood;

Mov'd by their Cries, to them she gives the Meat,
Which urging Hunger often bids her eat;
She still distributes, with impartial Care,
To each, in rightful Turn, an equal Share;
While she supplies them, with a quick Repast,
She ne'er forgets, to which she gave the last;
Tho' all, with open Mouths, their Claims renew,
She knows, to which each Dividend is due.

The Phoenix builds her spicy Nest, and dies,
Pleas'd, that an Heir will, from her Ashes, rise;
To a new Phoenix, see her Life bequeath,
Who owes her Being, to her Parent's Death;
With this Fore-knowledge, were she not possess'd,
Why does the dying Phoenix build a Nest?
By Nature, and by these Examples led,
Fond Mothers, with their Milk, their Babes, will
feed.

If Health, and Strength of Body can produce
Sufficient Plenty, of nutritious Juice;

Good

Good Fathers will applaud this pious Care,
Which, to its Mother, will the Child in dear;
Not Food alone, in these sweet Draughts, she gives,
Love's first Impressions, hence her Babe receives;
Hence Love imbib'd, still sympathetic grows,
Hence, to the Child, and Mother, mutual flows;
Parental Virtue, hence, may be transfus'd,
Her Breast still nurt'ring, what her Womb produc'd.

Each Patriarch's Bed, such pious Consorts blest,
When Men were visited, by heav'nly Guest;
Such liv'd fair *Sarah*, in primæval Days,
And good *Rebecca* gain'd immortal Praise;
Eneas, in his Flight, lost such a Wife,
When he, to find *Creusa*, risk'd his Life;
In Search of her, thro' Foes, and hostile Fire,
Frantic he ran, and left his Son, and Sire;
From such, sprung *Rome's* Republic Progeny,
When she, with Arms, asserted Liberty;

When

When Crimes adulterous were deem'd Disgrace,
 E'er Luxury produc'd a spurious Race;
 * When *Latian* Dames, whose Virtue ne'er was stain'd,
 Their Offspring, to laborious Hardship, train'd;
 Such female Excellence is almost lost,
 Yet, in these Days, some *Sarabs* we can boast;
Augusta thus adorn'd the nuptial State,
 She, with such pious Virtue blest her Mate,
 Like Merit shines, in *Porcia's* Character,
 See all my Rules exemplify'd in her;
 Her Mate rejects high Stations, for her Sake,
 That he, with her, may Life's calm Hours partake;
 She, for his Sake, each bright Assembly shuns,
 To which, each Wife, that hates her Husband, runs;
 Averse to Riot, she contemns a *Drum*,
 Her Conquests to extend, she will not roam,
 While others charm Abroad, she charms at Home;

For

* (*Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
 Pernicis uxor Appuli.*)

For him, she dresses with diurnal Care,
And spreads each Net, him only to insnare;
Not like those Wives, at Home who never dress,
Who strive each Man, except their Mate, to please;
Who feel no Spleen, but at their own Abode,
At Home, are Devils, yet seem Saints abroad;
* Still *Messalina*, tho' to one confin'd
By Wedlock, reigns the Mistress of Mankind;
Her Lovers she allures, with wanton Bait,
Fond of each Man, except her wretched Mate.

Porcia, her sweetest Smiles, on him bestows,
To whom, chief Comfort of her Life, she owes;
He hears the softest Accents of her Voice,
While she, to please him, ev'ry Art employs.
Her sweet Simplicity charms ev'ry Way,
Awful, not proud, and without Folly gay;
Tho' virtuous, not censorious, nor austere,
Tho' Foe to Sin, to Sinners not severe;

Attractive,

* *Messalina*, a Roman Empress, whose insatiate Loves, *Juvenal* painted, in very strong Colors.

Attractive, not Coquet, averſe to Strife,
 Form'd for the Solace of domeſtic Life;
 Her Head ſtill guided, by an honeſt Heart,
 Nature refin'd, with unaffected Art;
 Tho' prudent, not a Prude, ſo pleas'd at Home,
 For Pleaſure, ſeldom ſhe delights to roam;
 Her Theater of Pleaſure is her Houſe,
 Her much-lov'd Offspring, and indulgent Spouſe;
 Her Houſhold Cares, each vacant Hour, imploy,
 The Practice of her Duty is her Joy.
 Thrice happy Huſband, bleſt with ſuch a Wife!
 Except who loves the moſt, they know no Strife;
 Bleſt in each other, may they happy prove
 In Offspring, ſprung from ſuch a pious Love!

If ſuch a Wife ſhould bleſs my remnant Days,
 How I would lull them, in domeſtic Eaſe!
 In Search of ſuch a Treafure, I would go,
 As far, as Earth extends, or Waters flow;

To

To bless my Days, Heav'n ! grant me such a Wife,
That, in soft Quiet, I may end my Life;
May I, from her, paternal Bliss derive !
May I, to her, each social Comfort give !
May we, by Turns, each other's Wants supply,
Each blest alike, with mutual Harmony !

I, now, have taught the Virgin, and the Wife,
To steer, with Caution, thro' the Sea of Life;
Be guided by my Rules, ye Females wife !
These Rules, to make you happy, will suffice;
Each Rule, conducive to your Welfare, shown,
Your Bliss, thro' Life, I study, like my own ;
My Precepts practis'd better can secure
Your Virtue, than the story'd brazen Tow'r,
And bless you more, than could a golden Show'r,
For the defenceless Fair, my Zeal is such,
My *Muse*, for their Protection, labours much ;
Fond of a Theme, that so inspires the Brain,
E'er the Lark rises, she attunes her Strain ;

From

From Morn's first Blush, to Ev'ning's latest Ray,
And oft at Midnight, she prolongs her Lay;
Pleas'd, if she can to them right Counsel give,
Pleas'd, if with Smiles her Counsel they receive,
Rise early, O ye Maids, and read the Lays,
She early sings, to give you happy Days;
Let not nocturnal Cards your Bloom destroy,
Rise, and the balmy Sweets of Morn enjoy.

Practise, ye Wives! the Precepts, she instills,
Now reap the Harvest of the Soil, she tills;
By her Instructions disciplin'd to please,
Will you not strive, the nuptial Yoke to ease?
Or will you Graces intellectual scorn?
And only learn your Body to adorn?
Thro' Life bewilder'd, would you rather stray,
Than follow, where your Guide directs the Way?
Chast Females! listen to my *Muse's* Voice,
Whose Songs inchant you, to connubial Joys;

Like

Like *Satan*, she will not beguile your Ear,
 When he seduc'd the first deluded Fair;
 She pours no artful Poison, in your Veins,
 As when soft *Ovid* sung his am'rous Strains;
 To suffer Exile, righteous was his Doom,
 Who tried to banish Chastity, from *Rome*;
 Who aims his Country's Virtue to o'erthrow,
 He, to his Country, is a treach'rous Foe;
 Who, to his falling Country, owes his Rise,
 He owes his Greatness to infernal Vice.
 Hail Chastity! the brightest female Grace,
 From whence arose the antient *British* Race;
 That, train'd to Virtue, never knew to yield,
 That fought at *Agincourt*, and *Cressy's* Field;
 That died, with *Gallic* Blood, the *Gallic* Land,
 And o'er the Seas, extended wide Command.

To this, the *British* Isle her Heroes owes,
Edward, and *Henry*, *Gallia's* dreadful Foes;
 Who

Who won, by Force of Arms, the *Gallic* Crown,
And join'd its regal Titles, to their own;
Honors, which still the *British* Scepter Grace,
Which from our Annals Time can ne'er erase.

To this, we owe a living Royal Line,
That will, thro' Age, with rival Splendor shine;
That, kindled with hereditary Praise,
Shall antient Honors, with new Trophies, grace,
That, by the Influ'nce of Example bright,
To Love of Virtue, *Britons* will excite;
From Insults vindicate their injur'd Fame,
And make the Ocean own their sov'rain Name.

See, how each *Gallic* Vessel, wing'd with Fear,
Flies swift, when *George's* hostile Flags appear;
Hark! how his Thunder, o'er the Ocean, roars,
And frightens trembling *Gallia's* ecchoing Shores.
See *Maloe's* Navy blazing to the Sky!
See *Cherbourg's* threatning Tow'rs in Ruins lie!

See *Louisbourg*, by *Britain*, twice regain'd,
 O, may that Conquest ever be retain'd!
 Ne'er may that Key of Empire be restor'd!
 Won by *Boscawen* aiding, *Amberst's* Sword.
 May nought, but Time, that Monument erase
 Of *Britain's* Glory, and her Foe's Disgrace!

* "Great *George!* the Sun, illuming Earth, can see,
 "In his bright Course, no greater King, than thee;
 "How can *Britannia* recompence thy Toils,
 "Whom thou hast so adorn'd, with *Gallic* Spoils?
 "What Zeal of Senates, what recording Page,
 "Can make thy Virtues live, to distant Age?
 "How are thy Arms, with Conquest, lately blest!
 "Triumphant in the East, and in the West.

T

"Am-

* In the marked Lines address'd to King *George*, the Author has modernized the two last Odes, in the fourth Book of *Horace*, which two Odes, in the antient Manuscripts, were undivided, and united in one Ode, and it is very probable, by the Contents and Connection of them, that *Horace* compos'd them, as one Ode, and intended, they should be so transmitted to Posterity, for which Reason, the Modernizer has here re-united them in one.

" *Amberst*, on Land, again thy Foes subdu'd,
 " Again *Boscawen*, in the briny Flood;
 " That, like a Deluge, pouring o'er the Plain,
 " This, like a Tempest, raging in the Main.
 " Vain *Gallia's* numerous Host, in *Minden's* Field,
 " To a few *British* Troops, were forc'd to yield;
 " Thy Conquests, *Albion's* antient Fame, renew,
 " Another *Cressy*, we, in *Minden*, view;
 " In thee, another *Edward* we possess,
 " Alike thy Arms, and Councils, *Britain* blest.
 " Thy Troops, o'er Cliffs aerial, make their Way,
 " *America* yields, to thy potent Sway,
 " *Laurence*, to thee, and *Ohio*, Homage pay;
 " *Quebec*, now suppliant, opes her Gates to thee,
 " Glad to accept thy Terms of Clemency;

" Thy

ODE 14. LIB. 4. Ad AUGUSTUM.

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium,
 Plenis honorum muneribus, tuas,
 Auguste, virtutes in ævum,
 Per titulos, memoresque fastos,
 Æternæ? ô, qua Sol habitabiles
 Illustrat oras, maxime principum:

" Thy gentle Edicts, to soft Peace, invite,
 " Those, who, in scalping human Race, delight.
 " Submissive *Guadalupe* thy Laws obeys,
 " And her sweet Blessings, to thy Realms, conveys;
 " *Goree's* fair Isle subdu'd reveres thy Pow'r,
 " Where Ocean bellows, on the *Afric* Shore;
 " We owe these Conquests to thy Piety,
 " Heav'n blesses thy auspicious Arms, and thee:
 " Thy floating Castles humble *Gallia's* Pride,
 " And on her Coasts, with bold Defiance, ride;
 " While they tremendous all her Forts beset,
 " They make each Fort, a Prison to her Fleet;
 " Soon as it dar'd attempt the spacious Main,
 " Brave *Hawke* pursu'd it, thro' the wat'ry Plain;
 " He spread his canvass Wings, with eager Might,
 " Soon overtook, and put his Foes to Flight.

T 2

" When

Quem legis expertes Latine,
 Vindelici didicere nuper,
 Quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo
 Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
 Brennosque veloces, et arces
 Alpibus impositas tremendis

" When they, his Thunder, could sustain no more;
 " They fled, for Shelter, to the rocky Shore;
 " Among the Rocks, they could no Shelter find,
 " Lo! *Hawke* vindictive follow'd close behind;
 " Thro' ev'ry Danger, he still chas'd his Prey,
 " No Rocks, or Sands, or Storms, could stop his Way;
 " Intrepid he pursu'd his flying Foes,
 " Thro' sad Variety of desp'rate Woes;
 " Pouring fierce Vengeance, and Destruction dire,
 " What-e'er escap'd a Wreck, he burnt with Fire.

" Some,

Dejecit acer, plus vice simplici;
 Major Neronum mox grave prælium
 Commisit, immanesque Rhætos,
 Auspiciis pepulit secundis,

Spectandus, in certamine Martio,
 Devota morti pectora liberæ
 Quantis fatigaret ruinis,

Indomitas propè qualis undas
 Exercet Auster, Pleiædum choro
 Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
 Vexare turmas, et frementem

Mittere equum, medios per ignes.

" Some, from his Thunder, and the stormy Main,
 " To thee, O *Vilane!* fled, but fled in vain;
 " They fled, for Refuge, to thy gentle Streams,
 " That there they might avoid his vengeful Flames;
 " How could they hope, from thee, auxiliar Aid?
 " * When thou thyself hidst hide thy frightened Head;
 " Ev'n thou didst dread the Victor's hostile Ire,
 " His roaring Thunder, and devouring Fire;
 " Not more dismay'd, the *Nile* conceal'd his Head,
 " When, from *Sol's* blazing Car, he flew with Speed.

T 3

" So

* *Nilus, in extremum, fugit contritus, orbem,
 Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet.* OVID. MET.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
 Qui regna Dauni præfuit Appuli,
 Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis
 Diluviem meditatur agris;
 Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
 Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,
 Primosque, et extremos metendo,
 Stravit humum, sine clade victor.
 Te copias, te consilium, et tuos,
 Præbente Divos, nam tibi, quo die,
 Portus Alexandria supplex
 Et vacuum patefecit aulam,

" So when, to scale the Skies, the Giants strove,
 " They fell, sad Victims to the Wrath of Jove;
 " In hideous Ruin, they promiscuous fell,
 " Down to the dark Profound of nether Hell;
 " In wild uproar, Earth trembled from within,
 " And Erebus, astonish'd at the Din.

" Hark,

Fortuna, lustro prospera tertio,
 Belli secundos reddidit exitus,

Laudemque, et optatum peractis

Imperiis decus arrogavit;

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis

Medusque, et Indus, te profugus Scythes,

Miratur, ô, tutela præsens,

Italiae, dominæque Romæ!

Te fontium, qui celat origines,

Nilusque, et Ister, te rapidus Tigris,

Te belluosus, qui remotis

Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis.

Te non paventis funera Galliae,

Duræque tellus, audit Iberiæ;

Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri

Compositis venerantur armis.

"Hark, hark! brave *Elliot* thunders, in the Main,
 "See Ocean stain'd, with *Gallic* Blood, again,
 "His Foes their Colors strike, their Chief is slain.
 "How long shall Ocean blush with *Gallic* Blood?
 "Will not proud *Gallia* yield, tho' quite subdu'd?
 "*Gallia*! no more oppose the Will of Heav'n,
 "To thee, the last decisive Blow is giv'n;
 "Loud is the Voice of Heav'n, — "*Let Blood-*
 shed cease,
 "*Now let the Christian World repose, in Peace.*"
 "Vain are thy Efforts, thy Resistance vain,
 "Accept the Terms, which Heav'n, and *George*
 ordain;
 "Dost thou refuse? *George* still shall quell thy Pow'r,
 "And ne'er, to stubborn Foes, his Spoils restore;
 "He, to thy Pride, coercive Bounds shall set,
 "Nor let Invasions, his Dominions, threat,
 "*France* shall to *Britain* yield, in Times to come,
 "The Poet may, the Prophet's Part, assume.

"What num'rous Spoils, has *George*, from *Gallia*,
gain'd,

"In oue revolving Year, so Heav'n ordain'd!

"May Heav'n, still smiling with propitious Grace,

"Transmit these Trophies, to his future Race!

"Whilst I advent'rous dar'd, in lyric Verse,

"Battles on Land, and Ocean, to rehearse;

"My Muse indignant thus admonish'd me,

"Rash Bard! trust not thy little Barque to Sea,"

"Yet she, great *George*! impells me to relate,

"How thy paternal Cares guard *Britain's* State;

"How, from its Foes, thy Fleets protect her Isle,

"How copious Harvests bless her fertile Soil;

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui,

Victas et urbes, increpuit lyrâ;

Ne parva, Tyrrhenum per æquor,

Vela darem, tua, Cæsar, ætas

Fruges et agris rettulit uberes,

Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,

Derepta Parthorum superbis

Postibus, et vacuum duellis

" How thou, the Sea's Dominion, hast restor'd,
 " And taught thy Foes, that thou art Ocean's Lord,
 " Yet thou dost deign to offer Terms of Peace,
 " Postponing Conquests, to thy Subject's Ease,
 " And pleas'd to make inhuman Bloodshed cease.
 " Thou too dost Crimes disgrace, and Merit raise
 " With due Rewards, and animating Praise.
 " Thou dost curb Vice licentious, and recal
 " Each Art, by which old *Albion* rul'd the Ball,
 " By which, her Pow'r stretch'd, in *Eliza's* Days,
 " From the Sun-rising, to his setting Rays.
 " While *George* presides, no Rage of Civil Heats,
 " No Violence shall blast her calm Retreats.

" The

Janum Quirini clausit, et ordinem
 Rectum evaganti fræna licentiæ

Injecit, amovitque culpas,

Et veteres revocavit artes,

Per quas Latinum nomen, et Italæ

Crevere vires, famaue, et imperi

Porrecta majestas, ad ortum

Solis, ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor

Civilis, aut vis eximet otium;

- " The Sword, that lays large Kingdoms waste Abroad,
 " Shall not disdain her Insular Abode.
 " Remotest Realms revere his potent Sway,
 " Where *Danube, Ohio, and the Ganges* stray.
 " His Pow'r diffusive spreads, from Pole, to Pole,
 " Where-e'er the Ocean's foamy Billows roll.
 " We, in full Bumpers, of heart-cheering Wine,
 " To drink his Health, with ardent Zeal, will join;
 " Then, to great *William's* glorious Memory,
 " Who set, from papal Chains, *Britannia* free;
 " Then, to the Welfare of the *Brunswick* Line,
 " Whose Patriot Virtues, thro' each Age, shall shine;
 " While

Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
 Et miseras inimicat urbes;
 Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
 Edicta rumpent Julia, non Getae,
 Non Seres, infidive Persæ,
 Non Tanaim prope flumen orti.
 Nosque et profestis lueibus, et sacris,
 Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
 Cum prole, matronisque nostris,
 Rite Deos prius apprecati,

" While we, in festal Mirth, the Bottle drain,
" We'll sing the Wonders of great GEORGE's Reign.

These Lays, that teach the Females pleasing Art,
New Force, and Arms, to Beauty, will impart;
If Nature should, to some, her Charms deny,
This Art, the Want of Beauty, can supply;
Virgins deform'd, by this, a Mate will gain,
While untaught Beauties charm our Sex, in vain;
Those wedded will enjoy more Pow'r, and Ease,
Than these, who never learnt the Art to please;
The Mother taught shall bid her Daughter read,
And learn this Art, so useful to a Maid;
That teaches her, fit Mate for Life to gain,
To conquer, and her Conquest to retain;
Art, that can beautify a homely Face,
And give, to Beauty, Wisdom's brighter Grace.

That,

Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,

Lydis remisto carmine tibiis,

Trojanque, et Anchisen, et almae

Progeniem Veneris canemus.

That, ev'ry moral Duty recommends,
And from its Foes, the Christian Faith defends;
That, from primæval Time, the Truth displays,
Which now shines manifest in Gospel Rays;
Which, in the promis'd Savior, first began,
Whose Birth compleated the prophetic Plan,
And reconcil'd offended Heav'n, to Man.
My Muse applauded, by the smiling Fair,
Will scorn the frowning Critic's spiteful Sneer;
While Males are taught, in each Academy,
To teach the Females, hers the Honor be!
If the *reviewing Critics* could be wise,
They too might profit, by her sage Advice,

Let Men, in Labyrinths of Science lost,
Knowledge superior to the Women boast;
In Seas of Error tost, from Doubt, to Doubt,
How little can be known, let them find out;
My Pupils shall, in Sense, the Men out-do,
For the best Sense is Passion to subdue.

Here

Here while they learn the gentle Art to please,
 They learn unruly Passions to appease,
 Hence flow Tranquility, and heav'nly Peace;
 Not discompos'd by Wrath, inflam'd with Pride,
 Temper, and Candor, will their Conduct guide;
 These social Virtues are confed'rate Friends,
 Each, to the other, mutual Succour lends.
 Ye Fair! be virtuous, and you must be wise,
 Aspiring Knowledge cannot higher rise,
 Than to know CHRIST, for Sin a Sacrifice,
 That living Spring of Grace, and Bliss, adore,
 Scorn Sceptics, who blaspheme his saving Pow'r.

* Retir'd in rural Shades, I sung these Lays,
 That teach a Maid, and Wife, the Art to please;

While

* These concluding Lines allude to the Epilogue, with which Virgil so elegantly clos'd the four Books of that excellent Poem, called *Georgics*.

*Hæc super arborum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
 Et super arboribus: Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
 Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes
 Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
 Illo, Virgilium me, tempore, dulcis aiebat
 Parthenope. studiis florentem ignobilis oti;
 Carmina qui lusi pastorum, audaxque juvenatâ,
 Tityre, te patulæ cecini sub tegmine fagi.*

While *Malbro'* executes, what *George* commands,
 And *British* Thunder pours, on *Gallia* Lands;
 While glowing with hereditary Fires,
 To his great Sire's Atchievements, he aspires.
 Then I, at *Hillingdon*, unknown to Fame,
 Strove, by this Song, to gain a Poet's Name;
 Intent on Study, in ignoble Ease,
 To please still striving, while I teach to please;
 If this Song pleases, teaching moral Truth,
 * I'll print the sportive Verses of my Youth;
 When I, O *Horace*! bold with youthful Fire,
 Attun'd, to *British* Notes, thy *Roman* Lyre;
 More bold, than when thou didst, with em'lous Flights,
 Soar to *Alcaic*, and *Pindaric* Heights;
 Or when thou didst, in Numbers sweet, transfuse
 The softer Spirit of the *Sapphic* Muse.

* The Author here refers to several Verses, which he writ,
 in his younger Days, on various Occasions, in *English*, and
Latin: And also to several Odes, Satires, and Epistles of *Ho-*
race, which he then modernized.



F I N I S.



APPENDIX.

*The Second ODE, of the Second Book of
HORACE, modernized, and addressed to
the Honourable JOHN SPENCER, Esq;*

I.

 SILVER, and Gold, their bright Complexion
lose,

If not still brighten'd, by a mod'rate Use;
O Spencer! you despise a Miser's Hoard,
That, to his Life, no Comfort will afford.

II.

Still *Proculeius* breaths, in *Flaccus*' Page,
Born on the Wings of Fame, to distant Age;
Recorded in the Bard's immortal Lines,
His Love paternal to his Brothers shines;

III. Estates

Nullus argento color est, avaris
Abditæ terris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

III.

Estates he gave them, and spontaneous paid
 Their Debts, nor sordid Composition made ;
 You paid your Father's Debts, with equal Praise,
 Your pious Fame shall live in *British* Lays :

IV.

You, like *Æneas*, grace your Father dead,
 With Honors posthumous, by such a Deed ;
 What Rites funereal can the Dead adorn,
 Like those, which save their Memory from Scorn ?

V.

Who sordidly compounds a Brother's Debts,
 By whose Decease, a large Estate he gets ;
 Say Muse ! can such a Man be gen'rous call'd ?
 With Love of Mammon, is he not intrall'd ?

VI.

When, to the Shades, he shall unbody'd go,
 His Brother's Ghost will frown on him below ;

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
 Notus in fratres animi paterni :
 Illum aget pennâ metuente solvi
 Fama superstes.

But when Life's Race, you with Applause have run,
How pleas'd your Sire will view his pious Son!

VII.

Anchises could not, with more Joy behold
His Son, as we, by *Virgil*, have been told,
When he descended, by the *Sibyl's* Aid,
His Sire to visit, in th' *Elysian* Shade.

VIII.

You, blest with Virtue, larger Empire find,
In the Dominion of your conquer'd Mind,
While Appetites, and Passions still obey
The Voice of Reason's salutary Sway;

IX.

Than if with Diadems, and Titles blest,
You reign'd, sole Monarch of the East, and West;
Who can't his vicious Appetites subdue,
He tho' a Monarch, is a Vassal too.

U

X. M

Latiùs regnes avidum domando
Spiritus, quàm si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

X.

Mean Avarice is a Dropfy of the Brain,
 To quench its greedy Thirst, we strive in vain;
 The more we still indulge it, more it craves,
 The more a Miser gains, still more he saves.

XI.

In vain, we try this dire Disease to quell,
 If, from the Soul, we can't the Cause expel;
 The Thirst of Avarice will still increase,
 Unless, the craving Passion, we appease.

XII.

The Soul's true Joys, from Grandeur, never spring;
 Nor Thrones, nor Diadems, can bless a King;
 The Joys sincere of Life, from Virtue, flow,
 Virtue alone can Happiness bestow.

XIII.

That Man alone is truly rich, and great,
 Whose Virtues sanctify his Wealth, and State;

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
 Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi.
 Fugerit venis, et aquosus albo
 Corpore languor.

Say, can a Miser, opulent be deem'd ?

Or can a titled Tyrant be esteem'd ?

XIV.

The Wise think not, with the ill-judging Throng,
But teach them, to distinguish Right, from Wrong;
They, for false Notions, the Illiterate blame,
And give, to ev'ry Thing, its proper Name.

XV.

They will not happy call, the impious Great,
Nor fix the highest Bliss, in Wealth, and State ;
They call him only blest, who can behold,
With Scorn, large Heaps of Silver, and of Gold.

XVI.

Virtue deems not *Bohemia's* potent Queen
Happy, tho' she *Silesia* could regain ;

U 2

She

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten,
Diffidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit virtus, populumque falsis
Dedocet uti

Vocibus : regnum, et diadema tutum
Deferens uni, propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes, oculo irretorto,
Spectat acervos.

She deems those Monarchs blest, who cherish Peace,
And aim not, their Dominions, to increase.

XVII.

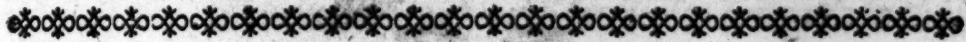
Virtue despises Fortune's tinsel Toys,
Which can't, to human Life, give solid Joys;
True Happiness attends that Man alone,
Whose subject Passions bend to Reason's Throne.



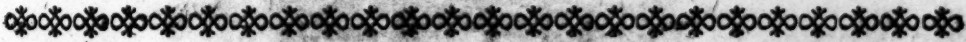


*The Author commemorates his Escape from
two Highwaymen, called the Gregories,
who attempted his Life in Epping-
Forest; where he was wounded in the
Breast by a Pistol-shot, on the 1st Day
of April, 1733.*

*In Imitation of the Thirteenth O D E of
the Second Book of HORACE.*



*Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
Quicumque primum. &c.*



I.

 ORACE his Lyre rejoicing strung,
When he escap'd the falling Tree;
* Still thankful in his moral Song,
To ev'ry guardian Deity;

U 3

II. Yet

* *Horace* has mentioned this Tree, in four several Odes, viz.
Ode 1. b. 2. Ode 17. b. 2. Ode 4. b. 3. Ode 8. b. 3.

II.

Yet the Tree fell, exempt from Blame,
Whose Fall hurt not the Poet's Brain;

* By which it grows still fresh in Fame,
Immortal in his lyric Strain;

III.

Shall I in Silence pass the Hour,
That sav'd me, from the desp'rate Foe;
Unthankful to the sov'rain Pow'r,
Who deign'd t' avert the fatal Blow?

IV.

† No Off'rings, *Faunus* shall receive,
No Vows, to *Bacchus*, I will pay,
Vain Idols impotent to save,
Nor worthy of the Poet's Lay;

V. To

* *Manet verò, et semper manebit; sata est enim ingenio; nullius autem Agricolæ cultu, stirps tam diuturna, quam Poetæ versu, seminari potest.*
Cicero de legibus. De quercu Marii.

† *Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus iectum
Dextrâ levasset, &c.*

*Nos humilem feriemus agnam.
Voveram dulces epulas, et album
Libero caprum, propè funeratus
Arboris iectu.*

Hor. Ode 17. b. 2.

Hor. Ode 8. b. 3.

V.

To thee, *Jehovah* David's Theme!
 Homage, and Hymns of Praise belong;
 My Lyre, thy saving Mercies claim,
 To thee, I'll tune my grateful Song;

VI.

* This Day, in each revolving Year,
 Which snatch'd me, from impending Death;
 I hold more sacred, and more dear,
 Than that, which gave me vital Breath;

VII.

Thou Forest! and thou conscious Shade!
 Witness, for you amaz'd beheld
 The murd'rous Purpose of the Deed,
 The dire Assault, by Heav'n repell'd.

VIII.

Blest Mercy, not by me deserv'd!
 Heav'n interposing Aid divine,

U 4

The

* *Fure solennis mihi, sanctiorque
 Pæne natali proprio.* —

Hor. Ode II. b. 4.

The Ruffian's slacken'd Hands unnerv'd,
And added Strength unknown to mine;

IX.

So scapes the Lamb, in flow'ry Mead,
Intent on Pasture, void of Fear,
Whom the grim Wolf had doom'd to bleed,
Sav'd by the Shepherd's watchful Care.

X.

What various Perils, and Alarms,
Thro' Life, each mortal Man attend!
From open Force, and secret Harms,
No Prudence can, our Lives, defend.

XI.

The *British* Sailor, Lord of Seas,
Tho' nought, but Winds, and Waves, he fear,
* In Days of Peace, the *Spaniards* seize,
And rob him, of his Life, or Ear;

XII. *France*,

* Relates to the *Spaniard's* cruel Treatment of Capt. *Jenkins*; whose Ear they cut off, insulting him with opprobrious Language, highly reflecting on the Honor of the *British* Nation,

XII.

France, oft subdu'd, dreads *Albion's* Pow'r,
French Wiles deluded *Albion* fears,
Yet may Force unforeseen devour
These rival States, in future Years.

XIII.

O what a num'rous unseen Train
Of Ills, surround us ev'ry-where !
At Home, Abroad, on Land, on Main,
Or in our very vital Air !

XIV.

* A naked Sword, held by a Thread,
And threat'ning still impending Wounds,
Hangs dreadful, o'er our anxious Head,
And Life's gay Feast, with Fear, confounds ;

XV. The

* Alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, whom *Dionysius* arrayed in imperial Robes, and set him at Table with a royal Feast before him ; and at the same Time ordered a naked Sword to be hung with the Point downward just over his Head, and only tyed by a Horse-hair.

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XV.

The Harpy Cares, with sable Wings,
Around our Entertainment fly,
Eager to snatch, what Pleasure brings,
E'er we can taste the proffer'd Joy;

XVI.

Bewilder'd, thro' Life's Maze, we stray,
And, in avoiding, meet our Fate,
Reason, our Guide, mistakes her Way,
'Midst Errors dark, and intricate;

XVII.

The surest Life-guard, and Defence,
Against th' Assault of ev'ry Ill,
Is Virtue, Truth, and Innocence,
Resign'd to the Creator's Will.

XVIII.

Of Virtue's awful Pass, possess,
Inviolatè, the Good may go,
Thro' Desarts, o'er the wat'ry Waste,
Or Mountains of eternal Snow.

XIX. Had

XIX.

Had Heav'n not been my Guide, and Shield,
This Day, by dire Assassins slain,
The Realms of Death, I had beheld,
And Mansions of th' unbody'd Train;

XX.

There, in blest Seats, I had survey'd,
Surrounded with a list'ning Throng,
Majestic *Milton's* awful Shade,
To sacred Notes, attuning Song;

XXI.

Of Armies, on celestial Ground,
Imbattled, I had heard him tell,
Of great MESSIAH, Victor crown'd,
And how the rebel Angels fell;

XXII.

How quicken'd by th' Almighty Voice,
The new created World arose;
How the first Man lost *Eden's* Joys,
What promis'd Grace reliev'd his Woes:

XXIII.

XXIII.

Whilst *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, hear
Attentive, with suspended Lyre,
Imbibing with astonish'd Ear,
New Wonders rapt in holy Fire :

XXIV.

There patriot Specters still delight
In *Addison*, and *Prior's* Strain ;
Whilst, in proud Numbers, they recite
The Triumphs of great *Anna's* Reign ;

XXV.

The Nations freed, the Tyrant quell'd,
Aspiring to unbounded Sway,
Germania fav'd by *Britain's* Shield,
And *Gallia* willing to obey ;

XXVI.

Releas'd from earthly Tyranny,
The patriot Shades give vast Applause,
To pleasing Themes of Liberty,
Still mindful of their Country's Cause.

XXVII.

XXVII.

O God ! my Hope, my Guard, my Friend,
 Accept my ever-grateful Lays ;
 The Life, thou gav'st me, still defend,
 And let me end it, in thy Praise :

XXVIII.

My Bosom, where the Bullets graz'd,
 To thee, its latest Breath shall pour ;
 * There dwells a Mark of Mercy plac'd
 The Witness of thy saving Pow'r.

XXIX.

Secure, beneath the sacred Shade
 Of thy expanded Wings, I lie ;
 There cherish'd by thy brooding Aid,
 And guarded by thy wakeful Eye ;

XXX.

There safe, nor Pestilence I dread,
 That walks, involv'd in Shades of Night ;
 Nor visible Destruction spread,
 Amid the Blaze of Noontide Light ;

XXXI.

* This Line alludes to the Wound the Author received in his Breast.

XXXI.

In thee confiding, I will roam
 Unhurt, thy wide Creation o'er;
 Fearless in Journies, as at Home,
 In rolling Waves, as on the Shore;

XXXII.

An honest Man, with Virtue arm'd,
 Without a Pistol, Sword, or Gun,
 May pass, thro' frozen Climes, unharm'd,
 Or travel near the burning Sun.

XXXIII.

* My Life, from Perils, ne'er was free,
 Whilom, in *Epping's* dark Retreat,
 Affassins watch'd, to murder me,
 By Critics, now, I am beset;

XXXIV.

I, now, am pelted by a Foe,
 In Ambush hid, like *Indian* fierce,

That

* The following five new Stanzas, *English*, and *Latin*, have been added to this Ode, alluding to the Author's having been lately attacked, by a Gang of Critical Reviewers.

That he may, Darts envenom'd, throw,
Aiming to wound, and scalp my Verse;

XXXV.

But he is impotent in Rage,
His critic Darts no Harm can do;

* As when old *Priam*, weak with Age,
A feeble Dart, at *Pyrrhus*, threw.

XXXVI.

Tho' now thou art conceal'd in Night,
Yet, like *Alcides*, from thy Den,

I'll drag thee, *Cacus*! to the Light,
And scalp thee, with *Herculean* Pen.

XXXVII.

O Muse! now add another Verse
To my poetic *Litany*,

As whilom from *Affassins* fierce,
From this Foe, Lord! deliver me.

Carmen

• ——— *telumque imbelle, sine ictu,*
Conjeit. ———

Virg. Lib. 2.

*Carmen Præcedens Alcaicis modis
Traditum.*

I.



YRAM, cadenti sospes ab arbore,

Pulsavit olim lætus Horatius ;

Et grata Divis concinebat

Carmina, quæis data cura vatum ;

II.

Expers at Arbor criminis occidit,

Quæ lapsa vati non nocuit pio ;

Quæ jam resurgens voce Musæ

Crescit adhuc, moritura nunquam ;

III.

Anne hunc filebo propitium diem ?

Latronis ictum quo Deus irritum

Avertit a me ; O lux beata !

Tuque, Deus, memorande semper !

IV. Votiva

IV.

Votiva Baccho non cadet hostia, nec ingluhi siccus O
 Nec ulla Fauno; non ea numina nec ausus magni
 Sunt digna votis, quæ petenti em, illi illa
 Ferre queant nec opem, neque aurem;

V.

Jehova Sancto carmine Davidis
 Cantate! soli laus tibi debita est,
 Te laude tollam; O dignæ cantu
 Te mea grata canet cæcæna: O

VI.

Hunc sanctiorem jure colo diem;
 Hunc cariorem, qui rapuit citâ
 Me morte, quam quo primus hausi
 Æthereas modò natus auras;

VII.

Tu, testis ausi, sylva, nefarii!
 Dic sylva! nam tu, tota tremens, scelus
 Immane vidisti, atque quanto
 Me Deus expedit periclo;

VIII

O dulcis indulgentia, numinis
Dignata quæ me est immeritis bonis;

En illa, me firmans, latronis
Brachia debilitavit acris;

IX.

Sic agna, circum pascua, gramini
Intenta, sævum tutâ fugit lupum;

Quem pastor, hostis de minaci
Ore, vigil rapit, imminentis.

X.

Pericla circum quot volitant caput
Diverſa noſtrum? quis caveat fatiſ;

De tot cavendis? quis vim apertam,
Vitet, et infidias latentes?

XIV

Tantum procellas, faxaque naufraga,
Horret Britannus nauta, potens maris;

Ast oſcitantem pace, Iberus
Auribus, expoliave vitâ;

IXII.

Galli Britannus vafritiem, et dolos,
 Gallus cohortes, et Britonum pavet
 Robur; sed has fortassè gentes
 Vis oriens aliundè perdet;

XIII.

O quæ malorum turma latentium!
 Domi, forasque, in terrâ, et in æquore,
 Aurâque vitali, usque cingit,
 Et miseros homines fatigat!

XIV.

Nostrum, ecce, strictus mucro super caput,
 Filó tenello pendet, et imminens
 Letum repentinum minatur,
 Lætitiâ vitiatque vitæ;

XV.

Harpya penniis cura volat nigris,
 Parata per convivia; et inquinans
 Mox cuncta, vix libata nostro
 Detrahit ore inhiante raptim;

XVI.

Vitæ doloſo tramite nos vagos
 Quis cæcus error decipit undique ?
 Viam per ambages docere
 Dux ratio nequit ipſa rectam ;

XVII.

Velut ſatelles, mens pia, et innocens,
 Omni tuetur parte virum, probum ;
 Injurias propulſat omnes
 Nuda fides, quaſi muris æris ;

XVIII.

Illis, honeſtus vir, comitantibus,
 Impunè terram viſat inhospitam, et
 Montes nivofos, et frementes
 Tranſvolet inviolatus undas, I

XIX.

Mihi affuiſſet ni Deus, hoc die
 Furtim interemtus cæde nefariâ,
 Vidiffem inanis regna leti,
 Atque domos placidas plorum ;

XX.

Et te, beatis sedibus, undique
 Stipante turbâ, te fidibus sacris,
 Miltone ! cantantem, ut per agros
 Æthereos, acie Angelorum,

XXI.

Pugnante, totus contremuit polus,
 Ut torva torfit fulgura vis potens,
 Corrusque Messia, ut rebelles
 Præcipites cecidère cælo ;

XXII.

Ut jussus orbis voce Dei novus
 Concrevit, horto quid scelus expulit
 Primos amæno, quæ refecit
 Gratia conciliata mæstos ;

XXIII.

Sacro canenti digna silentio
 Auscultat illic Mæonides, Maro,
 Flaccusque, mirantes stupenda
 Hæc nova, dum lyra muta pendet ;

XXIV.

XXIV.

Illic et umbræ, quæ patriæ suæ
 Amore flagrant, aure avidâ bibunt
 Cantus Priori, ac Addisoni,
 Prælia Malburii sonantes;

XXV.

Hi regna dicunt libera vinculis
 Gallis, Britanno milite hospitem
 Germaniam, et victum tyrannum
 Gallia, et inferiora doctum;

XXVI.

Lætantur umbræ cantibus his pia,
 Jam liberatæ servitio gravi;
 Vel mortui oderunt tyrannos,
 Patriæ adhuc memores amata.

XXVII.

Me protegas alme, utque soles, mihi
 Amicus adsis, fac memor efferam
 Te laudibus, te spem, Creator!
 Teque meæ columnen salutis.

XXVIII.

Hoc pectus, hostis vulnere quod levè autè e hostis
 Perstrinxit, extremum tibi spiritumq; aënemq; iussit
 Efflabit, illic lenitatis
 Fixa tuæ notæ testis hæret;

XXIX.

Alæ sub umbrâ tutus ego tuæ
 Nec vim irruentem, nec metuum malisq; aræque
 Cæca, incubans tu me fovebis,
 Tu vigil, assiduusque custos;

XXX.

Me vindicatum præsidio tuo
 Non tetra grassans per tenebras lues,
 Non ipsa vastans luce clarâ
 Pernicies violare possunt;

XXXI.

Utcunque mecum tu fueris, vagus aënis tot mundus
 Adibo fines orbis ad ultimos,
 Terrâ, an mari, securus æquæ,
 Sive domi, an peregrinus hospes;

XXXII.

XXXII.

Custode fretus iustitiâ, probus
 Vadat, pruinis per loca torpida,
 Inermis; illaesusque visat
 Solibus arva perusta diris;

XXXIII.

Nunquàm periclis vita fuit mea
 Expers, opacis saltibus Eppiae,
 Olîm Latrones me obsidebant,
 Nunc Critici lacerare certant;

XXXIV.

Nunc in latebris me petit abditus
 Hostis, dolosus qui velut Indicus,
 Torquet venenatas sagittas,
 Carmina quæ mea clàm trucidant;

XXXV.

Frustra sed hostis me petit impotens,
 Imbelle telum ut cum Priamus vetus
 Conjecit, in Pyrrhum, sine ictu,
 Lædere me nequit imbecillus.

XXXVI.

O Cæcè ! quanquam nocte lates nigrâ

Occultus, antro te tamèn extraham,

In lucem, ut Alcides, apertam,

Herculeo calamoque scalpam ;

XXXVII.

Versum recentem, Musa potens lyræ !

Addas Poetæ nunc precibus tui ;

Olîm ut latrone, O Tu Creator !

Eripe me Critico maligno.



WIKIVI

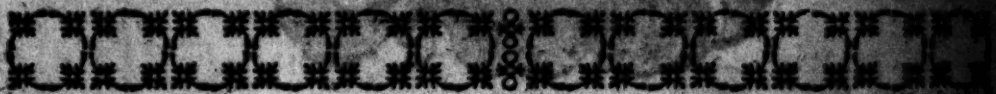
manu te tamem extraham



IVXXV

ERRATA.

- P**AGE 8, *in the Note*, for prohehant, read provehant.
Page 41, *in the Note*, Line 8, for utrum, read atrum.
Page 78, Line 13, for ragged, read rugged.
Page 86, Line 12, for Natue, read Nature.
Page 111, Line 9, for Funeral, read Funereal.
Page 116, Line 10, dele and.
Page 124, Line ult. for prevended, read prevented.
Page 170, Line 16, for again, read gain.
Page 253, Line 9, for Heat, read Heart.



THE